75¢
OCT. 1

VOGUE

beauty is really all about men and it starts with you

THE BEST WAYS TO LOOK AT NIGHT
witty... sexy... and real...

PAUL NEWMAN
and
LEE MARVIN:
COOL-SEX BOYS
seen in close-ups by Candice Bergen

is it true what they say about
APHRODISIACS?



COTY ORIGINATES SILKSTICKS

THE FIRST TRANSLUCENT PROTEIN LIPSTICK THAT DOESN'T SIMPLY COLOR THE MOUTH. IT RENEWS THE MOUTH.



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COTY ORIGINALS

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Scintillating luster of pure silk taffeta, ruffled with a flourish of chantilly lace—by DON BREITINGER FOR HAROLD LEVINE. $230.


JIM BALDWIN
FOR YOUNG ELEGANT, INC.
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AVEDON

COVER: The flirt and allure of more color at night—red-dyed fox wrapping the neck, red silk chiffon wrapping the shoulders . . . and the face that lights up the evening with shimmering eyes and brighter mouth. Makeup by Charles of the Ritz. Maximilian Norwegian blue-fox boa: also at Jandel Furs, Chevy Chase, Md.; Rich's; Stanley Korshak; Gus Mayer; Z.C.M.I. Wrapped blouse, made to order at Halston Limited. Dynel wig by Halston for Abbott Tresses, styled by Franklyn Welsh. Clipped in hair: K.J.L. earrings.

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Dip-Tips


See Nymphs


Surfers

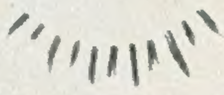

Swansweeps


Hi-Tides


Deep Sees


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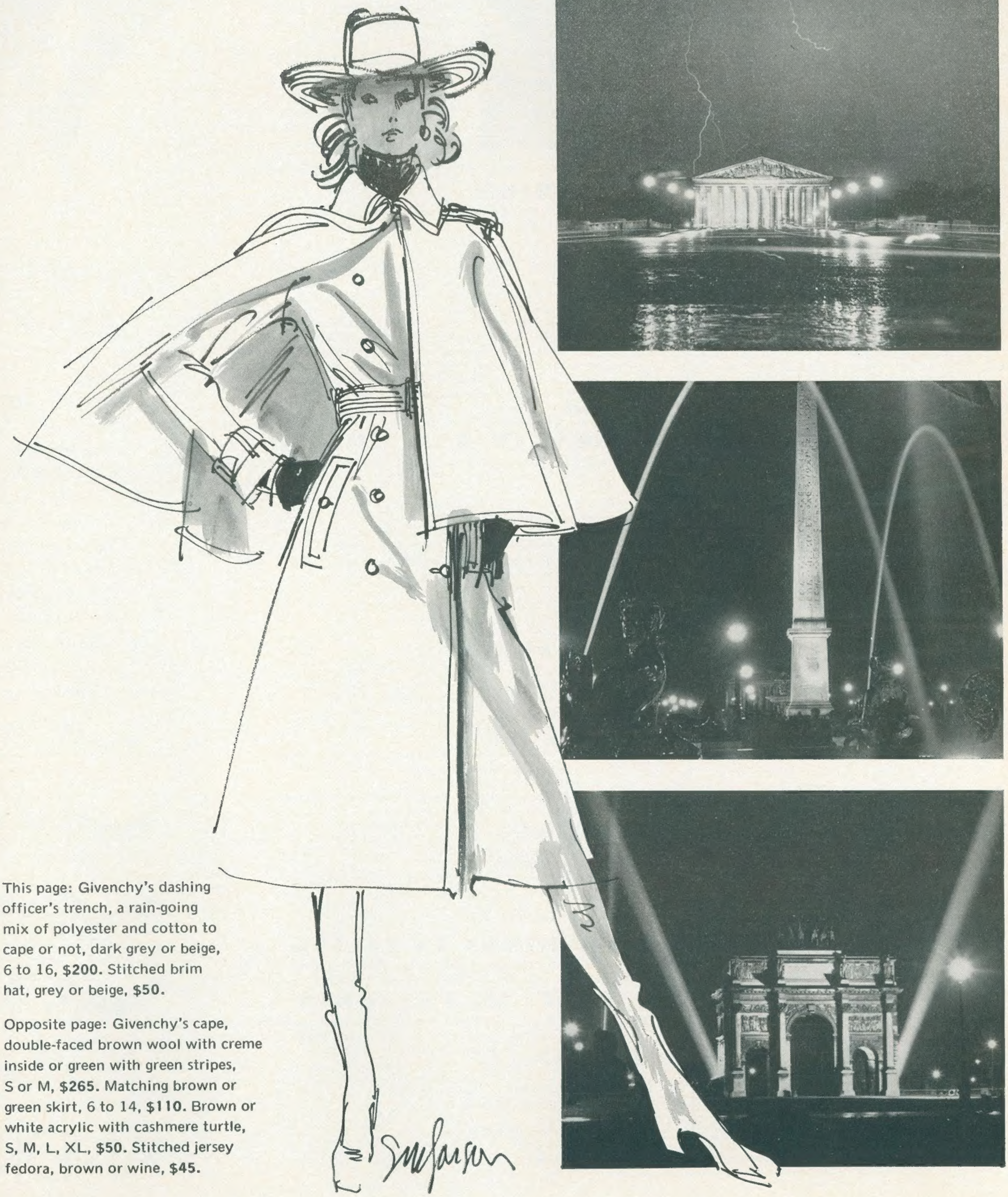

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AND OTHER FINE STORES

Paris To New York... Givenchy To You

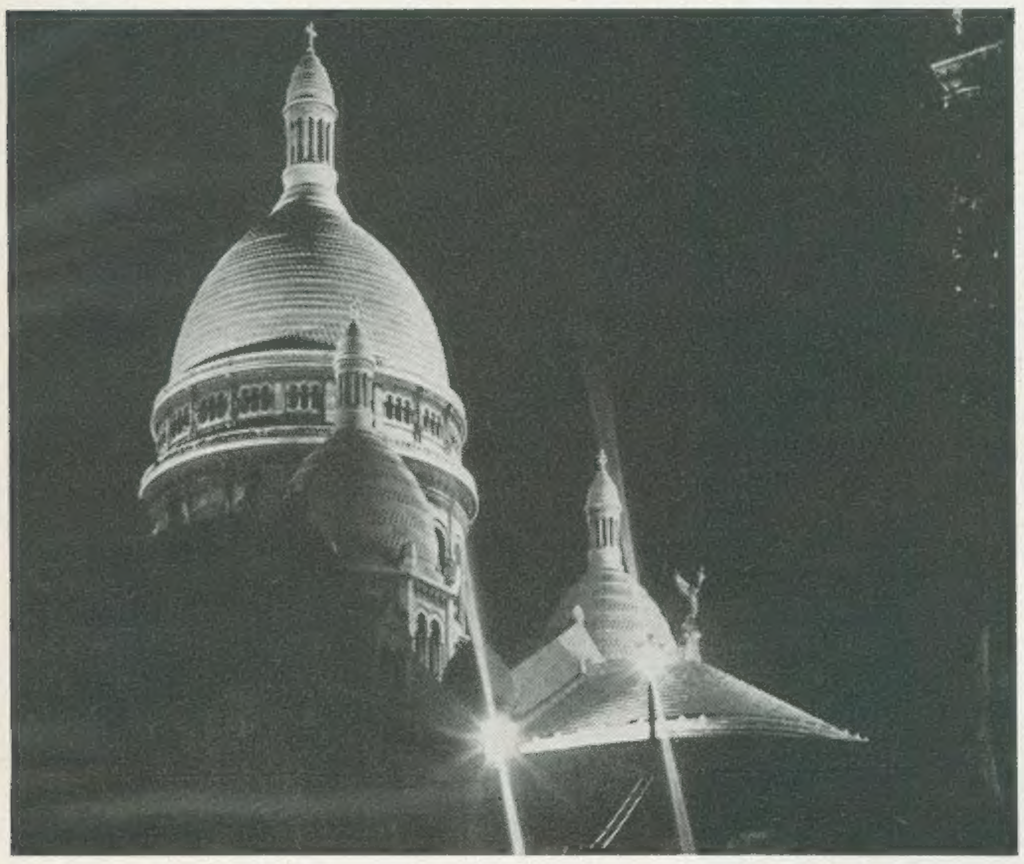


This page: Givenchy's dashing officer's trench, a rain-going mix of polyester and cotton to cape or not, dark grey or beige, 6 to 16, **$200.** Stitched brim hat, grey or beige, **$50.**

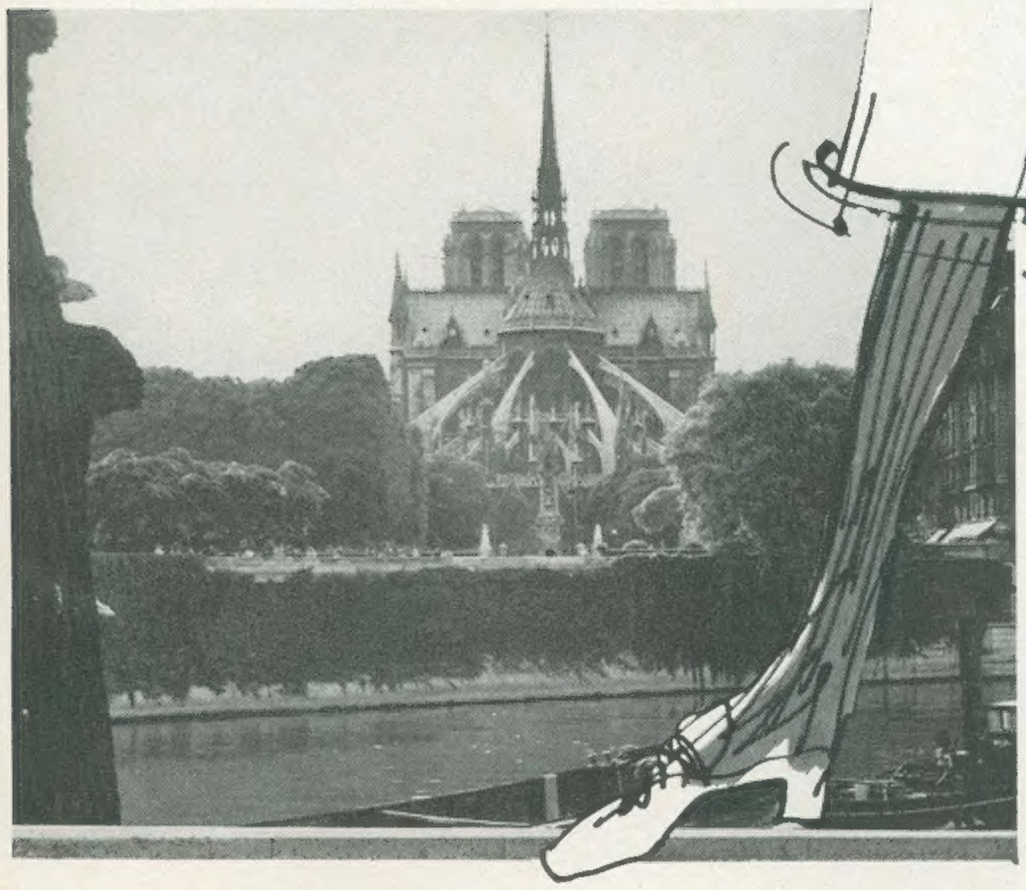
Opposite page: Givenchy's cape, double-faced brown wool with creme inside or green with green stripes, S or M, **$265.** Matching brown or green skirt, 6 to 14, **$110.** Brown or white acrylic with cashmere turtle, S, M, L, XL, **$50.** Stitched jersey fedora, brown or wine, **$45.**

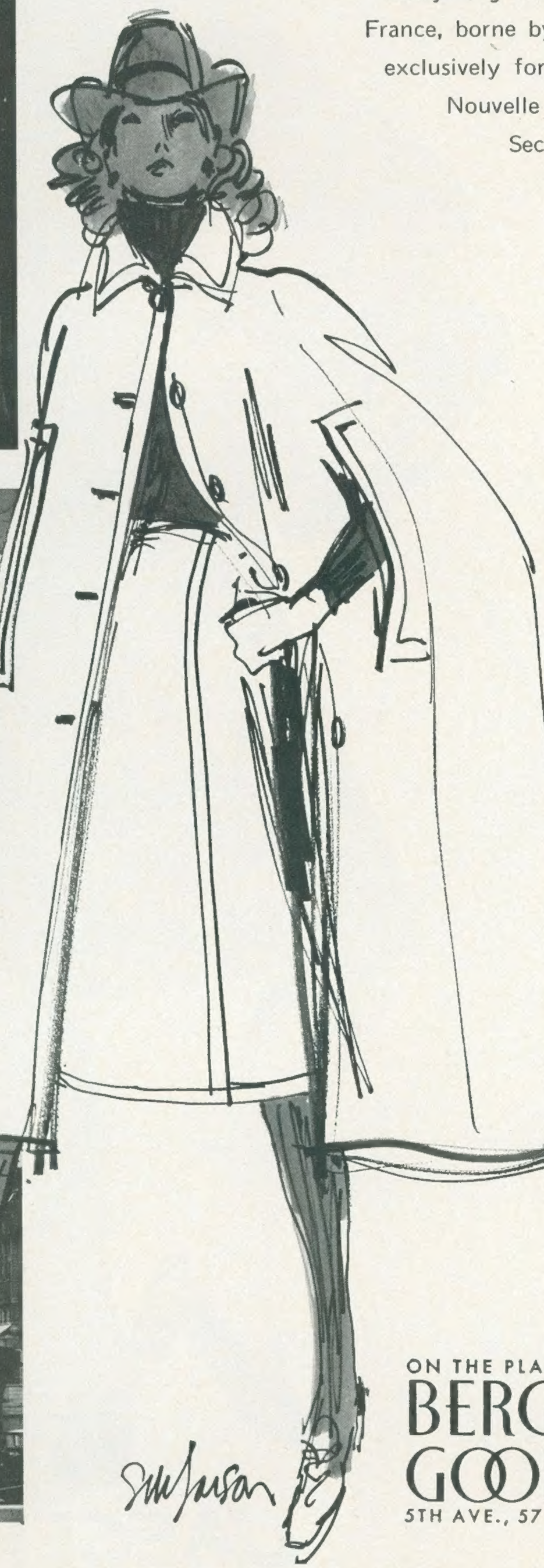
Via Olympic Airways

What better way to jet the world's most elegant clothes across the Atlantic than via the world's most elegant airline . . .
Everything here, born in France, borne by Olympic exclusively for Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique, Second Floor.









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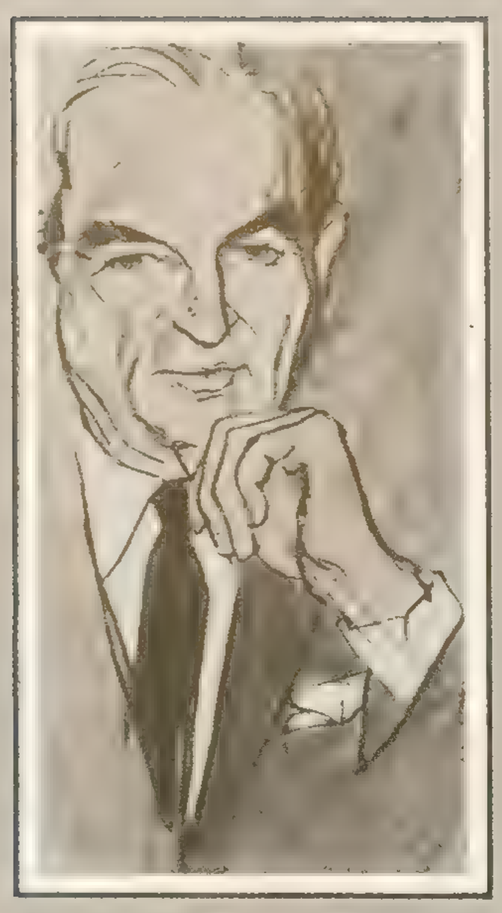
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AT
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Our own Valentino

wrap coat from his couture
collection—copied superbly
just for us in the U.S.A.
green or grey wool broadcloth.
Coat Salon.
Valentino hat, copied for us.
Lord & Taylor, New York alone.

Jim Galate



'The luscious, rich-red mouth
will become, without question,
the fashion symbol of the '70's.
I like to think of it as the 'Ultima' II mouth,
because only the incredible richness
of 'Ultima' II lipsticks can create
this ripe, lustrous look.

To give this brilliant mouth even greater fashion significance, I invited two of America's master designers—Norman Norell and Bill Blass—to do their interpretations of the most exciting lipstick reds in the world.

I knew the results would be brilliant.
And they are. In its own way, each of these Great Designer Reds is, quite frankly, a stroke of fashion genius.'

Charles Revson

Introducing The 'Great Designer

Bill Blass Red for lips

A vervy, ripe-cherry red that comes on like gangbusters—gleaming, lustrous, full-of-life—a look only 'Ultima' II lipsticks could bring off. (It's a natural for those bright, Blass-famous beauties who adore being first with the smashiest.) Stunning accessory: new Bill Blass Red in 'The Perfect Makeup for Nails.'



The Face for Bill Blass Red:
A country-weekend look. Skin tawnied with 'Ultima' II Transparent CremeGel Makeup. Cheeks touched with Clear Red Transparent Blushing Gel. Eyes all huge and hazy with Patina Eyeshadow, Cake Eyeliner and Lash Makeup Automatic.

'Ultima' II

The 'Great Designer Reds': in rich, lustrous Midi-Transparent Lipstick or extra-luscious Lipstick-in-a-Pot.

Red' Lipsticks



Norell Red for lips

A brilliant Chinese red in rich, luxurious 'Ultima' II lipsticks. The look is full and ripe. Bright-as-a-poppy. So crackling with the authority of Norell, it will be as right 20 years from now as it is today.

Added luxe:
elegant new Norell Red in
'The Perfect Makeup for Nails.'

The Face for Norell Red:
A look of worldly elegance. Skin dressed in 'Ultima' II Cremefoam Makeup. The glow of Blushing Creme color on the cheeks. Eyes made softly eloquent with Patina Eyeshadow, Cake Eyeliner and Lash Makeup Automatic.

—Charles Revson

The matching nail shades: in super-rich 'Perfect Makeup for Nails'.

There will be a number of unsuccessful attempts to copy this coat.



The Originala.

I. Magnin sets its site in Chicago–

its sights on the non-shy Wool. It's got life.
Prim little dress of Duplex double knit wool with proper white collar and cuffs. The kind of innocence that moves mountains. **Jane Justin for Don Sophisticates.**



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The American Way With Wool

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'I believe I have tapped a great new natural resource
for beauty in the discovery of 100% fat-free skim milk
...rich with proteins and real, moisturizing honey.
Nothing I have seen gives such a look of vitality
to all skintypes as these pure, natural organic ingredients.'

—Charles Revson

Introducing

Skim Milk Natural/Organic Skincare

Now your skin can drink in all the benefits of pure, sweet milk—*and none of the fat, which can literally be a drag on your complexion.* There are 7 first-ever preparations, all with 100% fat-free skim milk, rich with organic protein:

FOR NORMAL TO DRY SKIN:

Skim Milk Lotion Cleanser. A natural, gentle, non-detergent face bath that thoroughly washes away makeup and dirt.

Skim Milk Lotion Toner. A calming pore-tightening face rinse that helps give smoother, finer texture.

FOR OILY SKIN:

Skim Milk Liquid Facial Soap. A pure, oil-cutting facewash that purges away makeup and pollutants.

Skim Milk Astringent Toner. A clarifying, oil-blotting face tonic that helps refine and tighten pores.

FOR ALL SKINTYPES:

Skim Milk Refining Mask. A gentle wash-off facial mask that lifts away impurities and re-textures skin—in just seven minutes.

AND THERE ARE TWO LUSCIOUS BALMS LACED WITH NATURE'S OWN MOISTURIZER —PURE, NATURAL 'CLOVER HONEY':

Skim Milk Under-Makeup Moisturizer. A greaseless milky moisturizer fortified with natural honey to retain moisture and 'plump out' dry lines.

Skim Milk Body Moisturizer. An enriched milk-and-honey body balm to 'supple' your skin with moisture.

'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

Lillie Rubin



Bill Haire for Victoria Royal

Jewels shown actual size.



rare jewels of the world

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GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

This is the makeup that is and isn't. People will think it's your own fresh, flawless skin. (Let them.)

'Moon Drops' Demi-Makeup by Revlon.



13 demi-shades in all—palest alabaster to dusky ebony.

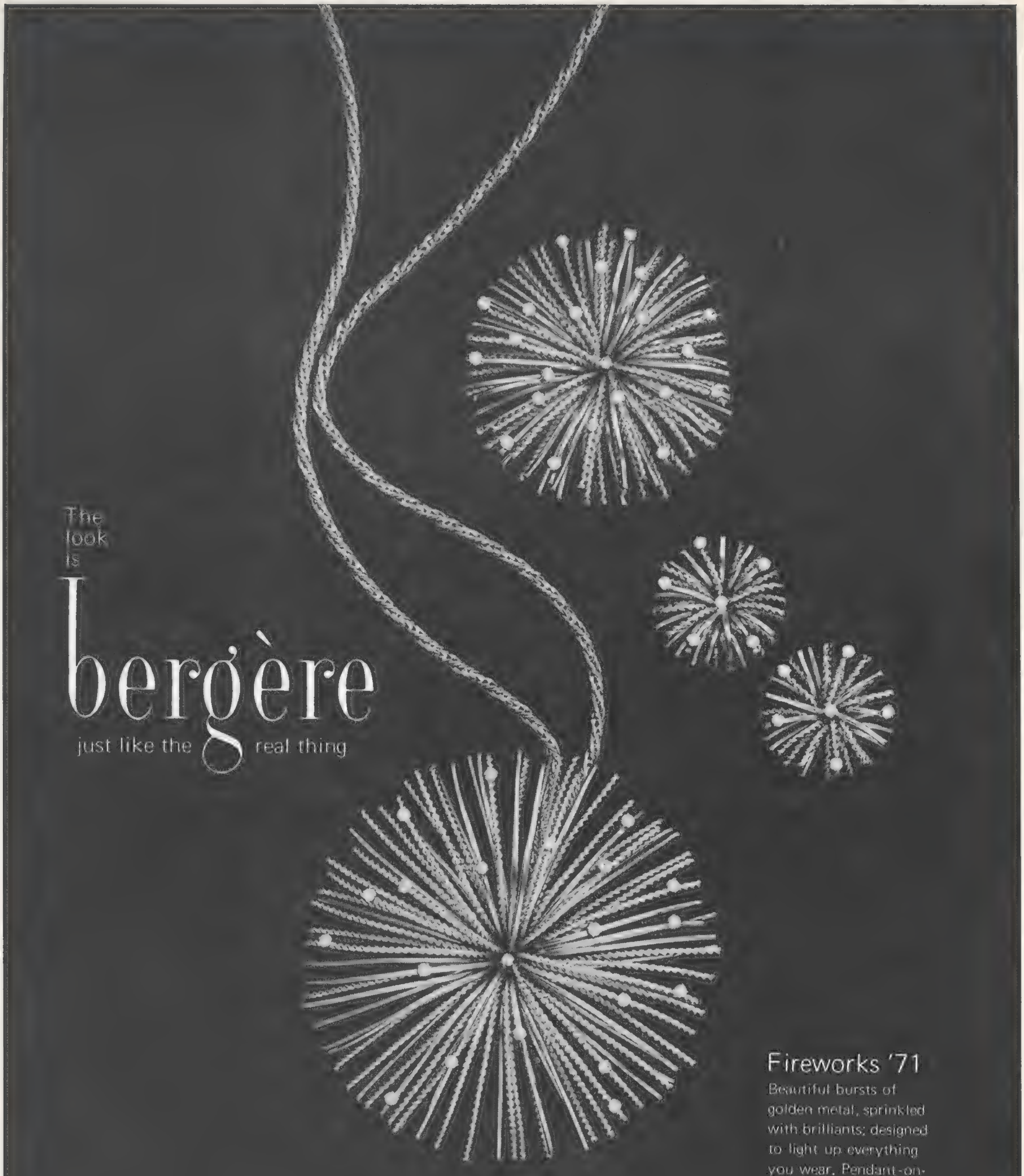
So slight, so light, so *convincing*, it's the pet of the prettiest nature-girls. All it looks like is the freshfaced glow of a walk in the wind. Yet it never leaves you *exposed* (that unfinished, every-freckle-showing thing is strictly yesterday). Smooths out the un-evens. Moisturizes, too. Only Demi-Makeup does it. (And only 'Moon Drops' makes it!)

P.S. *Luminesque Cream Blusher* is the glistening, opalescent blushing creme that sets your *cheeks* glowing. 7 luminous skin-shimmering shades. (And a 'no-color' color called Luminesque Glow.)

'Moon Drops'. It's

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a beautiful way to live.



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all stores

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COTY ORIGINATES NEXT YEAR'S FACE.

THE NEW WITTY, IMAGINATIVE FACE INSPIRED BY THE 1971 COTY AMERICAN FASHION CRITICS' AWARDS.

This is the 28th year of the Coty American Fashion Critics' Awards. An event that's as glittery and jittery in the fashion world as the Academy Awards are in the movie world.

For this is the night when the coveted bronze "Winnie" and other special awards, are presented to the American designers whose work during the previous year had a significant effect on American Fashion.

It all started in 1943 when Norman Norell accepted the first Winnie. Since that time more than 100 of the most influential names in American Fashion have been acclaimed by the Coty jury, a panel of 370 fashion editors of national magazines, newspaper syndicates and New York newspapers.

Three weeks ago, it all happened again at New York's Lincoln Center, where actress Dina Merrill presided over four hours of beautiful doings. And somewhere, between the superknits, the superpants, and the supershapes, handed out the Coty Awards to the top designers of 1970 and named the new name to the Hall of Fame.



On the following pages we're going to give you a sampling of some of the young, new things designed by this year's nominees. And the new Fashion Award Makeup and Treatment Coty created to go along with them.

So if you've been thinking about doing something else to your lips and your face and your eyes and your skin and your clothes, now's your chance. Here's next year's look. And next year's face.

COTY ORIGINALS



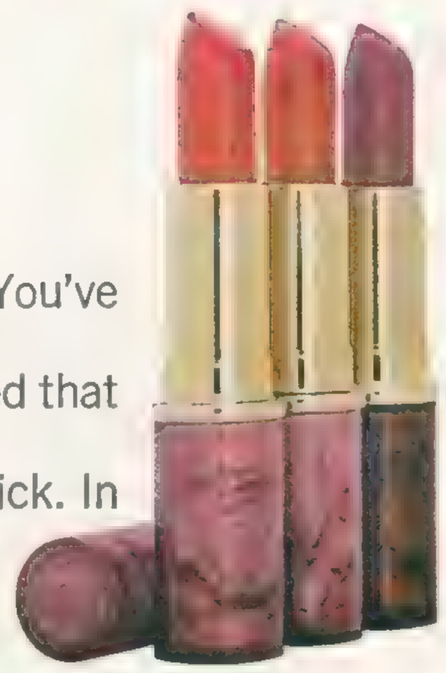
Clothes by Betsey Johnson
1971 Coty American Fashion
Critics' Award Nominee



Next Year's Look: It's anti-status quo. It's color. It's long. It's short. It's splashy. It's happy. It's anything. But mostly, it's everything. And the people who made it happen, the 1971 Coty American Fashion Critics' Award Nominees, are clockwise from the top: 1. Halston. 2. Betsey Johnson. 3. Betsey Johnson. 4. Stephen Burrows. 5. Stephen Burrows. 6. Halston.

COTY INTRODUCES NEXT YEAR'S LIPS

THEY'RE RED AND PLUM AND BRONZE AND RUSSET AND TERRIFIC. LIKE LIPS OUGHT TO BE.



You can't wear pale little lips with next year's wild little clothes. You've got to have color. Lots of color. Vivid color. Vibrant color. Coty color.

And you can't wear color that changes color, either. You need red that stays red. And plum that stays plum. And russet that stays russet.

In other words, what you need is Coty's Changeless Color Lipstick. In four of the most uncorked real-lipstick reds since the 40's.

No, you can't get away with last year's lips anymore. Welcome back hot lips. You've been gone too long.

COTY ORIGINALS

Clothes by Stephen Burrows
1971 Coty American Fashion
Critics'Award Nominee

COTY MAKES NEXT YEAR'S FACE AND EYES

IT'S A BRIGHTER, VERVIER, SEXIER FACE. RE-MADE IN ONE OF COTY'S MARVELOUS FOUNDATIONS AND HEIGHTENED WITH COLOR FROM OUR NEW LITTLE BLUSH POTS.

The thing is not to be too cautious. Or too plain. Or too Lady Jane. The thing is to let go. (Not for gaudy. For gorgeous.) You start with any Coty Foundation to give you a soft, buffy, impeccable skin. To which you add color. A lot of it. Using Coty's Transparent Blush Pots. Peach on the cheeks. Amber on the temples. (Or vice versa.) What's the result? A warm, intense little face that's glossed and glowing and alluring in all the right places. Which,when you get right down to it, is a great look for any year.



MADE-UP-TO-THE-HILT EYES. SWEPT WITH FOUR NEW COLOR BLAZES OF FROSTED CREME SHADOW. THEN MASCARA-ED AND LINED IN COLOR WITH THE FIRST ALL-IN-ONE LASH 'N LINER.



Don't look for the formula. Look for impact. Merge two or three colors. Or all four if you want to. There's Seventh Avenue Gold. Put it on your lids and under your brows. There's Collector's Green or American Blue or Classic Brown. To deepen the crease of your eyes. There are two liners. Green and Blue. For under lids and bottom lashes. And they've each got their own mascara right in the same little case. Whatever your combination, just keep in mind that nothing's static anymore. Not fashion. Not makeup. And certainly not you.



COTY ORIGINALS



COTY GIVES YOU NEXT YEAR'S SKIN
(IT'S MADE-TO-ORDER SKIN)



NEXT YEAR'S SKIN STARTS OFF DEEP-DOWN CLEAN.

But without soap and water.
Now you cleanse with Sheer Puffery Foam Cleanser—the very first aerosol tissue-off or rinse-off cleanser. This gentle frothy foam lifts out even the worst soil and makeup without irritating sensitive skin. And it leaves your face soft (the flakiness gone), moist and incredibly clean.



NOW YOU CAN MAKE UP YOUR SKIN BEFORE YOU MAKE UP YOUR FACE.

Introducing the very first neutralizing aerosol undertints that go underneath it all (and work under any foundation at all). Two entirely different pre-blended fluffs of moisturized color foam onto your skin to tone it up or down (and deliver all the moisture you'll ever need, too). Tint-Up Mauve is a creamy soft pink that takes away sallowness and puts back warmth. As a matter of fact, it lifts your color so beautifully, even if you could never wear black or grey or brown before—you can now. Tint-Down Mint is a cool apple-y green that mellows redness. From the sun. Or if you have a naturally ruddy complexion. And it tones down your skin so you can wear all the colors you couldn't wear before (like orange or purple or even red). Whether you tint up or tint down, now *you* control the color of your complexion. That's how you make next year's skin. Sheer Puffery. It's more than a little bit ahead of its time.



SHEER PUFFERY BY COTY

Clothes by Halston 1971 Coty American Fashion Critics' Award Nominee

Love your hair





Wella Gentle Care.

Makes your hair soft and shining in 60 seconds.

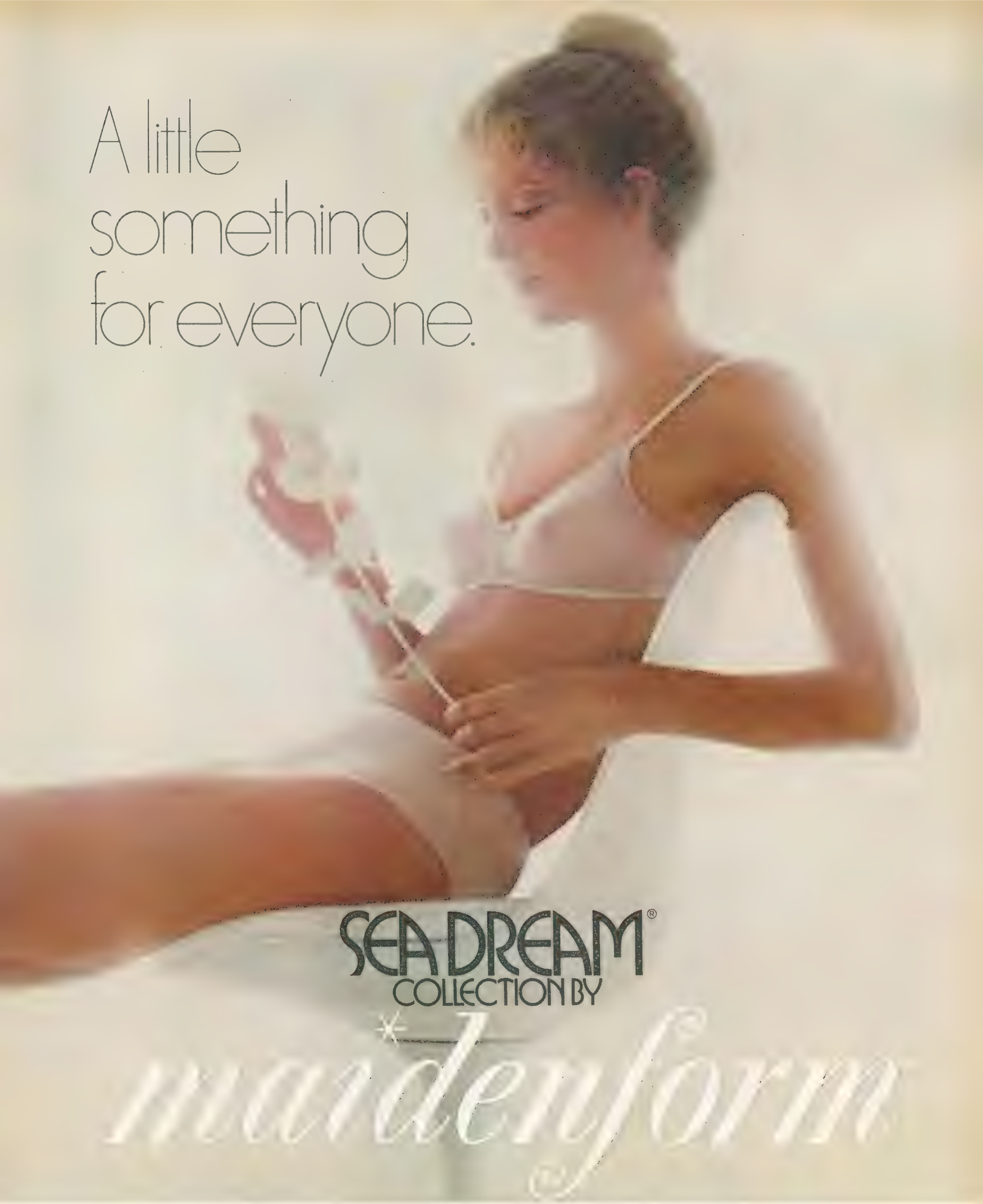
Wella Gentle Care Instant Hair Conditioner. It's fast. Fabulous. It smooths, shines, adds body. Makes your hair look and feel healthy. In one minute. Get regular Gentle Care in the blue box, or with extra body for fine hair in the pink box.

The loveliest hair gets Wella care. Ask your hairdresser.

WELLA

©1971 The Wella Corp.

A little
something
for everyone.



SEA DREAM®
COLLECTION BY
maidenform

Merely Me® stretch bra and bikini. Sleek 'Shimmer-Sheer' of Antron† and Lycra† tricot. Fashion colors or white. Bra, $4. Fiberfill Contour, $5. One-size-fits-all bikini, $3. Brief, $3.50.

'Antron' nylon, 'Lycra' spandex. Exclusive of decoration. †Du Pont registered trademark.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1971 by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, lingerie, swimwear. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Crompton is your corduroy.

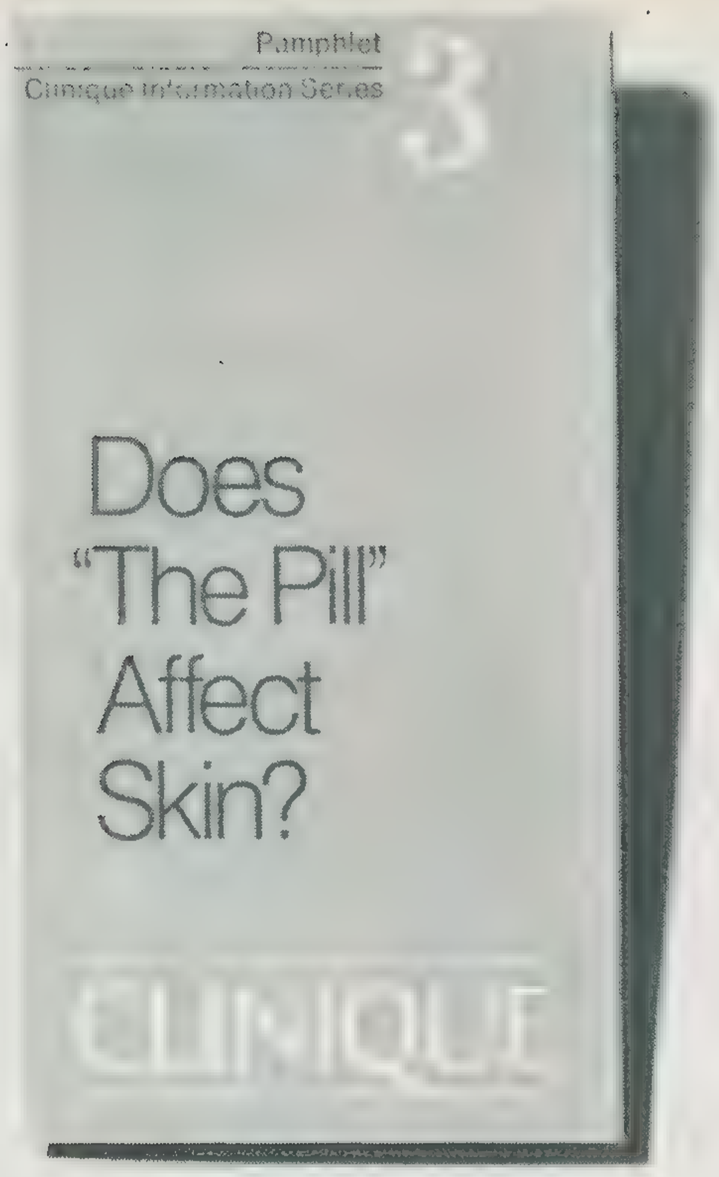
Ilie Wacs for Originala evening coat.
Crompton wide wale cotton corduroy.
Black or dubonnet. 8-16. About $350.
Bonwit Teller, New York;
Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston & Ft. Worth; I. Magnin, San Francisco & Los Angeles.

Be striking. Be yourself.



CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY·INC., 1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10018.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST. MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA.



Clinique is the kind of cosmetics company that offers you a free pamphlet on "the pill."

If there's anything in contemporary life that can affect your skin, Clinique believes **you should know about it.**

That's why these **Clinique pamphlets cover a variety of relevant subjects.** Allergies. The pill. And many more.

Clinique can give you this information because only Clinique is the advanced beauty system **guided by leading dermatologists.** So Clinique makeups and skin treatments are formulated to be pure as possible. They're **totally allergy tested and 100% fragrance free.**

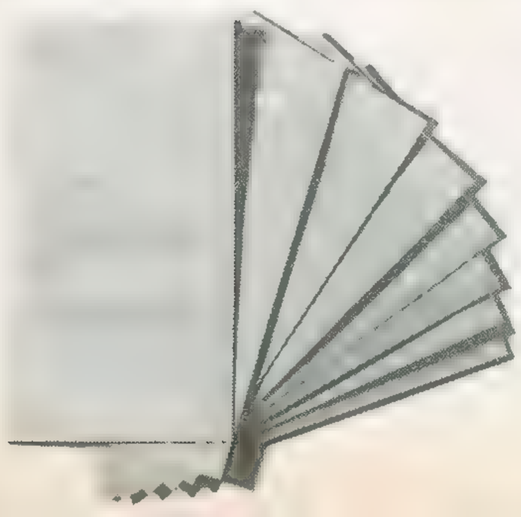
Write to Clinique for any or all of the pamphlets listed below. They'll give you honest answers to the honest beauty questions of today.

Come into the nearest Clinique counter and let **The Clinique Computer** tell you things about yourself you never knew before.



CLINIQUE

©1971 Clinique Laboratories, Inc., a division of Estée Lauder, Inc.



Check the following pamphlets that are of special interest to you, and mail to Clinique Information Center. Laboratory C, 767 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

- ☐ Can Break-out Be Stopped?
- ☐ What Should You Do About A Blemish?
- ☐ Does "The Pill" Affect Skin?
- ☐ Which Allergy Is Which?
- ☐ Can Skin Be Perfected?
- ☐ Beauty: What's Fact, What's Myth?
- ☐ What's So Different About Clinique?
- ☐ How Does The Computer Read Your Skin Type?

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

This is what it's all about...



a man and a woman . . . knits for the two of you

gino paoli®

GINO PAOLI, WOMEN: 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK • GINO PAOLI, MEN: 1290 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • DIVISIONS OF U.S. INDUSTRIES, INC.

Givenchy
believes in the textured fur. Swakara.



Says Givenchy, "Swakara has texture and is supple. Factors that lend themselves to my new unstructured silhouette."

And Givenchy's designing genius enhances Swakara's exquisite texture in a sensational collection for Alixandre of New York.
He shapes it to the body. In this coat of tortoise-dyed Swakara broadtail lamb. Side buttons it. And collars and cuffs it in otter.

Swakara broadtail lamb from South West Africa is the perfect designer's fur. It's been specially bred to be light and supple. With a shimmery, lustrous, watered silk look. A fur so versatile it can be tailored to fit your every fashion mood. From elegante to sportive.

Givenchy and Alixandre believe in Swakara.

So will you.

swakara®
The designer's fur.

Available at fine stores everywhere. Or write or call Swakara Fur Information Bureau. 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y., (212) 755-2130.



Estée Lauder

Now the richest lips you can have are Estée Lauder lips.

All because she blends nourishing vitamin oils into her new RE-NUTRIV Rich Rich Lipstick to saturate your mouth with color and coverage.

Nourishing vitamin oils to give you rich rich glide, rich rich slide, rich rich rich rich Estée Lauder lips.

The blazer, ablaze—gold brocade over a long spill of slinky crepe. Black or purple rayon/acetate crepe, metallic/acrylic/nylon brocade, 8 to 16 by Jo Ed, 60.00. Stir up more excitement with Black Velvet® Blended Canadian Whiskey. Ummm...it's velvety smooth!



BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKEY, 80 PROOF.
IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY HEUBLEIN, INC. HARTFORD, CONN. 1971. H.I.

Smooth stuff—velvet and satin with a beruffled swallowtail skirt. Black or purple rayon/acetate velvet by Martin Fabrics, acetate satin, 8 to 16 by Noel, 52.00. Try a smooth, velvety swallow of delicious Black Velvet.® It's goodness!
33 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y. and all Franklin Simon stores.
THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST® AT FRANKLIN SIMON

WE'RE INTO A WHOLE BLACK VELVET THING AT FS

BLACK VELVET
IMPORTED
BLACK VELVET
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
EIGHTY PROOF



FS

LIVE IT UP WITH VELVETY EVENINGS. And the bands played on—circles of embroidery blossoms on the blackest black or wine rayon velvet by Martin Fabrics, 5 to 15 by Party, 58.00. The great coat with those wide shoulders and enormous collar in black cotton velvet, 5 to 13 by Post Time Originals, 68.00. Still more Velvet: Canadian Black Velvet® Blended Whiskey. We think everyone should enjoy a higher standard of living it up.

THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST®

AT FRANKLIN SIMON

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKEY, 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY HEUBLEIN, INC. HARTFORD, CONN. 1971. H.I.



33 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y. 10001, and suburban stores in Westchester, Long Island, New Jersey and Connecticut. Plus branches in Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Charlotte, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Memphis, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Washington, D. C.



We're singing the praises of Canadian Black Velvet®—its mild, light taste, its higher standard of living it up. You can live it up in our crushed velvet dress with a long, leggy skirt, metallic braid waist. Black or purple rayon by Plitt, Segal & Son, 5 to 15 by Jacqueline Fashions, 58.00. Our gracious hostess with a gentle empire waist and soft, genteel sleeves, in black or wine rayon velvet, 8 to 16 by Marilyn, 38.00. When you want to be very genteel, serve your guests Canadian Black Velvet®! THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST® AT FRANKLIN SIMON

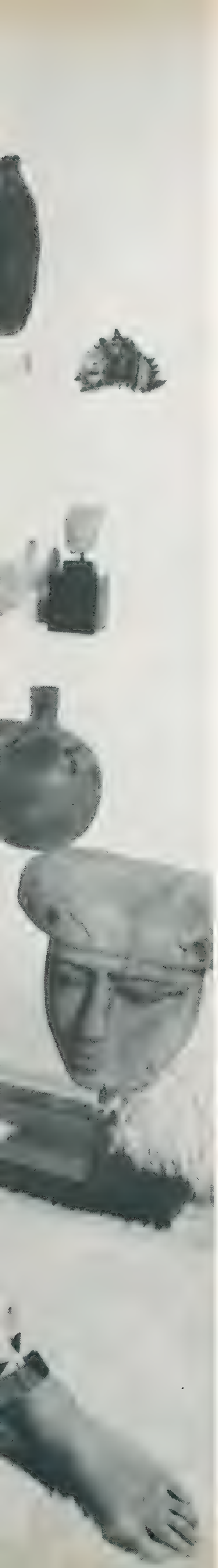


BLACK VELVET®
IS OUR
CANADIAN
LOVE SONG
AT

FS

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKEY, 80 PROOF.
IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY HEUBLEIN, INC. HARTFORD, CONN. 1971. H.I.







Estée Lauder's new advanced

European Performing Creme

helps your skin perform at the peak of beauty,

perhaps for the first time in your life.

Improve skin performance, and you'll improve its appearance. That's the reason Estée Lauder creates her new innovation in skin care. European Performing Creme. Think of it as a high performance additive to your regular beauty regimen. The way to have a fresh, healthy looking glow... the real thing.

Precious European emollients are combined in a continuously active formula that encourages the skin to breathe. Helps protect it from damage by stress, abuse, and air pollution. And increases its capacity to retain moisture. Smoother, softer, visibly refreshed skin is the result that says this is the creme that gives a truly great performance.

Estée Lauder

©1971 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

Seamless Sno-Flake.
The seamless bra that doesn't wrinkle.



If you're wearing the clingy new body-hugging fashions, you don't want the seams of your bra showing through.

You need a seamless bra.

There are a lot of new seamless bras around to choose from. And just about all of them have one thing in common. Unless you're a perfect cup size, they'll wrinkle.

It doesn't make much sense to trade your seams for wrinkles.

There is one seamless bra that doesn't wrinkle.

The new Seamless Sno-Flake® by Bali.

Like every new Bali brassiere, the Seamless Sno-Flake was tested on live models. And every one of them came through without a wrinkle.

The secret is our exclusive flat Sno-Flake Dacron® lace. It actually molds itself to your contours. Even if you're an in-between cup size.

It figures that Bali would come up with the answer to the seamless problem. After all, Bali is famous for making the best-fitting, most comfortable bras you can buy.

For years, thousands of women have been wearing our regular Sno-Flake brassiere almost exclusively. And now they can get their favorite bra in a seamless style, too. It's available in bandeau, 3/4 length, and longline.

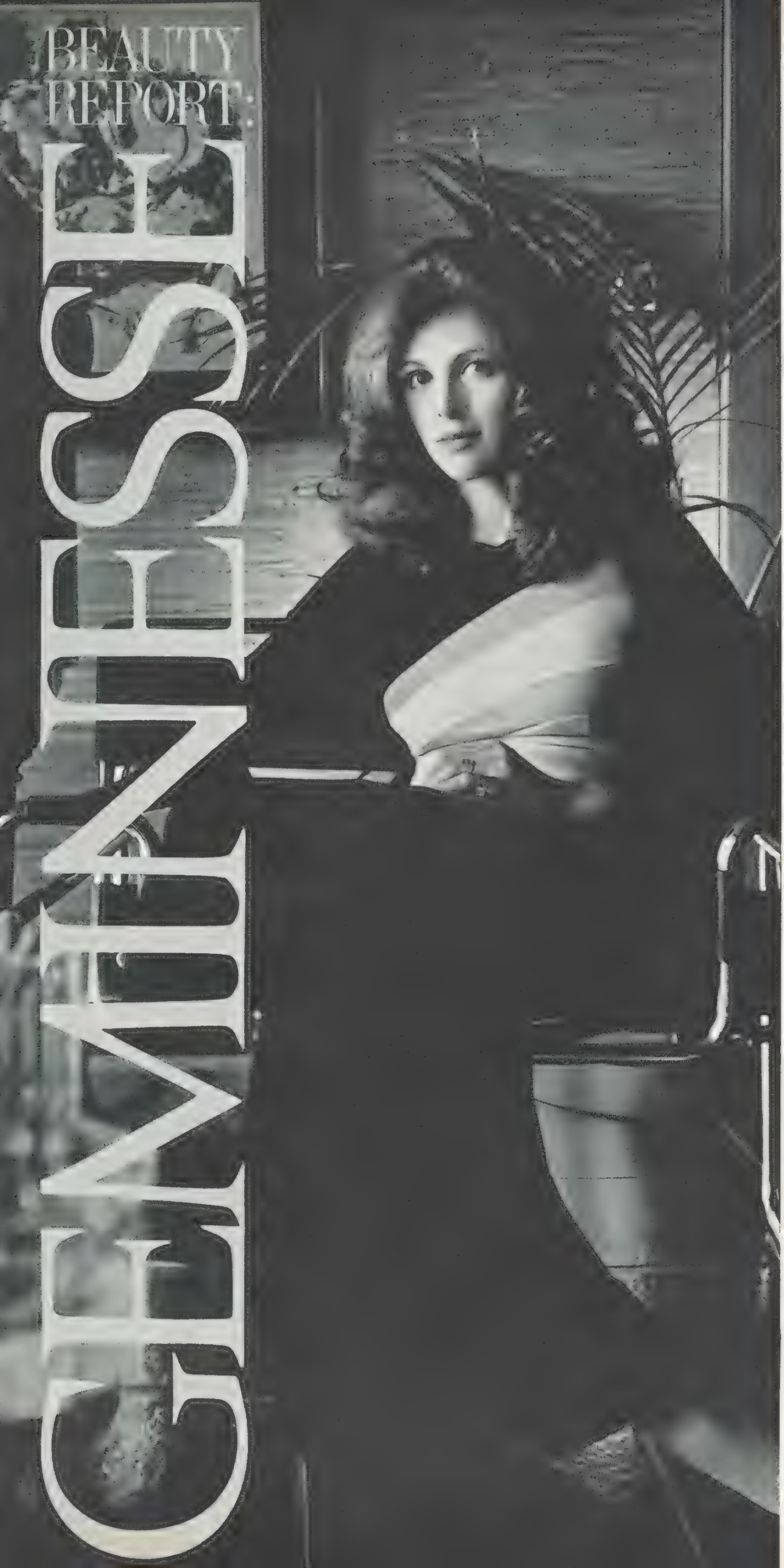
So everyone can have the fashionable rounded silhouette.

Without seams.

Or wrinkles.



Bali®



Superiority Complex for Lips

Enriched with moisturizers, alive with color, it's the rich new lipstick that outshines them all!



Geminesse Enriched Moisturizing Lipstick

It's a whole new behavior pattern for lips. Outrageously indulgent. Utterly benevolent. A lipstick lavished with moisturizers and emollients. With a wonderful way of smoothing, softening and shining lips. In a complete assortment of frosts and cremes. Twelve luscious licks of color in all — each a brilliant success. Geminesse Enriched Moisturizing Lipstick. The ego-builder. Only at superior department stores.

GEMINESSE
MAX FACTOR

Mrs. Tina Louise Crane

The kind of superiority complex I'm all for

© 1971 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada.

Beauty Checkout

Judith Jamison "I believe in enjoying myself."

Absolutely refreshing these days to meet someone who's busy doing what she loves and is so wonderfully good at it—Judy Jamison is a girl just like that. Lead dancer with The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, her enthusiasm bubbles into everything. Striking to look at—she's 5'10", sleek as a cat, with dark flashing eyes and the longest legs in the world. And full of warm good humor about herself, her work, her world. Sent off to dancing school at the age of six by "a mother who didn't want a gawky daughter," Judy's been dancing ever since—"twenty one years with one off" when she tried college. At Alvin Ailey, she has a chance to do everything—modern, jazz, primitive, ballet. Has a fantastic 15-minute solo, *Cry,* Ailey created specially for her. She's devoted to the company, despite the grueling schedule—"We've grown from ten to twenty dancers and expanded the repertory. The emphasis is on the word theatre. Alvin is very theatrical—in his use of props, the way he does a lot of things. He used to have the dancers singing!" While New York is Judy's home base, the company doesn't have a residence and they're always on the go. In five years, she's gone on six European tours. But that's a big improvement over the days of long bus rides between countless one-night stands. This month, they'll perform at the Kennedy Center in Washington, and at New York's City Center in December where they broke box office records. Judy sums it up, "Dance is universal" . . . also demanding. And she goes through the routine of classes, rehearsals, warm-ups, performances, strict eating habits. But when the curtain comes down—"I believe in enjoying myself. After a performance I'm up and ready to go!" . . . Catch a glimpse of Judy warming up, on page 138.

Built-in scents appeal

From Paris comes word of a brand-new, smashing way to wear perfume—nestled in your clothes! Brainchild of Indian designer, Mohanjeet, who's showing a whole collection of gossamer prints with fragrance right in the fabric: featherweight quilted cotton—perfume in the fiber filling. Big favorites at the moment are rose and Oriental sandalwood with spicy musk on the way. And just leave it to the men to pick up the scent of a good thing—lots of patchouli-steeped handkerchiefs popping up in some of the sharpest jackets all over town. Good scents everywhere.

If plants are your favorite roommates

. . . then it might be a good time for a little botany refresher. Anything leafy and green has a very special breathing cycle. During the day, plants take in carbon dioxide, give off oxygen. Just the reverse at night—oxygen goes in, carbon dioxide comes out. Instead of competing with plants for the available oxygen in your bedroom, why not move them? It will give everybody a lot more breathing space.

Dermatitis Urbis—something else again

As if your skin didn't have enough to worry about, here's something else to contemplate—dermatitis urbis. The phrase, coined by Dr. Irwin I. Lubowe, Clinical Professor of Dermatology at New York's Medical College, describes city skin continually exposed to air pollution. If you've suffered long city days, you don't need anyone to tell you how grimy and gritty skin can get. Well . . . Dr. Lubowe says there's more to it than that—skin can also develop unpleasant side-effects due to noxious particles suspended in the air. For starters, the pH balance may change and the growth of bacteria can be affected by all those soot and dust particles that settle down on skin surface. What can be done, short of packing off to the nearest commune? According to Dr. Lubowe, the answer may be a protective, soothing cream he's formulated with skin first-aid in the form of moisturizers, lubricants, sunscreens, healing agents, and vitamins. City dwellers, take heart—help is on the way.



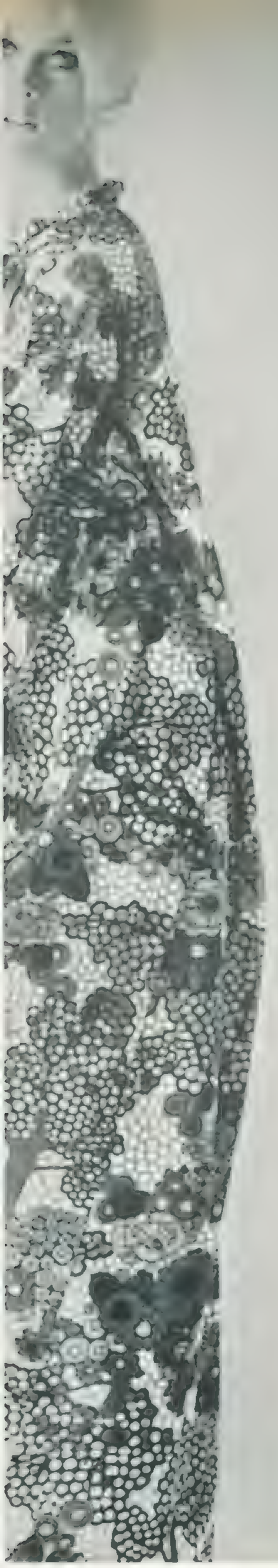
BRIGHT. INDIVIDUAL. YOU.

Makeup a bright face all your own—you've the whole works to work with now. A world
of individual color made for you by Frances Denney, who has a really fresh eye
on what's new. Here's everything you need to make eyes with—colorful mascaras,
colorful liners, colorful shadows, color for your brows—and Frances Denney sets them
right before your eyes in the first completely refillable eye makeup kit. And
here are Cheek Paints and lipsticks in such real, ripe shades you've simply got to
have lots of them too. They're all yours to do with as you like.

Frances Denney



ALA Miss Alabama Fashions, Tuscaloosa
Montgomery Fair, Montgomery
The Lingerie Shoppe, Birmingham
ALASKA Northern Commercial Co.,
Anchorage • Fairbanks
ARIZ College Shops, All Stores, Tucson
Gi-Gi Intimate Apparel, Phoenix
Goldwater's, All Stores, Phoenix
Levy's, Tucson
Rhodes, Phoenix
Steinfelds, All Stores, Tucson
ARK Ben F. Smith Dry Goods Co.,
Texarkana
Boston Store, Ft. Smith
Pfeifer-Blass, Little Rock
NO. CAL Capwell's, All Stores
Emporium, All Stores
Goldman's, Oakland
Gottschalk's, All Stores
Hink's, Berkeley
Liberty House, San Jose
Macy's, All Stores
Rhodes, All Stores
The Little Daisy, Oakland
Weinstock's, All Stores
SO. CAL Buffums', All Stores
Bullock's, So. Calif.
Glamour House, Montecito
Hafter-Heilbron, San Diego
Hinshaw's, Arcadia • Whittier
Lou Rose, Santa Barbara
May Co., All Stores
Nahas, Gardena
Peninger's, Santa Barbara
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Rileys, San Luis Obispo
Robinson's, So. Calif.
The Great Eastern, Ventura
Walker Scott, Downtown • La Jolla •
College Grove • Escondido
Webb's, Glendale
COLO May D&F, All Stores
Neusteters, All Stores
The Denver, All Stores
CONN Annette Shop, Stamford
G. Fox & Co., All Stores
Sage Allen Co., All Stores
D.C. Garfinckel's, All Stores
Jelleff's, Washington
Raleigh's, Washington
The Hecht Co., Washington
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington
FLA Britts, Ft. Lauderdale
Burdines, All Stores
Cecelia F. Wellens, Sarasota
Chic Parisien, Coral Gables
Fay Potter, Surfside
Furchgotts, Jacksonville •
Daytona Beach
Ivey's Dept. Stores, All Stores
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Levy-Wolf, Jacksonville
Lily Ans, Winter Park
Maas Bros., Clearwater • Ft. Myers •
Gainesville • Lakeland • Sarasota •
St. Petersburg • Tampa • Westshore
Mary Childs, Pompano Beach •
Boca Raton
Mary-Esthers, Sanford
My-Ann Foundations, Boca Raton
Pampered Lady, South Miami
Riverside Gown Shop, Jacksonville
Rosslow's, Ft. Pierce
Saks Fifth Avenue, All Stores
Sapphires, Inc., Bal Harbour
GA Connie's Intimate Apparel, Albany
Cullum's, Augusta
J.A. Kirven Co., Columbus
Jos. N. Neel Co., Macon
Rich's, Atlanta
Ronald's, Gainesville
Shirley's, Gainesville
HAWAII Liberty House, Hawaii
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Ann's Shop, Highland Park
Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., All Stores,
Chicago • Decatur • Kankakee •
Ottawa • Peoria • Urbana
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Hein's, Waukegan
D. J. Stewart, Rockford
Undercover Boutique, Wilmette
IND L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis
Carson, Pirie Scott, Michigan City
Frances Shop, South Bend
Rosalee Apparel, Hammond
IOWA Fantles, Sioux City
Petersen's, Davenport
Younkers, Des Moines
KANS Pegues, Hutchinson
KY L. S. Ayres, Louisville
LA Godchaux, New Orleans
Gus Kaplan, Alexandria
Maison Blanche, New Orleans
Palais Royal, Shreveport
Riff's, Lake Charles
The Fashion, Shreveport
MD Garfinckel's, Montgomery Mall
Jelleff's, Silver Springs
We Fit Corset Shop, Baltimore



Fall brilliance by Olga...
the print that
travels like a leaf
in the wind.

Nature's child travels lightly, sleeps soundly...in "Fall Trees" print by Olga. It makes a wardrobe of going, glowing separates...and you match them with a solid shade of spice (a hot mulled orange). In opaque, uncrushable Antron® and nylon tricot long or short gowns, robes, pajamas. Even a gathering of print underthings, from bras to half-slips. From 4.00 to 25.00. And such a pretty way to love the earth.

behind every OLGA® *there really is an Olga*

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MASS Filene's, Boston & Branches
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Swanson's, Kansas City
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MONT Hart-Albin, Billings
Missoula Mercantile, Missoula
NEBR Hovland-Swanson, Lincoln
N.J. Adele & Agnes Shop, Englewood
Dainty Apparel, Asbury Park
Edith's, Princeton
Marion & Rose, Jersey City
N. MEX Kistler-Collister, Albuquerque
Rhodes, Albuquerque
N Y. Algiers Boutique, Riverdale
Bonwit Teller, New York
Gertz, L.I., All Stores
L. L. Berger, Buffalo
The Wm. Hengerer Co., Buffalo
NEV Weinstock's, Reno
N C. Belk, Charlotte
Bessie's Bloomers, Gastonia
Collier-Ellis, High Point
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Robbins, Durham
Thalhimers, Durham • Greensboro • High Point • Winston-Salem

The Parisian, Jacksonville
N. DAK Colonial Shop, Williston
OHIO H. S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati
Higbee's, Cleveland
Lamsons, Franklin Park • Toledo
Rike's, Dayton
Strouss', Youngstown
The Union, Columbus
OKLA Brown-Dunkin, Tulsa
John A. Brown, Oklahoma City
Hampton's Intimate Apparel, Oklahoma City
Irene Herberts, Tulsa
Lambert's, Enid
Renberg's, Tulsa
Rothschild's, Oklahoma City
Vandever's, Tulsa
Woolf Bros., Tulsa
ORE Lipman Wolfe, Portland • Salem
Nordstrom Best, Portland
PA H. Leh Co., Allentown
John Wanamaker, All Stores

Watt & Shand, Lancaster
S.C. Lady Limehouse, Orangeburg
Meyers Arnold, Greenville
S. DAK Coles, Brookings
TENN Brier Patch, Signal Mountain
Cain-Sloan, Nashville
Castner-Knotts, Nashville
Phil A. Halle, Memphis
Harveys, Nashville
Kisbers, Jackson
Loveman's, Chattanooga
The Trousseau Shop, Memphis
TEX Colbert's, Amarillo
Dreyfus & Son, Dallas
Fielder's, McAllen
Foley's, Houston
Grammer Murphey Co., Midland
Hemphill-Wells, Lubbock
Joske's, Austin • San Antonio
Joske's, Houston
Leon's Town & Country, Victoria
Lingerie Fair, San Antonio

Meacham's, Ft. Worth
Palais Royal, Houston
Polly Adams, Laredo
Popular Dry Goods, All Stores, El Paso
Rhodes, San Antonio
Rhodes-Wolf Marx, San Antonio
E. M. Scarbrough, Austin
Sanger Harris, All Stores, Dallas
White House, All Stores, El Paso
UTAH Z.C.M.I., All Stores
VA Binns, Williamsburg
Chez Marie, Staunton
Garfinckel's, All Stores
Jelleff's, Falls Church • Tysons Corner
Lazarus, Inc., Roanoke
Woodward & Lothrop, All Stores
WASH Nordstrom Best, Tacoma • Seattle
W.VA Anderson-Newcomb, Huntington
The Princess Shop, Huntington
The Smart Shop, Huntington
WIS Dreyer-Meyer, Milwaukee
Gimbel Bros., Madison • Milwaukee
H. C. Prange Co., All Stores

Self-Portrait Eyes

I am seductive,
shy, frivolous,
impulsive. I am
many moods,
many dreams.
I love to color
my eyes
in shades of me.
I love to color
my eyes
in shades of
what I want to be.



Elizabeth Arden

Self-Portrait Eyes,
a totally new
concept
in eye make-up.
A collection
of 38 shades
as versatile
as your moods.
In Powdercream
Shadows and
Powderfrosts and
Ultrafrosts.
In Cream-Cake and
Liquid-Cream Eyeliners.
In Creamy Lash Colors
and Brow Color Cakes.
Self-Portrait Eyes...
be all
you want
to be.



©1971







Why Gorham?

Gorham Sterling designs from left to right: Strasbourg, Hispaña, Melrose, Rose Tiara, Fairfax, Chantilly, Medici. ©1971 GORHAM



Come closer.

See for yourself what makes Gorham Originals, original. You know us by the beauty of our designs. But we'd like you to know us better. So take a good look at the beauty of our craftsmanship.

Every surface. Every curve, scroll or flower is magnificently sculptured. Deeply and crisply carved. Some delicate, some bold. All distinctive . . . even on the backs.

But even that isn't the whole story.

Consider that every fork tine, every spoon bowl and every knife blade is designed specifically for that pattern. To balance in looks and in feel. As an individual piece, as a place setting, or as an entire table setting.

We call it total design. It's the reason that most of the world's most popular sterling designs are Gorham Originals.

It's also the reason why Gorham best expresses your own good taste.

To learn more about what to look for, send for the special booklets we've prepared. Write to The Gorham Company, P.O. Box 2823, Providence, Rhode Island 02907. With our compliments.

Now you can fashion your Total Table with Gorham Originals. In Sterling, China and Crystal.



Love's Reflections.

New Lip Cremes so rich and soft-spoken you'll want to see yourself in them.

A woman's mouth should look soft and feminine, and sensuous and sophisticated. All at the same time.

That's why new Love's Reflections Lip Cremes™ were created.

Lip Creme colors are soft-spoken. From the rich, clear shades to the mellow, muted ones. And when they're pearled, it's done delicately. With just a touch of shimmer.

Lip Creme textures feel sensuous. Because Love used 3 special moisturizers to make Lip Cremes moist, creamy, richer on your mouth.

Love's Reflections Lip Cremes will give your mouth a look that's soft-spoken and sensuous. And that's the way a woman's mouth should look.



Love Cosmetics by Menley & James.







you won't believe what this little body shaper will do for you...

here's why it costs $70

Doesn't look much more than a leotard? Guess again! It took ARIS three years to perfect this first-of-its-kind ISOTONER™ Body Beauty Suit. Its unique action gives you a sensation you've never felt before. Slip into it after you've smoothed on the ISOTONER™ Motion Cream that's included, and the two combine forces to multiply many times the action of each. Engineered to make you feel like you're getting a massage head-to-toe! Makes your thighs and upper arms feel firmer, your body more relaxed, supple and smoother—moisturizes your skin, too. Wear it solo, with a skirt...or even sleep in it. And all the time, it's shaping you up effortlessly. Once you try it on, you'll say it's priceless!

Suit: Petite, Small, Medium, Large in Black, Brown, Navy, Burgundy, Nude—with 2 oz. Cream.

ARIS ISOTONER
10 E. 38th St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Available in the Cosmetic Departments of BERGDORF GOODMAN, I. MAGNIN, BONWIT TELLER, NEIMAN MARCUS, J. W. ROBINSON and other fine stores

Beauty Checkout

Dart appreciation

Making its mark around Manhattan these evenings is the venerable and veddy British game of darts, with Americans leading the field. The city is crawling with pubs that sport dartboards—and one transplanted Britisher, it seems, took up the game here. At The Brown Jug, boxed darts of the regulars are stacked on shelves behind the bar. Everyone, male or female, who signs up on the challenge board is on for a game, Cricket, 301, and Baseball being the favorites—all very friendly and relaxed. Other New York darteries are Ken Beyer's, David Copperfield's, Hastings, and Rosalind Russell has been sighted darting at Tripple Inn. The newsletter of the United States Darting Association (516 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10036) lists places to play from Maine to California. The American who started the Association two years ago, Bob McLeod, also runs a pubby little shop called Darts Unlimited (24 East 21st St.) which stocks—and lists in its catalogue—an astonishing variety of darts and parts, an excellent British board for $17.95. And Abercrombie & Fitch reports a booming business in darts and boards.

Diet: Know all about it . . . and keep quiet about it

What's to eat? Good question, these days. Everybody's got a theory, but good, balanced nutrition is still where it's very much at. Some sane reminders from One-Who-Knows, Dr. Jean Mayer, professor of nutrition at Harvard University and chairman of the 1969 White House Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health. . . . Get the most out of the calories you eat. Eat varied: as many unprocessed foods as possible; fresh foods in season, well-washed; lean meats, fat trimmed; fish; milk and cheese (major calcium sources—cut down on other fats); eggs (near-ideal food, but three-a-week limit for those with high cholesterol levels); less salt (tends to accelerate blood pressure—use spices, vinegar, lemon juice instead); no sugar (processed foods are full of it—if you absolutely must, brown sugar at least contains some trace minerals). That's what's what to eat; now how about how? Eating to get and/or stay thin has been thoroughly psyched by Helen Corbitt, diet consultant for the Greenhouse, the splendid Texas spa. Her advice: when you're on a diet, keep quiet. Dieting doesn't have to be dull, talking about it always is. Make it fun and attractive, and you'll stick with it. . . . Serve artichokes with no-calorie dressing instead of potatoes—pretty, take forever to eat, fool hungry husbands into thinking they've splurged. . . . Fill your plate—a naked plate makes you feel deprived when you should feel cossetted—but fill it with color and variety: tempting greenery like shredded lettuce, chicory, baby palm leaves, celery stalks, raw spinach, plus shrimp, lemon wedges, grapefruit slices. . . . For breakfast, an orange sliced very thin (seventeen slices are possible) nearly to the bottom and fanned out—time-consuming to prepare and eat, and it's time you're consuming, not calories. . . . Cook thinly sliced vegetables briefly, in water mixed with a little wine to bring out flavor. . . . For dessert, orange slices arranged in a goblet with a small glass of cognac on the side. Dip, or eat and drink separately, slowly. . . . This kind of happy self-deception works equally well on guests. But don't tell. . . .

Cautionary tale: please don't eat the buttercups

Juices from buttercup-munching are apt, alas, to severely damage the digestive system. Which doesn't mean you have to throw out the candied violets—just know rooted friend from foe. The National Safety Council's list—of which parts of which plants are pernicious—also tells us that rhubarb's friendly; it's the leaves that can be ruinous. Foliage and vines of old buddies potato and tomato contain alkaloid poisons. And the pretty oleander, a deadly heart stimulant; even eating meat roasted on an oleander stick has been fatal. Peach-tree leaves, cherry-tree twigs, wisteria seeds and pods, yew berries and foliage, acorns, holly berries, the rhododendron, laurel, and azalea—all are toxic. . . . Obviously, small children and plants should be kept apart, and older children warned never to put anything in their mouths not commonly used for food. And follow your own good advice. Adults—especially now in our back-to-the-land enthusiam—are susceptible. Tea brewed from the ubiquitous jimson weed—in the mistaken belief it would cure asthma and other ills—killed instead. Resist the temptation to chew the greenery while woods or backyard browsing, and let professionals mix the medicines. . . . A complete list can be had—via stamped, self-addressed envelope—from the National Safety Council, 425 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Now, share the secrets of women who start legends.

Introductory Offer!

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by Dorothy Gray...a beauty boutique worth over $20.00* yours for just $6.95

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Women who start legends know you don't have to be beautiful to be exciting to look at. They understand the value of choosing, and using, those make up and skin care preparations that work 'just right' for them. But, experimenting to find that 'just right' formulation *for you* can take time and money. We can save you both.

International Beauty Club was founded to help in your search for beauty. First, we screen hundreds of the leading cosmetic preparations and offer only those we believe hold the greatest promise for you. Then, we offer them to you for almost one-third of the price you would expect to pay.

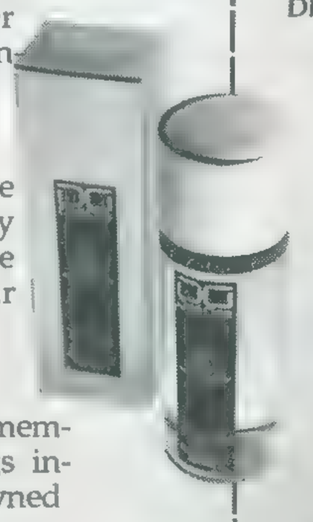
What do you get for $6.95?

You'll get a Beauty Boutique of seven Secret of the Sea cosmetics, the moisture-rich favorites of many legendary beauties including: Translucent Fluid Foundation, Shade Away Contour Cream, French Formula Mascara Compact, Eye Shadow Compact, Moisturizing Lipstick, Eye Cream and Moisturizing Mask.

Because these are not sample sizes, this is a one-time offer of these famed beauty preparations to *new members only* of International Beauty Club. When you buy them again at cosmetic counters of fine stores, you'll pay more than $20.00...and they'll be worth it.

ACT NOW!

And, as an introductory bonus for new members only, you'll get a gift of the exotic new Dorothy Gray fragrance, DEE GEE Eau de Toilette Spray in the full, 4-oz. size. This $6.00* gift and your Secret of the Sea cosmetics are worth over $26.00.* You get them all for just $6.95 plus shipping and handling as a new club member.



Thank Dorothy.

This special offer can be made to Club members because Dorothy Gray is confident that these Secret of the Sea beauty preparations will be 'just right' for you...and that you'll be wanting to purchase them again and again at their regular prices at select stores.

You have so much to look forward to.

About every other month, International Beauty Club members receive a precious Beauty Boutique. Future offerings include: a boutique d'estime from one of the three most renowned French couturiers... boutiques of elegant fragrances and bath-eries...an impressive men's gift collection...cosmetic boutiques from the finest names in the beauty world. And, though each will equal or exceed the value of this first boutique, your member-price will be just $6.95 plus shipping and handling.

You have no obligation. Ever.

You join International Beauty Club without obligation, now or ever. In fact, upon receiving each Beauty Boutique, examine it carefully. Take 10 days if you wish. Then, if you don't want it, just send it back. You'll owe the Club nothing for it. And you may cancel your membership in the Club at any time.

Act now for your special $6.00* gift!

Only as a new member can you get as a gift the exciting new Dorothy Gray fragrance DEE GEE Eau de Toilette Spray. It sells for $6.00 in fine stores, but it's your extra special gift from us for joining *now*.

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I understand I will receive a new Beauty Boutique on approval about every two months plus, once a year, a deluxe men's gift kit of famous grooming aids. I may return any boutique within 10 days and owe nothing for it. Each boutique shall equal or exceed $20.00 in value, yet I may keep it for just $6.95 plus shipping and handling. I may cancel my membership at any time.

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I am circling the one description that fits me best in each category below:

Age:	Under 16	16-20	21-25	26-35	Over 35
Hair Color:	Blonde	Red	Brown	Black	Graying/White
Skin Tone:	Very Pale	Rosy	Med. Beige	Sallow	Dark
Skin Type:	Dry	Normal	Combination	Oily	

1-67

☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss

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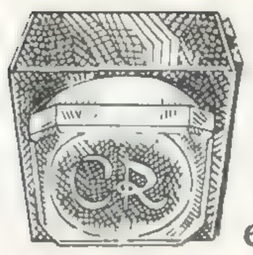
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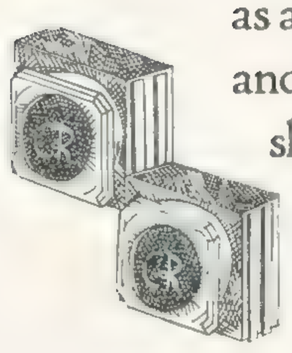
The Eye Colour Game

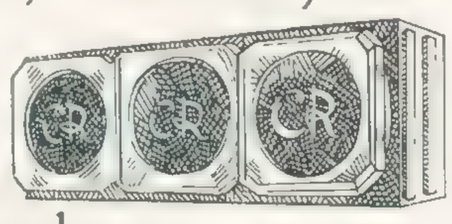
Freedom-of-choice is the name of the game and any girl with ideas of her own can play. Can make her own rules. Break her own rules. Can invent one beautiful eye look after another. Ready?



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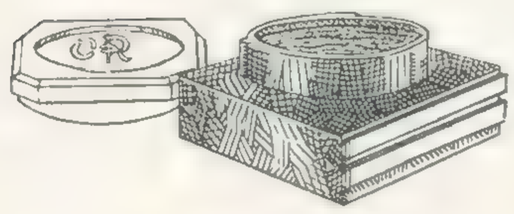
Each little makeup comes in a compact all its own. Super as a single. Or to snap up (by the twos, threes, fours or more) and snap together to have shade-after-shade, makeup-after-makeup all in a row.





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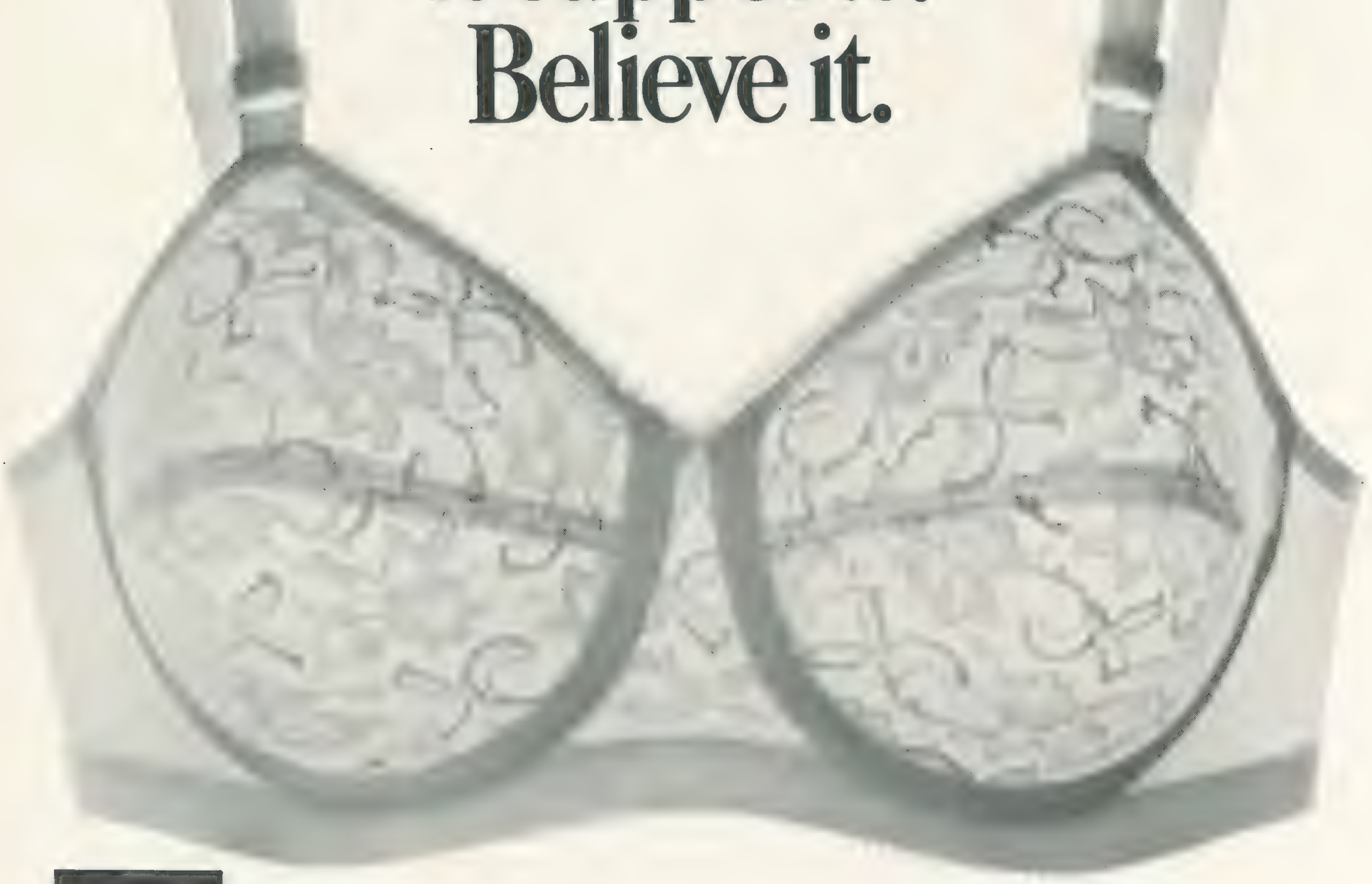


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BRINGING UP MOTHER

"My children have educated me"

By Françoise Mallet-Joris

Can the artist's way of life serve as a method of rearing children? Yes, the brilliant French writer Françoise Mallet-Joris replied in her most recent book, *The Paper House,* an account of her own family life that is full of humor, tenderness, and good sense. The daughter of a liberal Cabinet minister and of the writer Suzanne Lilar, she had a Flemish inheritance that gave her a taste for order. Her individuality, her passionate temperament, and her curiosity have taught her the practice of disorder.

When Françoise was seventeen, she left her family, married; at almost nineteen had a child; divorced; and at about twenty-three converted to Catholicism. A second marriage followed, then a third (the good one), in which she has had three other children. Throughout this period, she has published a number of novels, the first of which created a furor when it appeared in France, in 1950. For this novel, an elegant, cynical account of a savage Lesbian love affair and very eighteenth century in style, earned her the epithet the "female De Sade." As a writer and the mother of a family, she has contrived from the dual experience a method of bringing up children that may seem offbeat and paradoxical, but that she agreed to explain in this interview with the French magazine *Parents.*

Question: Before we take up questions of rearing the young, can you give us an inventory of your family?

Answer: It is composed, first, of my husband, myself, and four children. Daniel, the oldest, is just turning twenty-two; he has been studying economics and history, plays the saxophone, clarinet, guitar, and a lot of other instruments. Vincent, fifteen, plays only a bit of flute, but he draws very well. Alberte, twelve, studies piano and singing at the Conservatory. And Pauline, who's ten, is involved in assorted activities, all tumultuous. Then I should add several animals—some intermittent rabbits, a pigeon currently on sick leave, and, full time, one dog, one cat, one fish, one hamster, one monkey, and some parakeets.

Q.: As one of your children said, you've "managed to get married three times." Have these experiences helped you find happiness?

A.: I have had great trouble finding my emotional and family equilibrium. I had my first child before I was nineteen, during my first marriage, and the three others during my last. I have, yes, "managed" to marry three times, and little Pauline once announced, "If she'd wanted to, she could have managed twenty times"—which is very flattering. As for Daniel, he has adapted to the situation so well that when, at ten, he was given an assignment at school to write a theme on "A Beautiful Memory," he was fired with enthusiasm and wrote, "The most beautiful memory in my life was the marriage of my parents. . . ."

Q.: Your children know of your successive marriages. Why did you think it necessary to talk about them?

A.: When I divorced, I had only one child, and he was very young. But later, when the others were born, the difference in last names created a problem for them. We discussed the matter together. I try to make them feel that their opinion carries as much weight as my own. We approached the subject with a measure of detachment since no emotional problem was involved. I explained to them that I had been wrong about some things, that then I still had not found my inner equilibrium, that the divorce was not ideal, and that one has to learn to accept one's parents with their imperfections, past or present.

Q.: Did they judge you harshly?

A.: Considering the fact that by then my children had reached a certain age, they displayed forebearance and affable graciousness. Alberte, who was nine at the time, would have rather believed that I was a saint and that I had never failed in anything. But my youngest girl—she's a great admirer of American women movie stars who marry dozens of times—was rather proud.

Q.: Happiness in a family of six calls for a lot of give and take, and at the same time a firm upbringing. How have you been able to combine them?

A.: As I've said, I was not yet nineteen when I had my first child. I was upset and completely at a loss. I bought a great many useless things, and I created a great many useless worries for myself. I had an electric bottle warmer, a sterilizer, a baby's scale, a baby's bath, rubber toys, educational blocks, and books in which I read about all the symptoms of the sicknesses he could get. In very short order, this all became terribly boring and I gave it up. And Daniel immediately got along much better. He

(Continued on page 74)

L'AIR DU TEMPS

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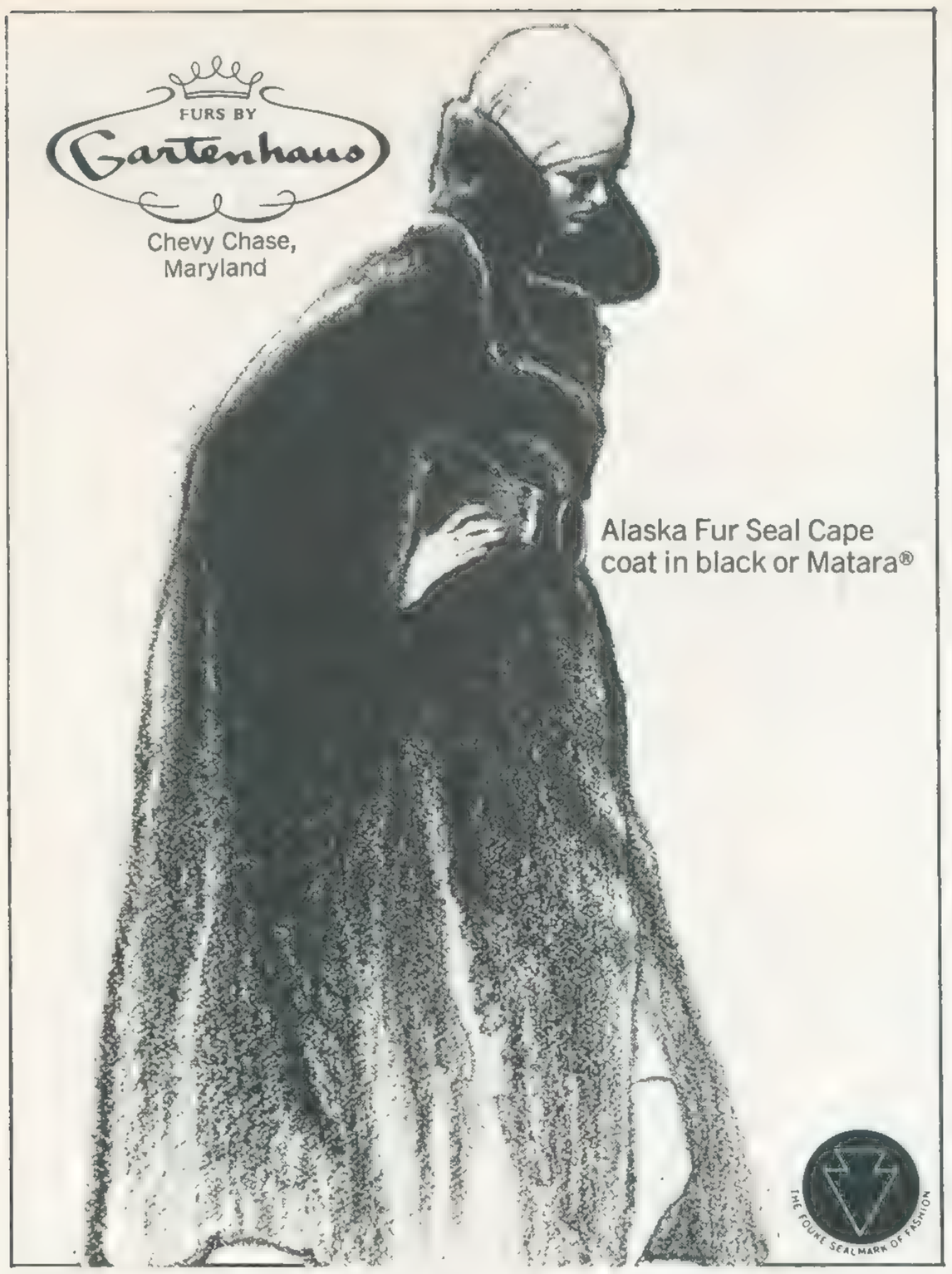
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daughter told me once that I'd made great progress because I was less orderly and more good-humored. I used to suffer horribly over our disorderly ways until the day I discovered it was impossible to run a house on an open-door basis like ours—with children, animals, friends who arrive unannounced, strangers who turn up and who stay, eat, sometimes sleep over—impossible to maintain such a house in order and also preserve one's good humor. So, I resigned myself to disorder, but now and then, in a kind of backlash, my need for Flemish orderliness breaks through.

Q.: You haven't answered my question.

A.: Well, I get up very early. The only thing that is organized in my household is my work. After serving up a substantial number of breakfasts, around seven-thirty every morning, I go to a nearby café and work there alone until I've written however many pages I think necessary. Then I go home and give myself up to disorder.

Q.: In your book, religion plays a big role. Is it a problem in your family life?

A.: You know that I was converted when I was already grown up. The conversion was a response to a concern that had no connection with the context of society or family or tradition. My parents had brought us up—my sister and me—in the idea that there was a religious question which they had answered with a kind of vague Deism but which they had no right to decide for us.

Since I'd converted, I have given my children a religious—a Catholic—upbringing. At the same time, in the course of our "poetic" evenings when we talk together about everything, I've approached religious problems by telling them that Catholicism is our faith and that we are bring-

(Continued on page 78)

"The only thing that is organized in my household is my work"

BRINGING UP MOTHER

(Continued from page 68)

"We loved each other, with just a touch of astonishment"

was jollier, and so was I. . . . I must say that he was prematurely a hippie baby. When I would go out dancing, he used to sleep in the room that served as the coat-room, curled up in the middle of the coats. . . . We loved each other, with just a touch of astonishment that chance should have brought us together.

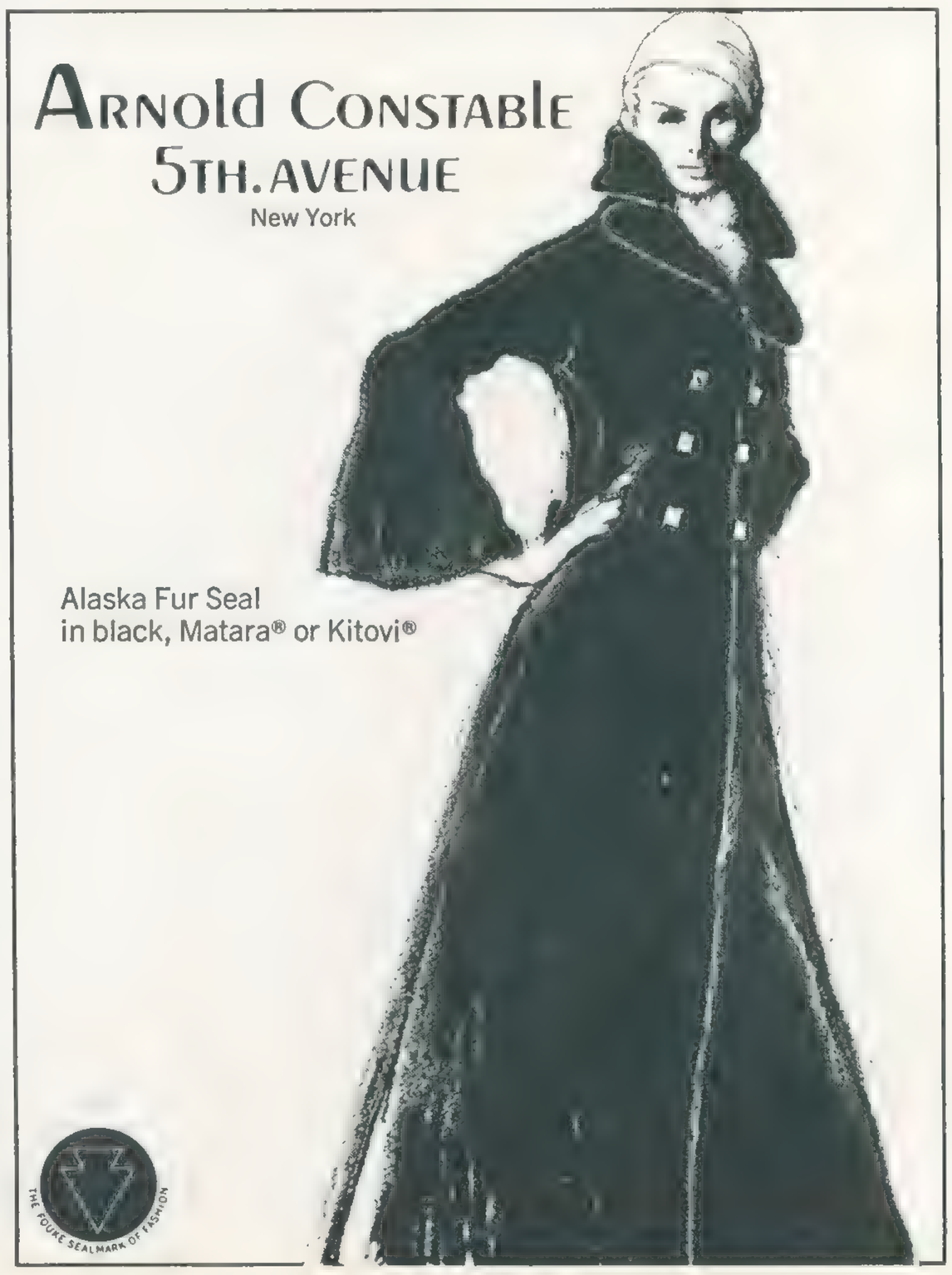
I am by no means the ideal mother of a family, but I do feel that as a family one forms a crew of people who live together, do amusing things together, and build a life in common, sharing pleasures and problems. They're so sad, the people one sees on Sundays walking their little children in the park and looking as if they were performing some terribly dull duty.

To have children, one needs a certain aptitude for communal living; not everyone realizes this. For some people, the child is extra; life is the life of the couple plus some children. It is not the life of three or six persons who form a community.

Q.: There is one question that always annoys you. How do you find time to write?

A.: The question annoys me simply because it always reminds me of my own shortcomings. I live in very great disorder. My problem was to discover little by little what were the important things. It is less important to have some socks that need mending than not to be able to accompany one's children on the guitar when they sing.

For years, my children blamed me for being too orderly. It's a reproach they could never level at me today. My younger



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EDGE OF PANIC

A short story

BY ANNA KAVAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Anna Kavan wrote incessantly but published only two novels under her own name. A writer and interior decorator whose sleek blond looks disguised a floating, tortured inner world, Anna Kavan was a heroin addict for thirty years. She was found dead at 67 in her London house, she was holding a syringe—her "bazooka."*

The day Sister comes in while I'm packing to leave. She's about ten feet tall and, as if to disguise the fact, usually adopts a slouch and keeps her hands in her pockets under the starched apron. Now, however, she has a big envelope marked Patient's Property in one hand, which she holds out to me.

"You won't need this, but we have to return it to you now you're being discharged."

I take it. How very odd. I get a sensation like dreaming as I feel through the paper the familiar barrel-shape of the syringe I haven't felt for so long.

"It's no use anyhow," I say to her, "without something to put in it." This doesn't sound quite the right thing, so I add, "I may as well leave it here," and drop it nonchalantly into the wastepaper basket.

She stares at me so hard that I wonder what's in her mind. Finally she shrugs her shoulders and slouches out, omitting to say goodbye.

I wait until I'm sure she's not coming back, then retrieve the envelope and put it into my bag. I've no particular object in doing so; the action seems pretty well automatic. I sit down to wait for someone to come and fetch me, but I'm too restless to keep still, so I put my coat on and walk out of the ward and along a passage, past a number of people, none of whom takes the slightest notice of me.

Besides the syringe, the usual

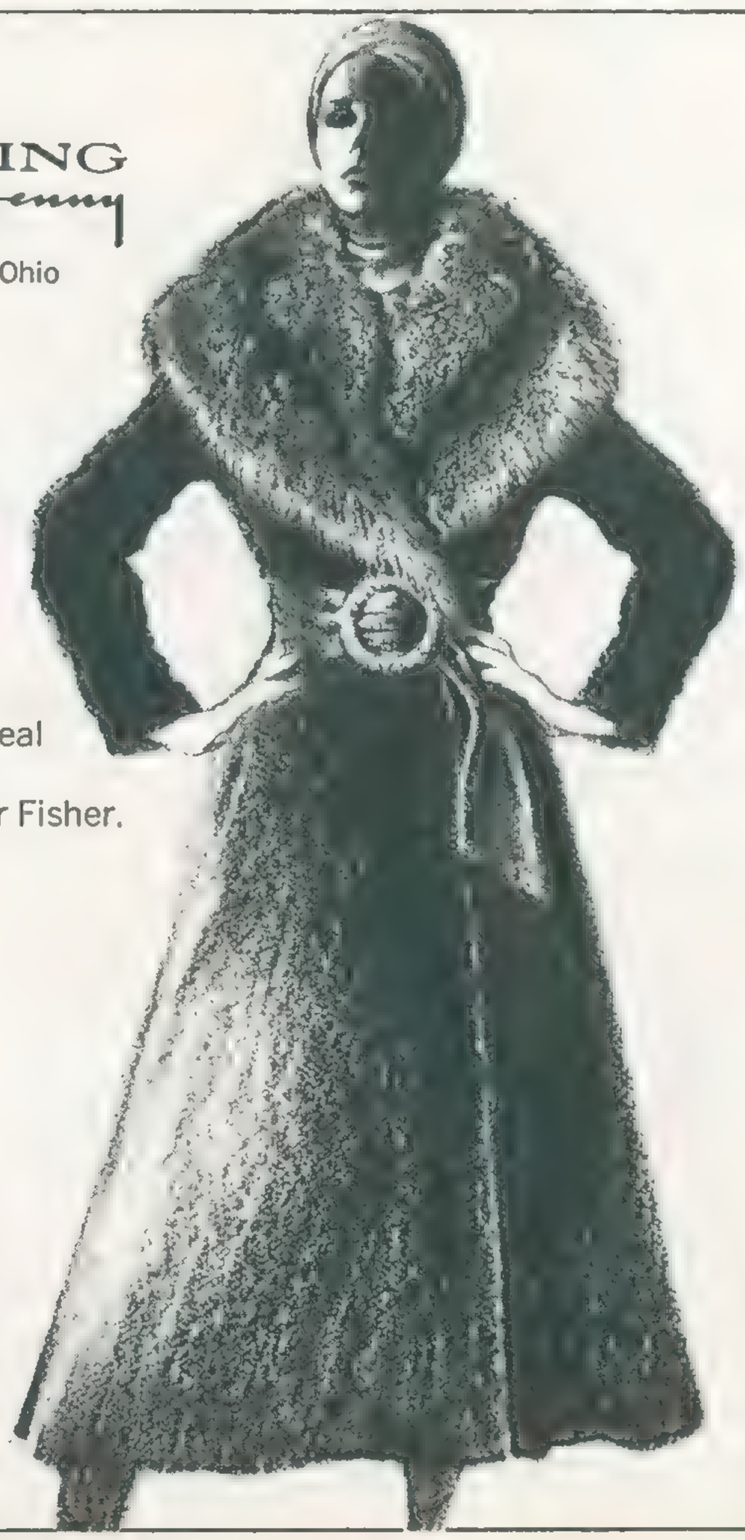
(Continued on page 76)

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with tuxedo collar
of natural Labrador Fisher.

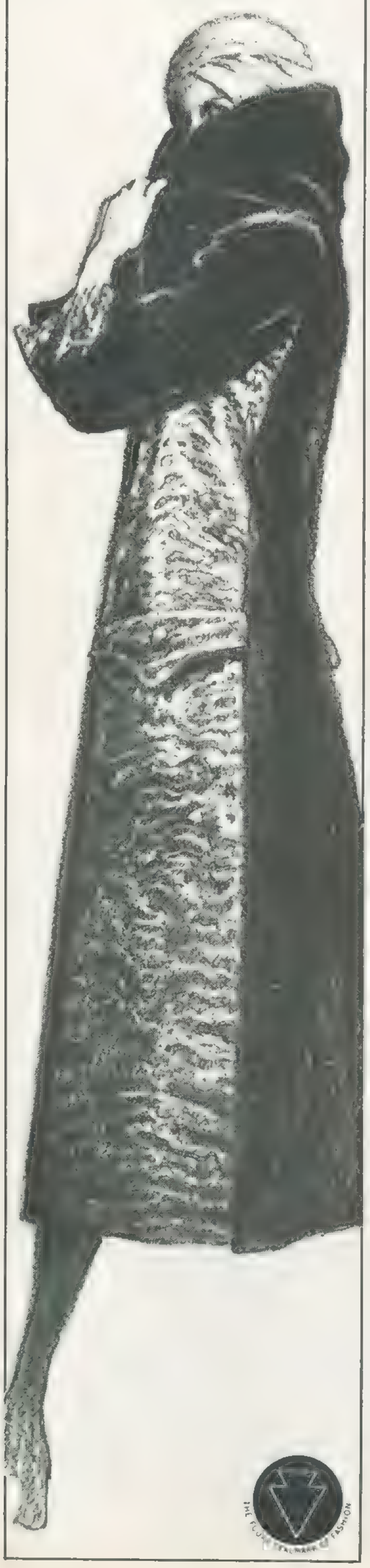
THE FUR SEAL MARK OF FASHION

Designed by Charles Meshel

Phil Stupp
Philadelphia, Pa.

Carl W. Herrmann
Carlton House, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Black dyed
Alaska Fur Seal
combined with
dyed black Swakara
side panels and cuffs.



EDGE OF PANIC

(Continued from page 75)

collection of things, including money, is in my bag. If anybody asks questions, I'm on my way to buy farewell presents for the nurses. Commendable, surely?

No questions are asked. The porter shoves the revolving door, I go down the steps of the main entrance and onto the pavement.

I'm outside again. Free. Also, of course, I'm still guilty, and always shall be. I don't feel anything much though, except that it's strange to be out here on my own. After a few steps strange equates with disturbing. This isn't the world I know. I look all round, at the crowds, the skyscrapers, the mass of traffic. It all looks delirious, ominous, mad.

There's an absolute mob surging along the pavement; you can't move without bumping into someone. I search in vain for a human face. Only hordes of masks, dummies, zombies go charging past, blindly, heads down. Stern condemnatory faces of magistrates glare at me from their pedestals at street corners. Cold enemy eyes, arrow-eyes, pierce me with poison-tipped suspicion, as if they know where I've come from.

Terrible eyes. Terrible noise. Terrible traffic.

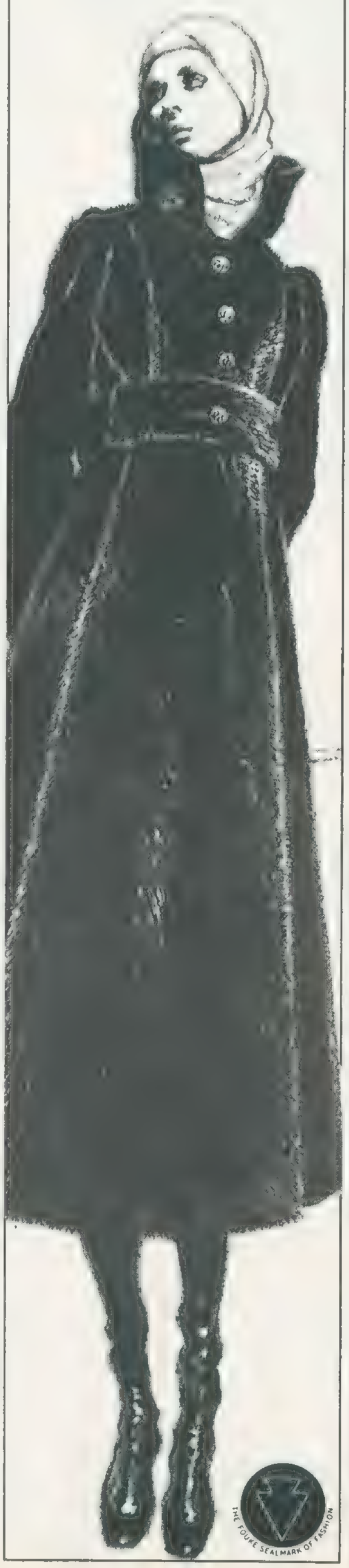
The sky is full of unnatural light, which is really a darkish murk and makes everything look sinister, a black conspiracy hanging up there in the air. Something frightful seems to be happening, or going to happen.

The traffic roars, bellows, hurls itself in a torrential surge as into battle—cars thresh about like primeval monsters. Some have grins of diabolical joy on their malevolent rudimentary faces, gloating over prospective victims. They're anticipating the moment when their murderous deadweight of hard heavy metal will tear into soft, vulnerable, defenseless flesh, mashing it into a pulp, which, thinly spread on the roadway, creates a treacherous slippery surface where other cars skid in circles, their wheels entangled in sausage-strings of entrails bursting out of the mess.

Suddenly I notice that one car has selected me as its prey and is making straight for me

diutshfurs
Leo Diutsh, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Black Alaska Fur Seal
with natural ranch mink
apron panel



through all the chaos. Come on, then! Knock me down, run over me, cut off my existence. I don't want it—don't like it. I never did. The size of a locomotive, the hideous great mechanical dinosaur bears down upon me. Already the metal assassin towers over my head.

And now the dingy mass hits me with the full force of its horrid inhuman horsepower, a ton or so of old iron to finish me off. I'm demolished, done for, down on the pavement, which is already black with my blood. Lying there, mangled, splintered, a smashed matchbox, all at once I find I'm transformed into an inexhaustible fountain, spouting blood like a whale.

Huge black clots, gouts, of whale blood shoot high in the air, then splash down in the mounting flood, soaking the nearest pedestrians. Everybody is slipping and slithering, wading in blood. It's over their ankles. Now it's up to their knees. All along the street, children start screaming, licking blood off their chins, tasting it on their tongues just before they drown.

The grown-ups can't save them; they're drowning, too. Fine! Splendid! Let them all drown, the bastards; they've all done their best to destroy me. I hate them all. There's no end to my blood supply. It's been turned on full at the main, at high pressure; nobody knows how to turn it off. Everywhere people are coughing and choking, their lungs are filling with my unbreathable blood, and it's poison, a deadly poison, to them.

Wonderful! At last I'm being revenged on those who have persecuted me all my life. I've always loathed the horrible hostile creatures pressing round me in a suffocating mass, trying to get me down, to trample on me. Down with them now! Now it's their turn to suffocate. I laugh in their faces, smeared and streaked like Red Indians with my blood. And all the time my broken thorax goes on pouring out blood.

They're out of their depth now. They try to swim. But their clothes are too heavy, already saturated by the thick, sticky, steaming tide. Inevitably, they are dragged under, writhing,

shouting, and struggling. Wasting their strength in idiotic contortions, they're all sinking and drowning already. I lash out wildly at the few survivors, hit them as hard as I can, bash them on the head, forcing them down into the sea of blood as if they were so many eels. Down, wantons. down!

Suddenly the show's over. Sudden lightning strikes overhead. A forked tree of blinding brilliance flares up the sky, setting fire to it as it goes. In a flash, the whole sky is a sheet of flame, consumed, gone up in smoke. Nothing is left where the sky used to be except an expanse of grimy canvas, like the walls of a tent. No wonder the light's unnatural and things look strange, when the city, and most likely the whole world, is imprisoned under this gigantic tent, cut off from the sun, moon, and stars.

Why did I ever imagine that I was free? The truth is I couldn't be more thoroughly trapped. Those vast walls enclosing me in an unbroken circle have now assumed a more spectral aspect, and look more like mist. But this doesn't make them any less impenetrable, impassable. Not at all. Only too well I know that there's no way through them, that I shall never escape.

The thought of being shut in forever drives me out of my senses, so that I try to bash down walls with my bare hands, tear at bricks with my nails, pick the mortar out. It's too ghastly. I'm not the sort of person who can live without seeing the sky. On the contrary, I have to look at it many times a day; I'm dying to be a part of it like the stars themselves. A cold finger of claustrophobia touches me icily. I can't be imprisoned like this. Somehow or other I must get out.

Suddenly on the edge of panic, I look round desperately for help. But of course I'm alone, as I always am. The pavements are deserted; there isn't a soul in sight. Once again I've been betrayed and abandoned, by the whole human race this time. Only the traffic continues to hurtle past, cascades of cars racing along the street in a ceaseless metallic flood.

Above the din of their engines, louder crashes erupt all round. Avalanches of deafening noise explode in my ears like bombs. In all the thunderous booming roar I can distinguish the sobs of heartbroken children, the shrieks of tortured victims and addicts deprived of drugs, sadistic laughter, moronic cries, the moans of unsuccessful suicides—the whole catastrophe of this inhuman city, where the wolf-howl of ambulances and police cars rises perpetually from dark gullies between the enormous buildings.

Why am I locked in this nightmare of violence, isolation, and cruelty? Since the universe only exists in my mind, I must have created the place, loathsome. foul as it is. I live alone in my mind, and alone I'm being crushed to suffocation, immured by the walls I have made. It's unbearable. I can't possibly live in this terrible, hideous, revolting creation of mine.

I can't die in it either, apparently. Demented, in utter frenzy, I rush madly up and down, hurl myself like a maniac into the traffic, bang my head with all my force against walls. Nothing changes. It makes no difference. The horror goes on just the same. It was enough that the world seemed to me vile and hateful for it to be so. And so it will remain, until I see it in a more favorable light—which means never.

So there's to be no end to my incarceration in this abominable, disgusting world. . . . My thoughts go round in circles. Mad with despair, I don't know what I'm doing, I can't remember or think any more. The terror of life imprisonment stupefies me; I feel it inside me like an intolerable pain. I only know that I must escape from this hell of hallucination and horror. I can't endure my atrocious prison a moment longer.

There's only one way of escape that I've ever discovered, and needless to say I haven't forgotten that.

So now I wave my arm frantically at a passing taxi, fall inside, and tell the man to drive to the old address.

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Bonwit Teller
Chicago, Illinois

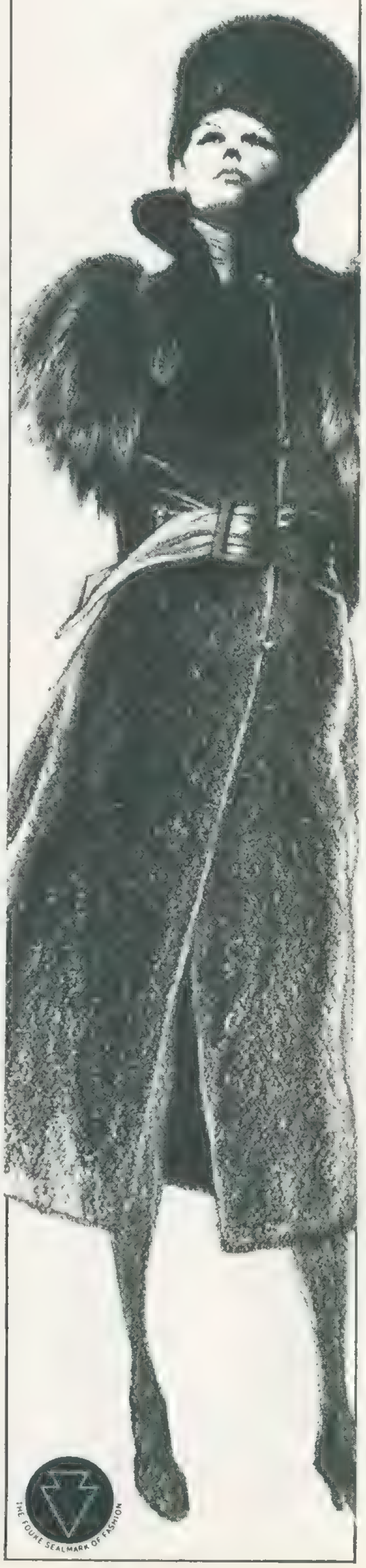
Topps
of Omaha

Designed by Geoffrey Beene
in black or Matara®
Alaska Fur Seal with dyed
Canadian Fisher collar.



Revillon
AT
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Alaska Fur Seal in Matara®
with black dyed
Russian sabletail trim.
Designed by
Fernando Sanchez



Joseph Palanker & Sons
Buffalo, New York

Victor/Sacks Furs
Philadelphia, Pa.

Matara® Alaska Fur Seal
with collar and cuffs
in natural Russian sable.



BRINGING UP MOTHER

(Continued from page 74)

"When we are strapped, so are they"

ing them up in that faith because we believe it is a good way, but that the time will come when they will have either to deepen the way in which they interpret this faith or perhaps to leave it.

I think this "liberal" education is preferable to a strict, joyless Christian upbringing where words constantly belie deeds and vice versa and where the smothering of freedom leads to a passionate rejection at sixteen. I reproach such upbringing chiefly because it instills a sense of sin that troubles the child from his earliest years on, shackles his instinct, and casts a fearsome nimbus around the Creation itself.

Q.: People always ask what we must do to bring our children up well. Tell me, instead, what a mother must *not* do.

A.: Oh! Above all else, she must not be overanxious. Or make children feel guilty over minor things. Once upon a time, for example, parents tended to put the child who soils her pinafore on the same level with the child who lies. Parents were entirely sure of themselves, or at least so they made their children feel, and tried to transform them completely. Parents now give their children the impression that they are completely free and that the parents themselves do not know what their children should do. I think there is a middle ground. Children must learn to know things as they are, which is a rather rare form of intelligence.

Q.: There's no such thing as success without difficulties having been overcome. Your little girl Alberte caused you serious concern.

A.: Alberte had a disturbing tendency to steal. By nature, she is serious, enamored of the absolute, and she took her stealing seriously. At one point, it had assumed alarming proportions. She used to steal from my purse, and even from the housekeeper's —a thousand, two thousand francs, and once as much as five thousand (those were old francs). I explained to her that this money represented hours of work for the housekeeper and for me, too.

So then, she said to me, it's from people who have money who don't work that one should steal? I didn't want to encourage her in this direction. . . . All of a sudden, she gave up stealing. She explained to me how the terrible thing about theft was that you had to keep it a secret. Otherwise, other people—in this instance, her sister, who used to tell everything—would betray you. This secret, this being isolated from society by wrongdoing, was more than she could bear. From one day to the next, Alberte stopped stealing.

Q.: What is your children's attitude toward money?

A.: The question of money exists for the children. Because they're at school with other children, some of whom have much more pocket money than they and who do things that they do not do. One day, my little girl Pauline said to me, "Why do some girls at school go away for winter sports and we don't?"

I don't mean that my children have fewer things than other children, but sometimes they do not have the same things; and one must explain to them why not. When we are comfortably off, we buy and give them new things, and we give them a fair amount of pocket money; and at other times, when we are strapped, so are they. I don't know whether this gives them a very exact sense of the value of money, but in any event it does give them a certain feeling of solidarity.

Q.: Have you solved the big problem of parents today? I mean, prepared your children for the world of tomorrow?

A.: Through the papers and television, one is kept abreast of everything violent and brutal that is happening in all four corners of the world, and I believe it is a temptation for families to reject all that, to turn inward, to live a sheltered, harmonious little life in the bosom of modern society. When a child reared in that fashion suddenly comes in contact with the reality of society today, which sometimes is very violent, sometimes marvelous, he is utterly unprepared and unarmed.

I was struck, while appearing on a television program with some children during which they showed an animated cartoon, to hear a ten-year-old boy declare,

(Continued on page 83)

flemington fur company
Flemington, N.J.

Alaska Fur Seal
in Black, Matara® or Kitovi®





"My wife, Mae, is one of my most loyal (though non-paying) customers. But she's too busy to come in every time she wants her hair done. So I shopped for a home dryer.

"My New York salon has the finest professional dryers made, so I knew the features I wanted.

"Well, of all the home models, one stood out. The Lady Schick Beauty Salon. It has professional-type power. Even heat distribution. And a bonnet large enough to hold the extra large rollers that Mae uses.

"Plus, Beautifying Mist! Without shampooing, it gives you a soft, long-lasting set. And, if you use hair coloring or conditioner, the Mist works it in quickly and evenly. Actually cuts the time in half.

"You'll also find a special setting for drying wigs.

"The only problem—I like the dryer so much, I now take it with me on location assignments. Looks like I'll be buying Mae another one."

Advertisement

The Scientific Approach to Beauty

BEAUTY AND THE POLLUTION BEAST

The fight against environmental pollution has become a major American issue. Everyone is concerned about pollution; no one is immune from the ambience of pollutants that seem to have invaded our atmosphere.

We feel mistreated and abused by the big-industry types who have foregone the salvation of the air, water, land—life itself—to serve their own ends.

To all embittered soldiers of the war on pollution please take note—there is hope.

In 1960 a small professional cosmetic company, Redken Laboratories, Inc., started to manufacture beauty products. Scientifically formulated, these products have been naturally organic, acid-balanced, BIODEGRADABLE since Redken's inception over 10 years ago. Biodegradable, as well as other ecological nomenclature, has become a rather fashionable word to use these days. Redken has used it for many years, simply because it served a purpose, that is, to define an aspect of our product.

What exactly does biodegradable mean? It is defined as a substance that readily decomposes biochemically and is usable by microorganisms for nourishment. What it means to us, and to you and your family, is that biodegradable products are healthier, safer to use.

To be perfectly frank, the original reason Redken's products were formulated was not for ecological purposes. After all, do you remember even hearing the word "ecology" way back in 1960? But Redken knew, even then, that to preserve and maintain the health and condition of hair and skin, products had to be naturally organic and acid-balanced. They also knew that by using the purest and finest ingredients, beauty products could not only enhance, but actually IMPROVE hair and skin.

The naturally-organic, acid-balanced protein products formulated by Redken Laboratories are available to you exclusively through your professional beauty salon displaying the emblem below. Make an appointment today and ask about Redken's acid-balanced, organic line of beauty products.

MEMBER—HAIR RESEARCH DIVISION
REDKEN
The Scientific Approach to Hairdressing

REDKEN
The Scientific Approach
©1971 REDKEN LABORATORIES, INC., VAN NUYS, CALIF. 91401

Ready Beauty

Taut by experts

What every weather-worried skin needs in the annual back-to-town tizzy is the boost of a good facial masque. One of the top tinglers is Scandia's Sculptone Molding Masque, a clear, pleasantly stinging gel that hardens enough to be peeled off, leaving rosiness and refinement in its wake. Different, but just as refreshing is Marian Bialac's Haldine Firming Pick-Up Lotion, a minty, gentle cream that slips on for ten minutes and washes off with warm water.

Only natural

The trendy trek to the naturally-dewed cosmetics appears to be enlarging its territory well beyond the health-food stores. Gwen Cosmetic Naturals, a complete, hypoallergenic skin-care line, heretofore only found nudging the wheat germ and sesame seeds, is showing up at department stores (for instance, Bonwit Teller) with restful items like Facial Nuggets (a cleanser that's crammed with papaya, date seed, and such), Spring Snow Moisture Cream, and Lites-Up Lemon/Cucumber Lotion. Makeup too.

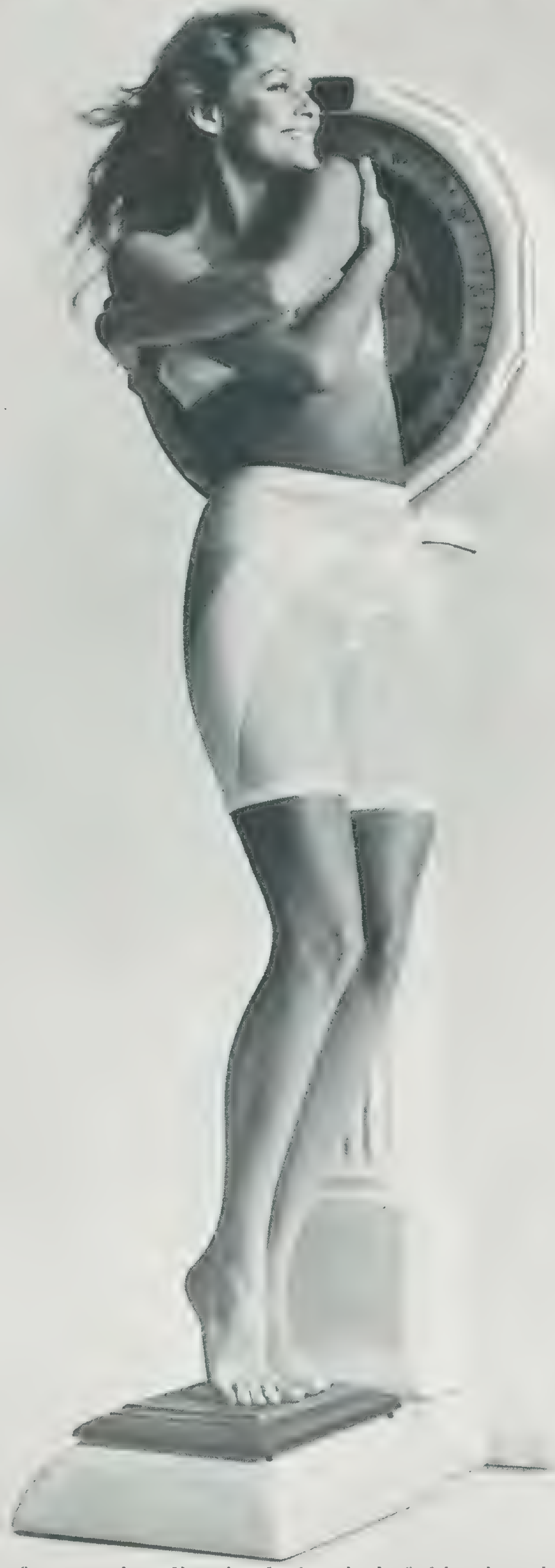
The great white way

If there is a road to romance, it is probably carpeted with white flowers—fresh, young, and irresistibly fragile. Evyan's carefree perfume, Most Precious, made of twenty or more white-flower notes, appears to have stirred up such response that its shimmering bouquet has been newly poured into a whole series of pleasures for the bath. The wonderfully silky body powder (below) has a special base to project and prolong its deep scent. It comes in a great, posh box of aqua satin and moire (a match for the new perfume packaging, all of which is wildly pretty), and also in a travel version. Equally new and engaging are a jewel-clear aqua body lotion, bath oil made *not* to leave rings, fragrant pink ovals of soap, a deodorant-antiperspirant, and a superb natural spray cologne. (*More, page 82*)



HANK DUNNING

INSTANT DIET ANSWER BY GOSSARD



Today you're looking for control, a slimming look, a body fashion just right for you. Answer by Gossard is *your* answer, your "instant diet." There's a wide selection of Answer styles, find yours at your favorite fashion store. Try Curvy, Gossard's newest Answer, of nylon and Lycra® spandex power net. Curvy 16½", 18" or 18" collar top, about $13. to $16.50. The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago 60606

wayne gossard fashions
NICEST NEXT TO YOU

®duPont's reg. t-m.



Long for a super-sheer slimmer? Tweave Answer of two way leno (nylon and Lycra® spandex). One from Gossard's "instant diet" Answer collection. Tweave 15", 18" and collar top, about $13. to $16. The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago 60606

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Ready Beauty



Strawberry short-cut

This natural beauty has found a delicious strawberry short-cut into a change of face for autumn. In one swift, fragrant move, she's just peeled from her face a collection of cells long past their prime and some deep-set soil that thought it had found a permanent home until this particular skin renewal program took over. It's a matter of 20 minutes and Max Factor's new Geminesse Strawberry Masque, a filmy gel made from fresh strawberry extract plus some other natural and marvelously unnatural ingredients to accomplish this really salon-type facial. Geminesse Strawberry Masque leaves a face with a wholesome glow on. . . . A complexion that's ready to pass inspection under the most alluring circumstances.

Eau, eau—another classic

For "the woman alive who loves Chanel No. 5," there's word of a new arrangement of the lilting bouquet. It's Eau de Chanel No. 5, lighter than the perfume, richer than the cologne . . . and now in a new fat version of the classic Chanel bottle, clear, sparkling, and as elegantly unpretentious as the fragrance. Make a great splash with it yourself . . . and start thinking about your Christmas list.

Everything's coming up protein

The Almay people who take a passionate interest in the quirky skin have turned their singular savvy to the glorification of feckless hair care with products carefully plotted to leave sensitive scalps soothed and problem hair full of bounce and body. Working on the accepted principle that hair being protein responds to more of the same, they've introduced three new hair helpers brimming with protein interest. These include conditioning shampoo, setting lotion, and deep conditioner. Each is an enriched concentrate, all work toward lively, lustrous, tractable hair even for problem types. Like all things Almay, these new hair caretakers are hypo-allergenic (more Ready Beauty page 90).

(Continued from page 78)

"The path from family to world—who will point it out?"

"Oh! All that's silly. It's modern." I understood that his parents were bringing him up in a very classical way, in a traditional but closed culture, because a simple fantasy film was enough to floor him; at the age of ten, he was already persuaded that everything the future could bring him would be meaningless and absurd.

Children live in the disorder of the world today. To bring them up apart from it is to prepare the ground for their future inadaptability and for jolts they will surely experience at twenty. Of course, one can buy them the newest thing in schoolbags, the latest hit record, or pay for skiing lessons and imagine that that's enough. One can also sing Bach, instill a distaste for rock and roll and a taste for good books, wood fires in the fireplace, and family evenings at home. But who will make the connection between the two? The path from Bach to Boulez, from family to the world —who will point it out?

Q.: Are your children pleased with the upbringing you're giving them?

A.: I hope so. In any event, I am quite pleased with them. Yes, very pleased. But it does seem to me that in large measure they have brought themselves up—brought themselves up by watching other people behave and also, certainly, by talking with us. This is true particularly of my older son. I had no experience. I watched him grow up with great curiosity and much wonderment. As early as six or eight, he was making his own decisions, choosing his own clothes, and when I used to go out to work and he would find I was too long getting home for lunch or dinner, he would do his lessons and get his lunch himself.

He went through all the normal phases of childhood. He was jealous of his little brother; he stopped wanting to bathe and to go to school; he became a hippie; he let his hair grow; and he wore jewelry. He made one very very long trip—twenty-five hundred miles by hitchhiking—and when he got back, one felt he had decided to be an adult. He enrolled in a university and he let his mustache grow. It was all over. He was a man.

Q.: One day your little girl asked you, "Mama, what is a miscarriage?" You must have theories in the matter of sex education.

A.: Sometimes it is they who say to me, "Do you want me to explain this to you?"

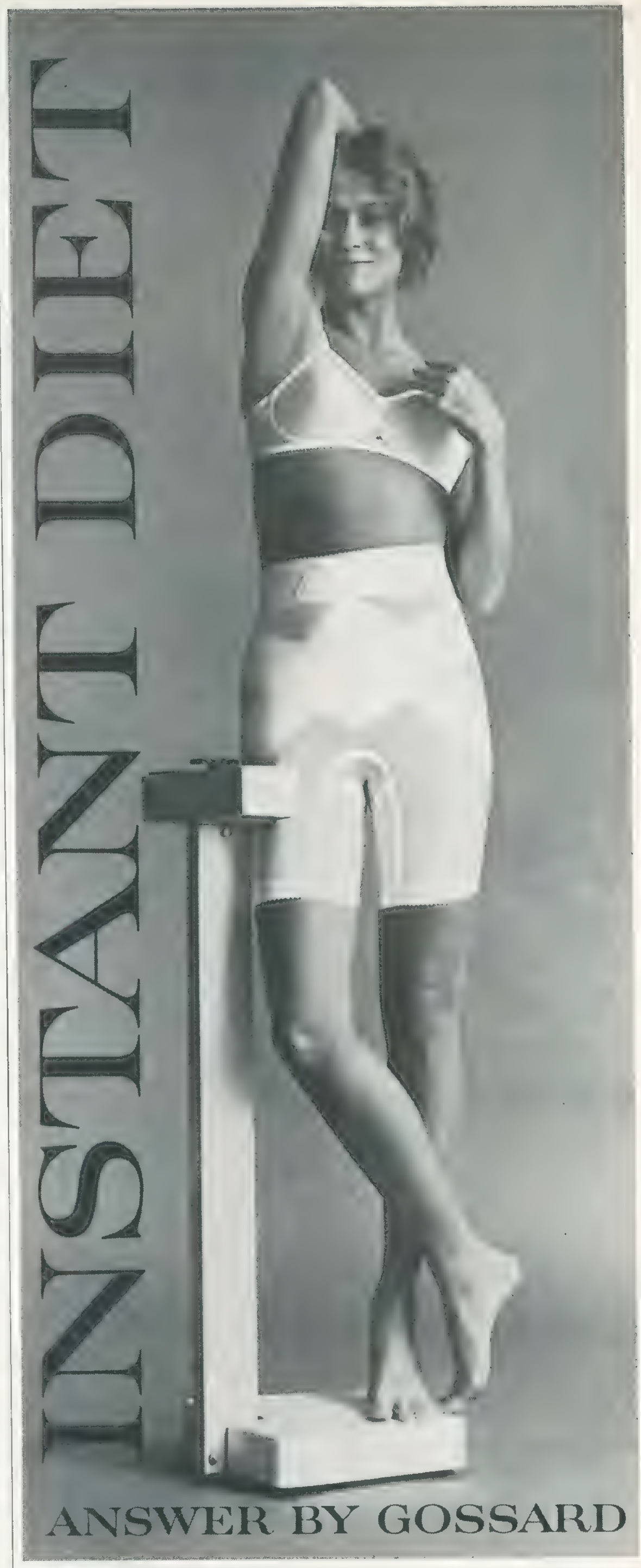
After all, these questions come to children's minds naturally. I do not believe one should discuss them before the age when they do occur to children naturally. That age varies, of course. And I believe that one can answer children with the greatest frankness. The metaphors of the birds and the bees do not seem to me at all indispensable, if one always presents the child with the idea that physical love is the natural consequence of the feeling of love—but that imperfection is of this world. In human love, there are very beautiful fulfillments and there are also failures.

"Sex questions come to children naturally"

Q.: By way of conclusion, could you specify the essential principle of your method of education?

A.: I do not say to them "Do what you like" because I find that this is shirking. Nor do I say to them "Do what I blindly want you to do." I say to them, "For the moment, do what I believe is good and right because, even if I am wrong, I am acting in good faith and you are too young to decide. But a moment will come when I hope you will be able to decide for yourselves." And I truly believe that education is leading children to the time when, on all levels of living, they are equipped to decide for themselves. ▼

Translated by Adrienne Foulke



A collar top your favorite? Answer long leg pantie, nylon and Lycra® spandex, about $14. and $15. One from Gossard's "instant diet" Answer collection. The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago 60606

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Happiest with a proportioned leg pantie? The long leg Answer in three lengths, nylon and Lycra® spandex power net, about $15. and $16. One from Gossard's "instant diet" Answer collection.
The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago 60606
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The beauty way

NOTES ON THE HEALTH-AND-BEAUTY RÉGIMES ILLUSTRATED

ON PAGES 118-127

Stand on your head and breathe deep. There's no better way to stimulate circulation and get the most out of simply breathing. The reason why? Turning yourself upside down compresses and expands the chest, forcing the base of the lungs to expand fully and inflate—something that rarely happens when you're on your feet. In reverse—i.e., standing on your head—the blood rushes oxygen to the furthest reaches of the brain. . . . You should not try this on your own—take lessons from a professional.

Acupuncture—though it flourishes in the China Towns of San Francisco and elsewhere—has until recently caused very little stir in the Occident, and in this country it is still considered unorthodox medicine. However, the emergency appendectomy of James Reston of *The New York Times*, performed in Canton, and followed by acupuncture to ease post-operative pain, has set off a bang-up typhoon of articles and talk—both small and big, pro and con. Even in China acupuncturists are a medical breed apart, though some practice "Western" medicine as well. The basic principle is that energy—the Life Force—flows through certain channels in the body; if this flow is interrupted or diminished, the body's equilibrium is disturbed and pain or illness occurs. When needles—originally gold, now fine steel—are inserted at certain points, all flows well. Marvelous for headaches, we're told, and superb for tennis elbows; also good for arthritis (acupuncture cools the hot bones behind this and quells the pain), for coughs and colds. Our informant said that when the needle goes in, "you should get a little tingle to prove it's working." The sensation was compared by someone in the studio to "the sting of the tiniest insect, smaller than an ant."

Hypnosis—as practiced in the United States by a psychiatrist or properly trained psychologist—is an accepted and increasingly valuable part of modern medicine. Contrary to the popular notion that it's a sleepy state, it is, in fact, a time of intense concentration. Although its primary use is in the control of chronic pain, chain smokers have, with encouraging frequency, cast off their fetters in a single session. People who want to lose weight usually start with private sessions, then move into a group whose members all have the same goal. . . . Hypnosis is always goal-directed; it focuses on immediately apparent symptoms, but can also be effective in uncovering deeper problems or as a useful adjunct in psychoanalysis.

Exercise—"The *snake* charmed everyone in the studio," reported a previously snake-shy editor who held him herself and found the touch of his luminescent, lacquery skin erased all fear. . . . Serpentino (that's his name) was produced by Naja Corey, directrice of the body-conditioning salon at Henri Bendel. Formerly a dancer, she belongs to the famous Pilates school of exercise-thinking and—if things were different with snakes—would like to have every pupil feel the extraordinary musculature of a live python and its remarkable freedom of movement and delicate balance. By handling a serpent, Naja feels, one can learn much more quickly the contracting and stretching on which her exercises are based as well as conscious relaxation—letting go joint by joint, muscle by muscle—until the body is free of all tension.

Laughter—"He who laughs, lasts" wrote Mary Pettibone Poole in 1938 and—in support of this lighthearted truth—are all sorts of happy medical findings. Dr. James J. Walsh, one notable researcher in the field, found that laughter sends high or low blood pressure racing right back to normal, does wonders for the digestion when taken with meals, is most beneficial for the heart—when you laugh, the diaphragm is raised and lowered in a way that simulates strenuous but proper exercise. No doubt about it, according to Dr. Walsh, people who laugh last longer than those who don't. In fact, laughter is thought so therapeutic it is considered by many psychiatrists to be the most inexpensive—and most effective—drug for treating mental and nervous disorders. Even laughing gas is used, quite often, for group therapy. Nothing so good for you as those explosions of laughter at parties. Nothing like it for releasing pent-up energy—nothing in the world: it's unique. And a complete enigma. Because nobody can figure out what triggers laughter. How does it happen? What makes it happen? Why does it happen? Darwin, one of the first to study laughter, found out this much: fifteen sets of facial muscles undergo a coordinated contraction during laughter, while the diaphragm bounces merrily up and down. In 1968, Charles Gruner, a communications professor at the University of Georgia, compiled pages of evidence to back up his theory that laughter is really an expression of superiority which has come down through the eons and primitive man's roar of triumph—his signal of victory in battle. For those who find this view laughable, go ahead and laugh. Heartily! Because all we do know for sure about laughter is this: it's as vital to health as good clear water and good fresh air. The one medicine you can get any hour anywhere—without prescription . . . without stint . . . without charge.

VOGUE'S A-Z GUIDE TO FITNESS

(Continued from pages 138-140)

X- ercise . . . whatever you do, do something! There's an exercise for every need, every personality, every time schedule. Choose the one that's right for you . . . and go to it.

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SPOTLIGHT
Books

THE ONION EATERS

"lovely and outlandish"

By Steven M. L. Aronson

In a style so constitutionally good that it sets the rhythm for what happens, J. P. Donleavy has written a completely imagined comic fiction. *The Onion Eaters* (Delacorte Press) is his most enlivening novel since the bawdy *The Ginger Man:* the wit, the instant charm, the sense of fun are all intact. There is an incandescence lovely and outlandish coming through the pages.

Clayton Claw Cleaver Clementine, a young man from Chicago, descended directly in the male line from Clementine of The Three Glands and dazzlingly be-testicled himself ("Yes," he admits, "they go out of their minds counting"), is given a castle by his great aunt in a place "which holds the world's record for loneliness and rainfall." Charnel Castle, full of dust and *diablerie,* is big enough to accommodate everyone and his ancestors back through time. A whole staff suddenly appears from an opening door under the staircase and a butler lordlier than any lord presents Clementine with a set of keys to the wine cellars.

But always, as castles are, there are ghost-laughs and concealments—not to mention an ever-widening circle of uninvited (and onion-eating) guests: an organic chemist best known for his work on putrefaction; two physicists whose repellent trappings include a bunch of mambas they enthusiastically unloose from time to time; Rose, who is "ninety-two point five centimeters around the chest"; various ex-cons in pinstripe suits; two religious quacks called the Lead Kindly Lights; Veronica, who appears stark naked on roller skates under a parasol; a flaunting local squire, Nails Macfugger, and his wife, Lady Gail Allouise ("I may have married for money but she's a damn good wife with stacks yet to be inherited"); and assorted tarts, servants, and sexually congenial hangers-on. Making perhaps subtler claims on this mayhem are solicitors' letters, poison-pen letters, and food bills. While the guests proceed to sponge, steal, cheat, and fornicate (nobody in this mad Castle of Otranto remains unravished for long), Clementine tries to get the place back into shape "before some more of it falls on him." This too easy hope is shattered by an explosion, which only brings the guests "running for their lives into each other's arms." But *The Onion Eaters* ends, like many good comic novels, with a good ball. "Amazing," someone once said, "what a party will do."

A persuasive case could be made for *The Onion Eaters* as a complicated, all but insoluble, metaphor for our time, a comment on Masters and Johnson (the three scientists *are* always measuring everybody's everything); on religion; on class structures; on insurrection; even on technology (the scientists, in the interests of science, let loose the mambas, like the atomic bomb). This kind of interpretation is reasonable enough, if too overtly moralizing and self-congratulatory; but it fails to rise to the cry of the novel's occasion, to its healthy pagan freshness and zest.

J. P. Donleavy is far too alert and discriminating to leave *The Onion Eaters* drifting uneasily between reality and allegory. The impulse behind this fiction is authentic and seriously, strenuously comic. Donleavy is one of the few people who have ever drawn successfully from the linguistic tradition of Joyce—not in pastiche but in a playful way. The world of Charnel Castle into which we are tugged, rocking with laughter, creates its own conviction. It is, after all, a world as inexhaustible and scandalizing, as knockabout and farfetched, as palpable and undreaming as the one we live in. ▼

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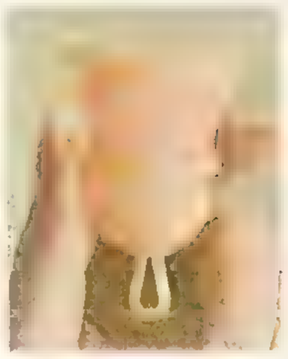
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Differences resolved

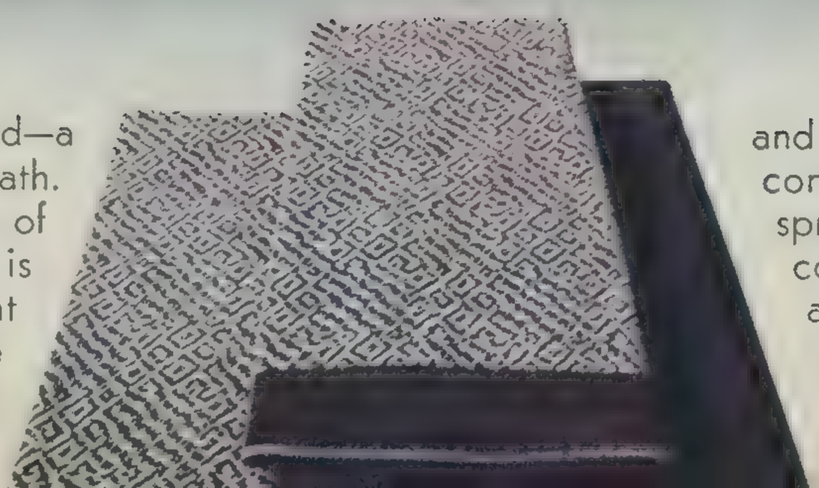
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And from Libra, another line programmed for black skin, come two brand-new rousers. One, a deep-pore cleanser, has gritty little grains that go to work on oil residue and sluff off flaky particles as it makes a clean sweep of things. The second is a tingly facial masque—starts off pale green, turns white as it dries. Fifteen minutes later, skin emerges refreshed and all set to glow. Available at Gertz in Jamaica.

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at the Merrill Magowans' in Southampton


1


7


8

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2


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1. The party, tented. 2. Mr. Samuel R. Campbell, Mrs. Merrill L. Magowan. 3. Mr. Edwin E. Tullis, junior; Mrs. Smith Gerry. 4. Mr. Garrick Stephenson, Mrs. Duer McLanahan. 5. Mr. and Mrs. William L. Hutton, Mrs. J. Anthony Boalt. 6. Mrs. Mato Marinovitch, Mrs. Alan McFarland. 7. Mrs. Garrick Stephenson, Mr. Roy R. Plum, Mrs. Giancarlo Uzielli. 8. Mrs. Dudley F. Cates, Mr. Frank H. Wyman. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Jacques C. Nordeman. 10. Mr. James G. Niven, Mrs. David Keller.


4


10

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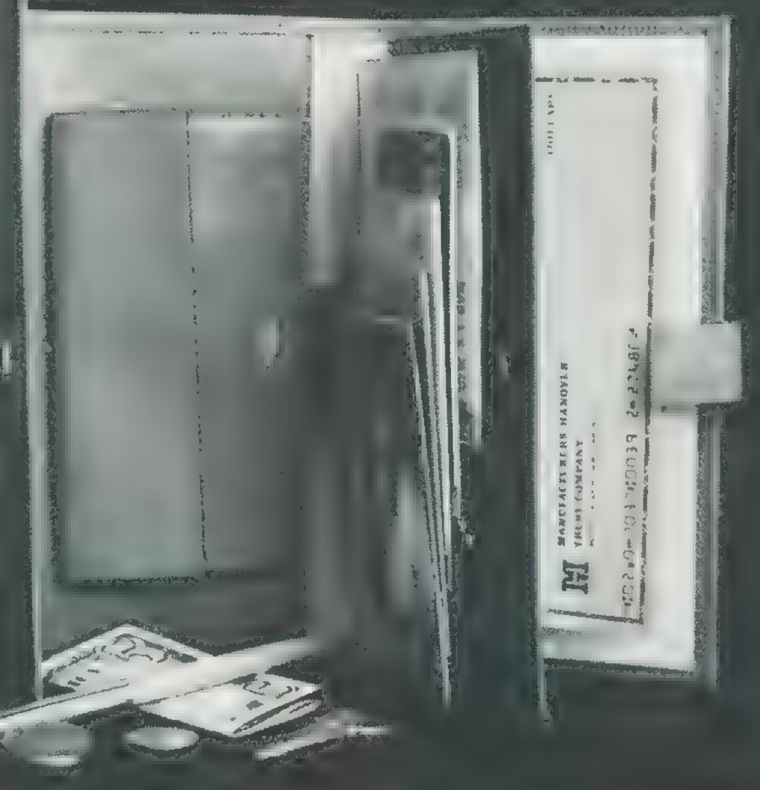


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Rose rush

Central City's Yellow Rose Ball



ERNEST RESHOVSKY

The Yellow Rose Ball, splashed with roses and Flower Girls, the daughters and granddaughters of Colorado pioneers, is the high point of Central City's annual festival of the arts—a 'seventies counterpoint to the overstuffed Victoriana of the Teller House where it is held. The Yellow Rose Ball began during the gold rush in 1866—with cuttings for the first yellow roses brought into the Rockies by Cornish miners' wives. The roses have outlived the gold.





1. The Gilpin Grille of the Teller House. 2. Mr. Michael Penney, Miss Shelley Hartley. 3. Mr. Jim Randolph, Miss Cindy Fonda. 4. Miss Mary Chase, the playwright whose 1950 play *Harvey* opened at the Central City Opera House before the ball; in the background, Mr. T. Edward Hambleton, Managing Director, New York Phoenix Theatre Productions; Mr. Carl H. P. Dahlgren, Executive Director, Central City Opera House Association. 5. Mr. John Meyer, Miss Laurie Fonda. 6. Miss Amy Horton, Mr. Charles Hemenway. 7. In the foreground, Mr. and Mrs. Brian O'Meara; rear, Mr. Steven O'Meara, Miss Lisa Lowdermilk. 8. Mr. Andrew Speer Davis, Miss Jon Broz. 9. The 1971 Central City Flower Girls honored at the Ball (left to right), Miss Wendy Allen, Miss Kim Pirkey, Miss Christy Hamilton, Miss Patricia Arnold, Miss Mary Mead, Miss Marilyn Elizabeth O'Meara, with Mrs. Gerald H. Phipps, Vice-President, Central City Opera House Assn.

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in La Jolla, California



ERNEST RESHOVSKY

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1. Leaves of Grass playing for guests. 2. Sen. and Mrs. Barry M. Goldwater. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wayland. 4. Mrs. Stephen W. Fletcher, Jr. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Christopher McCullah, he wearing a sleeveless dinner jacket. 6. Mrs. Bernard F. Desloge, Mr. Lewis Grinnan. 7. Mr. Kellogg J. Hooker, Miss Anne Halsey. 8. Cmdr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Tucker. 9. Mrs. Edward B. Linthicum, Mr. J. Burl Stiff, III. 10. Mrs. Harry T. Whelan, Mr. J. Rodney Youngson.





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SPOTLIGHT

LONDON LETTER

Money, logic, sex: now you see them, now you don't

By Quentin Crewe

It has been a summer of absurd contradictions, during which everyone seems to have said exactly the opposite of what he meant or meant exactly the opposite of what he said. "A flaming June," pronounced the long-range weather forecasters, whereupon it poured with rain throughout that chilly month. Everyone wrote furious letters to *The Times* and the tone was set for eatings of words, perverse behavior, and reneging on promises.

The major preoccupation, of course, has been the Common Market. Harold Wilson, who a couple of years ago announced that he would not take no for an answer in the matter of Britain's entry, suddenly gave no as his own answer.

It appears that Mr. Wilson would never have accepted the terms that Edward Heath's government has negotiated. Nevertheless, the men who were negotiating on Mr. Wilson's behalf all say that the terms are quite as good as they were working for.

The argument makes strange bedfellows because ranged with the extreme left are such right-wing figures as Enoch Powell, who has also undergone a change of heart in the matter, and even Prince Philip, who made an unwary pronouncement on the subject.

It is judged that the Royal Family regards with some apprehension the possibility of there being a President of Europe, to whom it would take second place. However, Prince Philip ate his unconstitutional words in common with everyone else.

Meanwhile, Mr. Heath has been explaining that when the Tories pledged that they would reduce prices "at a stroke," they did not actually mean that anything would actually cost less.

Money has indeed been a painful subject for politicians. Mr. Wilson was asked in a television interview how much he had been paid for the serial rights of his memoirs. He exploded with rage, denounced the BBC and the interviewer, declared it was a private matter, and suggested that somebody ask Mr. Heath how much his yacht, "Morning Cloud," had cost and who had paid for it. A public matter presumably.

Some people had their words eaten for them, such as the amiable clerk of the course at Ascot who suggested that if women came to the Royal meeting in what we call "hot pants," they might get in if they looked pretty. In no time the Duke of Norfolk, who calls such things "shorts," announced that nothing so indecent would be allowed. Nor were they; one lady being admitted only after giving a solemn promise that she would not unbutton the coat that they had made her put on to cover her offending garment. No one appeared to notice that mini skirts were far more likely to give rise to awkward revelations.

Meanwhile, over at Henley, boatered oarsmen were pained to discover that, in spite of their protests about the lowering of all standards, the general public prefers bumper cars to rowing and that the regatta, which was threatened with bankruptcy, was saved by permitting a fun-fair amid the sedate stands.

Others did go bankrupt. Rolls-Royce, for instance, and the Upper Clyde shipbuilders. In the case of Rolls-Royce, it didn't seem to make much difference. The motor-car division continued to make cars and the aeroplane division, thanks to one vote in the U.S. Senate, continues to make aeroplane engines. The workers in the shipyards were not so fortunate. Faced with unemployment, they took the unusual step of deciding to run the yards themselves. In the first

week, they did twice as much work as they had ever done before, which caused some to wonder whether their jobs might never have been jeopardized if they had gone on strike a little less often in recent years.

The Harmsworth family, pleading poverty, announced that it was going to close the *Daily Sketch* and to revitalize the *Daily Mail* as an intelligent newspaper for the inquiring reader. In the event, it fired some 260 journalists from both papers, keeping on, for the most part, those who write for the uninquiring. The new *Daily Mail* came out looking not all that different from the *Daily Sketch,* which did not surprise those used to measuring the achievements of the Harmsworths against their expressed intentions. Their poverty did not prevent their employing the American columnist called Suzy for some months to write in this new newspaper at a reputed cost of $3,600 a week. As Randolph Churchill used to retort when people said "Poor Esmond" in reference to Lord Rothermere (the head of the Harmsworth family), "What do you mean poor Esmond? Poor Esmond nothing. Rich Esmond, very rich indeed."

The other person said to be in financial straits is the richest woman in Britain—The Queen. Her salary of $1,140,000 a year has not been increased for eighteen years. The perennial argument about royal finances was enlivened this year by Jock Colville's ingenious plea that in real terms The Queen was unlikely to have a personal fortune of more than twenty-five million dollars. As he was once her secretary, his opinion carried some weight. Nevertheless, The Queen pays no income tax and is exempt from death duties. Moreover, when she offered to give up some $150,000 a year from one account in return for much more in another and expected the taxpayers to see this as a sacrifice, it was judged by many that she was not perhaps the innocent in business matters that Mr. Colville would have us believe.

In less public domains the contradictions abounded. Andrew Kerr, once secretary to the arch apostle of logic Randolph Churchill, mounted a festival at a farm near Glastonbury, legendary home of King Arthur and allegedly visited by Joseph of Arimathea and his nephew Jesus Christ. The fair, we were told, was "willed by God," who, moving doubtless in His mysterious way, ordained that the organizers should build a replica of the Great Pyramid and install lavatories "well above the standard required by local authorities."

There was to be singing, music, dancing, and love that would revitalize the earth's nervous system, which you will be sad to hear has been much neglected of late. Nothing was missed. Druidism, Pythagoras, astrology, Egyptian mythology, and Christ. The farm, I need hardly explain, lies on the solstice axis of the zodiac.

So it happened. The "nectar from the Gods out there," which is naturally the same as "God's spirit flowing through the hearts of this young angelic generation in order to 'Christ' the Earth," doubtless poured into the earth, as music played and love was made all on midsummer's day.

Whether, as was hoped, it will make things and men grow better is, I fear, an open question, for much of our harvest has been ruined by rain. Several young persons assured me that, in any event, the affair was a "wow," which for all I know is a Druid term.

All this, of course, was nothing compared with the confusions in the ever-demanding world of sex.

The first real blow in this battle was struck by a Dr. Martin Cole who made a film called *Growing Up,* which he hoped would be shown in schools. In it were a scene of a couple making love and some brief shots of a girl masturbating. (There was also a boy doing the same thing, but apparently this was not so shocking.) Anyhow, the country reverberated for weeks at the very idea of showing this to children.

I went to Birmingham to attend a solemn council meeting called specially to consider the film. Never have I spent a jollier afternoon. It was not the film I enjoyed. That proved to be rather badly made and I thought the onanists were not very good at their sad task. What was fun were councillors.

There was Councillor Lawler who complained that the film's only advice was that boys should go to bed with girls provided they were protected with a shield. Perhaps he meant sheath, although he said it twice. Any-

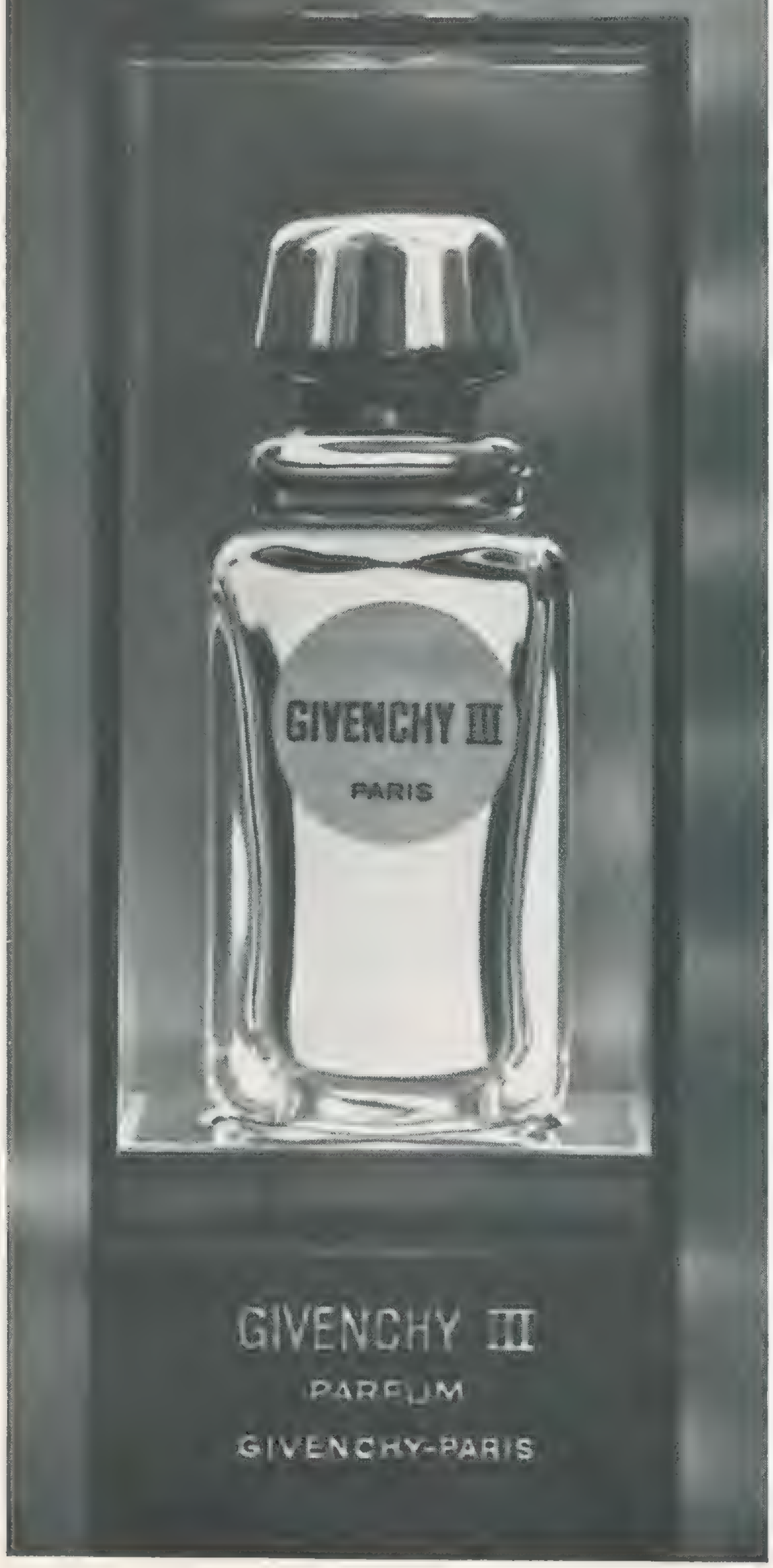
(Continued on page 196)



"Today's woman can create sunshine
all around her by the clothes she wears,
the fragrance that is her own
ambiance, her own atmosphere. I have created
this new parfum just for her."

—Hubert de Givenchy

GIVENCHY III
the beautiful environment



VOGUE'S

HORO-SCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

FROM OCTOBER 1 THROUGH OCTOBER 15



***DEBORAH KERR** was born a Libran on September 30, 1921, under a most unusual star pattern: five signs occupied in sequence, creating a trinity (best luck) in the flow of Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, and Scorpio. These are the "private" signs; they form a fan surrounding her sun sign—making her very much involved with herself. Pisces, in the west, is also tenanted, giving her a handle to fan life's rewards toward her or away, whichever happens to suit her practical, efficient, orderly nature. She holds the prerogatives entirely in her own hands, with abundant opportunity.*

ARIES, March 21–April 20. The underlying force of your nature comes through when you use your instincts in solving a problem: you act on impulse, working things out *ad lib*. Now, with your ruler, Mars, still in the sign of Aquarius, you are motivated to press your claims toward fame. All Fire signs (including yours) need Air to circulate their ideas. The four Air signs are now occupied, will bring those who can help you.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. Your success lies in your innate ability to evaluate people, things, life. But without fulfillment of your heart's interest, your drive for security becomes stifled and your natural charm diminishes. Your emotional nature requires approval, sentimental response. Your ruler, Venus, is in Libra, sign of marriage, turning your thoughts toward mating. This path may suddenly lead you to the altar.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. You make it a habit to adapt yourself to circumstances, bounding quickly from a neutral position to optimism. This elasticity lets you get the most out of each experience; you do not stay long in the depths. With six planets occupying three Air signs (Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius), the time is well suited to your aims. Initiate quickly in the first week. End the past; selection is the key.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. Your sensitive nature makes you suspicious. Your dependency makes you attractive to others, but your tendency to absorb people and to swamp them with your troubles creates problems for your admirers. They may find that you are testing them to suit your moods. During these two weeks, with six planets occupying Air signs, you will be out of the running. Be more outgoing; follow the others.

LEO, July 24–August 23. You are idealistic and visionary, seeming to know ahead of the crowd what events are on the way. Your instinct for the future gives you independence in leaving the regulated path. You guide (Continued on page 106)



But nonetheless, here she is on day 17 of a 21 day tour (morning sight-seeing, afternoon at leisure, optional night gondola serenade on the Grand Canal); and even though she's packed and unpacked half a dozen times, this tricot knit dress of Qiana* nylon still looks fresh and neat.

Of course, she bought it for the same reason any woman buys a dress. She just liked the way it looked and felt. And part of that is the rich look and feel that go with fabric of "Qiana"... a richness unlike any luxury fabric in the world.

Still with all its esthetic glamour, "Qiana" has outstanding wrinkle resistance, and is easy to care for, too. But we don't expect you to spend the extra money for "Qiana" for practical reasons like that.

Buy it for its opulence and luster. Its radiant color, luxurious drape and overall feeling of elegance and style. None of which do anything. Except look very great.

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ANOTHER NEW DIMENSION PRODUCT FROM
LIQUID PAPER CORPORATION, DALLAS, TEXAS

(Continued from page 104)

VOGUE'S HOROSCOPE

others without imposition. This period suits you: Fire (your sign) needs Air; Air signs will be aiding you for more than a week. Jupiter in the Fire sign Sagittarius (ideas) inspires you.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Administrative talents are the basis on which you achieve your success. Your air of detachment is really a kind of armor that excludes those on whom you do not want to waste time and energy. Distractions would interfere with your drive to accomplishment. Four planets are in your money house (Libra); all of your attention should be given to financial matters until the end of this period.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. In romance you may be misunderstood. You seem gullible and easily led into a love affair; but partners are surprised to find you rather remote and otherworldly, a protective response to their earthier ways. Harshness or sharp words from them come as a jolt to you. During this period, your sign is heavily tenanted. This promises love, change; marriage or contracts—the choice is yours.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. Your penetrating curiosity is the secret of your rapid strides in history-making. You are nourished by taking the position of the rebel; in a battle of wits, you thrive. You either love or hate; there is no middle road for you. These two weeks are a time to push your innovative ideas. Your ruler, Mars, continues to occupy the sign of fame, Aquarius. The time is right; circulate your program.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. You do best in a career in which you can really enjoy yourself. You judge your success by the extent to which you feel your talents are fully employed. To appear ardent and fickle at the same time seems contradictory, but this is your defense. Now your ruler, Jupiter, is in your own sign, Sagittarius, for the first time in twelve years. You can implement the many ideas you have pursued.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. You have private theories and ideas that are not in keeping with those with whom you are in daily contact. However, you have a persistent belief that your policies are right and would prefer that your circle agree with you. Self-controlled, you may not allow for human weakness in other people. Now, with four planets in Libra, contradictory to Capricorn, you may have to give in.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. Yours is a sign of romantic extremes. You expect the utmost, "like what you like when you like it"; but you tend to tire once the quest is won. You pledge fidelity, but find feasible reasons to fail that promise. Now, with Mars in your sign, you are master of reality, to win or not to win as you choose. Five planets in kindred Air signs put the choice in your hands; accomplishments are many.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. When you are under the control of regimentation needed to provide order, your expression becomes rigid, you feel repressed and express yourself in a stilted way. You need self-volition, and this emotional test disturbs your desire to work. This is a waiting time; six Air signs are occupied—not sympathetic to your Water sign. Construct a program now to use at the next new moon.

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Skin. Let it glow and face the world securely, with or without makeup.
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Someone's in the kitchen with Maxime:

ARABELLA LACLOCHE COOKS ITALIAN

By Maxime McKendry



CHRISTOPHER SYKES

Arabella Lacloche with—catching an onion—Maxime McKendry

Arabella Lacloche, a young blond-maned Roman who has chosen to live in London and the wilds of Scotland, is for the out of doors whether in town or at her cottage up a Highland glen. A garden designer, she's good at devising nooks for wildflowers, quiet places to sit—like those she provided in the garden of her house in St. John's Wood, the London district where artists lived a half-century ago. There, French windows on the stone portico let gardening gear invade the house—spades, forks, pots, forcing boxes. Seed packets spill off her eighteenth-century tables. Plants and light fill the bowed windows, and the kitchen fills with the scents of herbs she grows in the garden—in pots or troughs to give proper drainage. Arabella uses herbs lavishly and likes cooking in the classic Roman way, even when wild Scottish game is on the menu. A crack shot, she takes care of supply herself, too, deerstalking on the Scottish moors.

Arabella gave me her recipe for the classic Italian sweet-and-sour wild boar. This delightful dish has a chocolate-flavored sauce that resembles Mexican *mole*. Venison or other wild game may be substituted for the boar; in New York one can find venison in season at Hoexter's Market or the Venice Market.

Sweet-and-sour wild boar

Marinade

Boil up these ingredients and cool:
1 ¼ cups dry red wine
5 tablespoons vinegar
2 stalks celery, sliced
1 onion, sliced
1 carrot, sliced
Parsley
4 peppercorns
3 cloves garlic
1 bay leaf

Skin leg or loin of wild boar and place in a glass or earthenware dish, whole or cut in pieces. Pour over marinade, cover, and let stand in a cool place 2 or 3 days, stirring it up twice a day.

Drain meat and sear well in very hot oil. Season with salt and pepper; add 2 medium onions, chopped; 1 carrot and 1 stalk celery, both sliced; 2 cloves; ½ bay leaf; small pieces of fat from prosciutto.

(Continued on page 110)

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Dana

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VOGUE'S FOOD GAZETTE

(Continued from page 108)

Sauté until meat and herbs are well browned; add 1 1/4 cups dry red wine to deglaze the pan. When wine boils up, cover and cook slowly until meat is tender. Remove meat, slice in serving pieces and transfer to a warm dish; spoon a little gravy over meat and keep warm. Let remaining gravy cool.

Sauce

3 tablespoons sugàr
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 bay leaf
1/2 cup vinegar
2 squares unsweetened baking chocolate (or Menier Bitter Chocolate), grated
Arrowroot or cornstarch to thicken
Handful each of raisins, dried prunes, candied orange peel; all soaked in warm water to soften
Handful amarelle cherries (or other tart cherries)
1/2 cup pine nuts

Heat sugar with garlic and bay leaf in top of double boiler until sugar is melted and golden; add vinegar and scrape off sides of pan as liquid foams up; add chocolate and stir until melted. Remove excess fat from reserved meat gravy and stir gravy into chocolate sauce; strain. Add fruits, drained, and pine nuts; reheat. Thicken, if necessary, with starch dissolved in a little water. Pour over meat and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve with steamed potatoes or plain rice.

Fried polenta

Fried polenta is Arabella's accompaniment for the wild boar. You can get Italian polenta flour at a delicatessen or use domestic corn meal.

Add 2 teaspoons salt to 1 1/4 quarts rapidly boiling water; slowly pour in 1 pound corn meal, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Cook and stir about 30 minutes, until mush leaves the sides of the pan; season with pepper. Add 4 tablespoons butter, if you like a rich paste. Spread polenta about 1 inch thick on a wooden board. When cooled, cut in cooky-sized strips and fry in hot oil; drain on paper.

Granita de limone

(6 servings)

For dessert, a light Italian ice: Heat 2/3 cup sugar with 2 cups water until sugar is melted; cool. Add juice and grated rind of 2 lemons. Freeze without stirring until crystals form, but a spoon still goes in. Stir before serving. Granita should have the texture of crystalized sugar or lightly packed snow. Granita de caffe may be made with strong coffee in place of lemon and water.

Big evenings are back; we're dancing cheek-to-cheek again. So bring out the long-stemmed glasses and your cocktail shaker. . . . These recipes were taken from *The Savoy Cocktail Book,* compiled by Harry Craddock of the Savoy Hotel, London, in 1930. Shake all with ice, unless otherwise noted.

Thunder clap cocktail

1/3 brandy, 1/3 gin, 1/3 whisky. Run for your life.

Vie rose cocktail

1/6 lemon juice, 1/6 grenadine, 1/3 gin, 1/3 kirsch. Shake, strain.

Swizzles cocktail

Juice 1 lime, dash angostura bitters, 1 glass gin, 1 teaspoon sugar. Stir with swizzle stick until it foams.

The "white cargo" cocktail

1/2 vanilla ice cream, 1/2 gin. No ice needed, just shake. Add white wine if too thick.

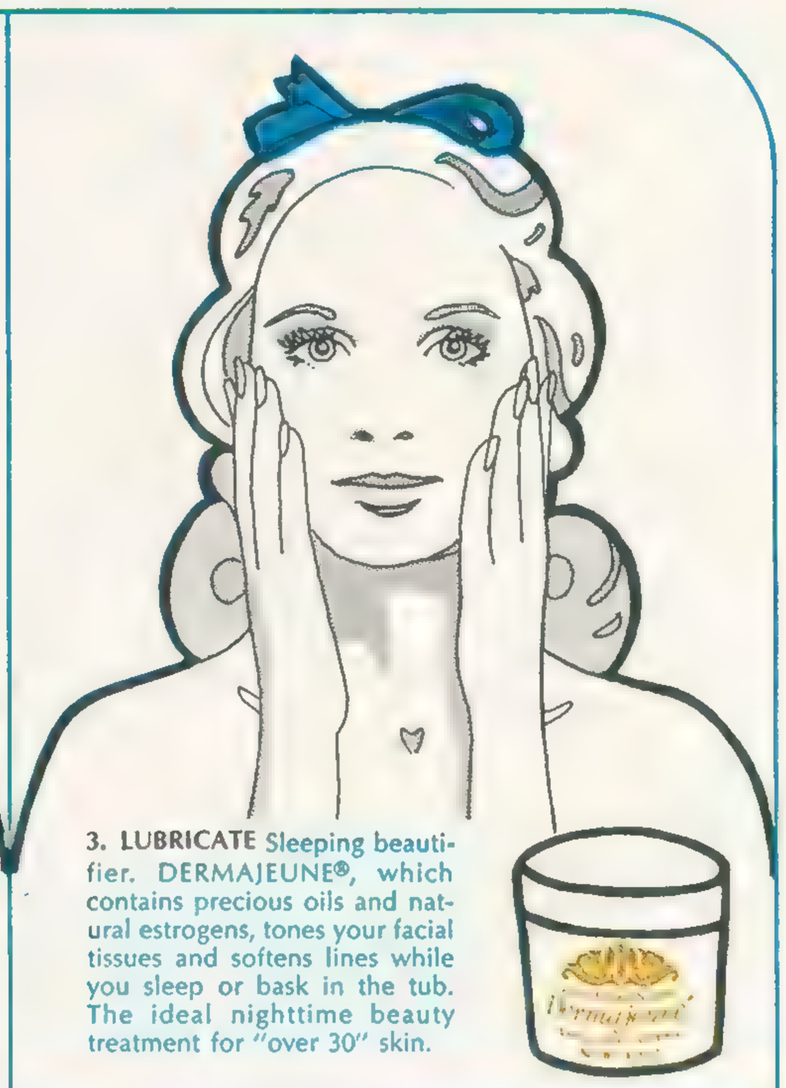
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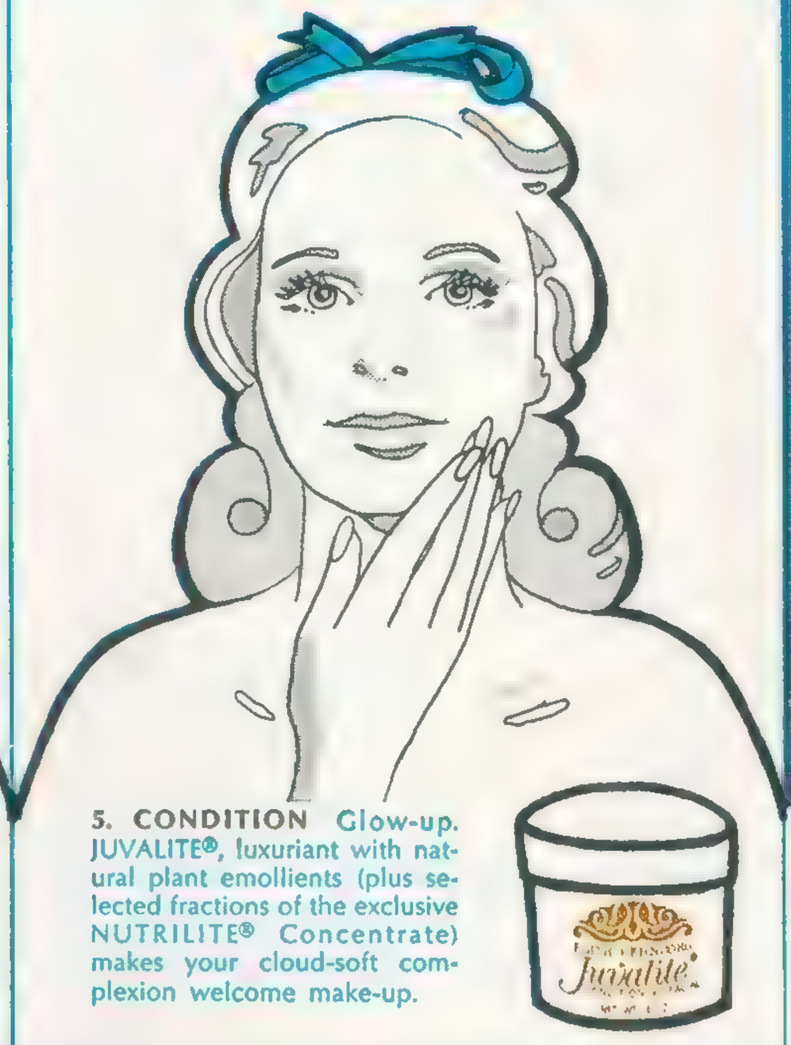
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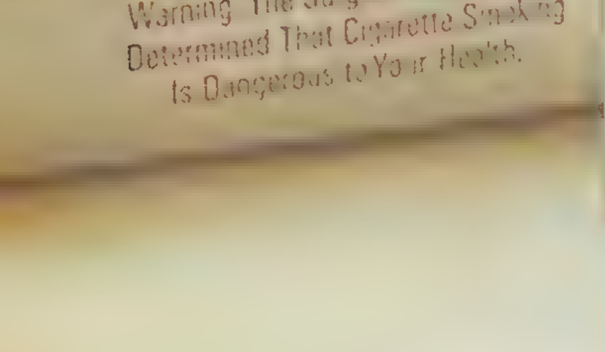
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Filter: 17mg. "tar," 1.2mg. nicotine. Menthol: 18mg. "tar," 1.1mg. nicotine. av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Xave Motorized Razor,
just one of a spate of new aids for men this autumn.

NEW WAYS
TO LOOK GREAT, RIGHT NOW

Waking to the feel of fall

To help a man look as fresh and great as he feels on a sharp autumn day, a clutch of new products and services. . . . First thing in the morning, a super shaver: the Xave electronic motorized razor *(shown right)*—a beauty. The sleek, lightweight Swiss design is frankly adapted from that of the safety razor (which remains, for most men, the easiest shaver to maneuver for a close shave). The Xave has a multiple-angle shaving head for ease in dealing with curves and planes of the face and neck. It works on A.C. or D.C., U.S. or European current. $39.95 at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . After a shave, a good-smelling new splash-on: Monsieur Lanvin. This is a great favorite in Europe, available here for the first time this month. It's a green sort of scent, a mixture of sage, green leaves, and cloves with a salty sea-breeze overtone. In After Shave, Cologne, Shave Gel, and Soap-on-a-Rope, from $2.50 to $22.50 at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . When Pierre Cardin comes along with something new, That's News. . . . This month Monsieur Cardin is introducing eight new products for men, all in an excellent rich scent that's a subtle blend of clean citrus with deep patchouli and Oriental spices . . . the kind of scent which is in order for an assured sort of man. . . . Packaging is especially handsome . . . the cologne, for example, is in a crystal bottle with a rounded silvery metal top, and is housed in a rectangular block of amber-tinted transparent Lucite. The cologne is $9 for 4 ounces; After Shave Lotion and Balm, $6; Soap-on-a-Rope, $4; and Aerosol Shave Cream and Deodorant, $3.50. At Bloomingdale's. . . . Still another way to set yourself up for autumn is to have a great new haircut. . . . The styling seems a bit more luxurious on the final, fine, sunny days if it's done out in a garden . . . that's the plot at Hair by Jason, 145 East 61st Street. . . . Jason has a barber chair set up in the garden behind his brownstone shop, and likes to use it while the weather holds. He plans a glass-enclosed garden area for the winter. Inside or out, shampoo and styling: $15 for the first visit, $12 thereafter.



New York flash: Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men *opens October 1 at 543 Madison Avenue. What's to buy? Good-looking things like: the perfect trench coat, left, worn by Bill Willis in camel corduroy, about $160.*



The Saint Laurent suit *that Joel Schumacher wears, left—a great cut that manages to be at once narrow and easy. In a deep Burgundy narrow-wale corduroy, it's about $215.*



Watch the one on the left.
It's news in that it's short, quilted, black velvet. Zips with velvet are a nice, unexpected touch. Bill Willis wears it as a good look for an easy evening. About $155 for the jacket and trousers.



A new proportion, *left, worn by Bill Willis. Jodhpur-cut jeans in blue denim, about $30; geometric mosaic sweater in a meld of tawny tones, about $50; mulberry-and-cream crêpe de Chine shirt, about $65 . . . plus shiny chestnut leather boots.*



MARGARET CASE

1891–1971

From the time that Margaret Case joined the staff of Vogue in 1926 until her death on August 25, her name and that of this publication were inseparable: "Miss Margaret Case of Vogue." In her expanding and changing editorial roles as Society Editor and, later, as Special Features Editor, she understood only the best—recognized it, demanded it, gave it. Her crowd of friends knew, as we did, her loyalty, her grit, her gusts of tenderness, her rousting sense of parody, and her unyielding standards of conduct and work. She may have had, literally and figuratively, the straightest backbone in the world. She asked a great deal of her fellow workers—but always less than she asked of herself. To anyone who tried to compromise or fudge a job she seemed brusque: she was honest. To anyone awed by her commanding presence she seemed proud: she was honest. After she had accomplished a particularly impossible and excellent journalistic task, an editor said, "Margaret, you *are* the best," and she answered, "I know." She was, and she did.

PHOTO: LAWRENCE FRIED

Vogue's point of view:

BEAUTY IN OUR TIME

ALL ABOUT MEN... and women

Beauty is no longer an ideal conception, a vision of a woman beautiful to all ages. The beauty of today stresses the particular; its attraction is in the accentuation of the accidental. This accent on individuality, on difference, on nonconformity to the so-called ideal is woman's visual expression of her new role as a partner in what has been until now a man's world. Man has until recently played the role of Paris in the judgment and contemplation of the opposite sex—always from a man's point of view. Now woman does not have to mimic an ideal established by male taste. She has gained enough assurance and power to risk pleasing, but above all, to dare displeasing and still be admired. This mocking seductive act, this risk of losing all in order to win all, has a stronger power over man's senses than the banal flattery of the past. The woman of today is beautiful because of her boldness in affirming her presence as a non-subservient, free being. She reveals the traditional charms of her sex, but they are proudly shown as the attributes of her femininity, not coyly as teasers to man's appetites. Woman ceases to be the "delight of the warrior" and becomes the proud and equal partner in the nobility of life and love.

Do we realize that we have become infinitely more observant? Through photography, films, television, magazines, newspapers, our gifts of observation have been developed beyond those of any inhabitants of this planet until now. We ponder carefully the close-up of eyes, mouths; we observe, like some obsessed scientific observer of beauty symptoms, the slightest twitch that changes the usual pattern and immediately gives us a personal clue on which to base a unique beauty valuation. This intensification of beauty awareness has become a challenge to women today. They have met the challenge straight on, not by withdrawing into an anonymity of face and body but by boldly accenting their individuality with all available means. And a new factor has become a new seventh sense—the sense of speed. We can no longer think of beauty without motion. These human beings, these women who fascinate, hypnotize us, are rendered more desirable by their mobility, their energy. The women of today have a sense of purpose in their motions. This visible manifestation of the mind's drive seems to purify the naturally seductive feminine motion. A woman walking to her job, by the accelerated purposefulness of her tempo, (Continued)

THIS ARTICLE BY ALEXANDER LIBERMAN FIRST APPEARED IN VOGUE IN MAY, 1961. NOW, A DECADE LATER, IT IS EVEN MORE OF OUR TIME.

(Continued) asserts her clear right as a working, interested being. This interest in life beyond the purely erotic is the new concept we have of the woman of our time. It seems that for too long the image of beauty, the image of woman, has been made by man into a purely erotic idol. The woman of our time has destroyed the erotic strait jacket.

The new image is not triumphant. It evokes a tenderness and a little pity, as if we were seeing the trusting face of a child. This trust in man is a new phenomenon. Man confronted by the new woman with her purpose and trust has had to alter his concept of feminine seduction. Feminine hands were once only lovely if not stamped by work. Now women work; their hands have not lost their attractiveness to men.

In her transformation woman, as always, has carried man with her on to higher ground, a realm where there are no preconceived rules of behavior, a realm of partnership and freedom, equality, faith, and love. This is the realm of true beauty. The men and women who understand this carry with them through life the aura of simplicity and purity. It is in this open, naked courage to be oneself, in seeking to be loved for oneself that true love can exist, without which there can be no beauty in our time or any time.

THE BEAUTY WAY

To be kissed . . . in the taxi . . . in the bois . . . in a loft . . . at the Ritz wearing a diamond as big as—that sort of thing as you can see at a glance to the right is our idea of, perhaps, a good beginning. More likely, a happy ending for a girl who's played—with spirit and persistence—one or more of the health-and-beauty-discipline dramas on the next eight pages, starring Candice Bergen, Julie Christie, and Lauren Hutton.

NIGHT EYES MASKED WITH COLOR

Vamping it one minute, guileless the next—what joy it is to be a woman! To be playful, passionate, romantic, dramatic . . . to be whatever you want to be, and always be yourself. That's the idea behind Elizabeth Arden's extravagant new collection of eye makeup called Self Portrait Eyes. Their artist-in-residence, Pablo, starts us off after dark here, with a soft, soft mask of color. From twenty-three shades, he chose two Ultrafrost Shadows, Wild Plum and Strawberry, one Powderfrost Shadow, Brook Blue, with Very Navy mascara, and colored the mouth Wayward Red. Beautiful . . . with a sexy violet veil.

AVEDON



CANDICE BERGEN

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No better way to rev up circulation and glow. The reason why? Gravity.



BLACK VELVET BARING—

DISCREETLY—A GLOWING SKIN

Candice incandescent—skin bright and fresh (from her headstand, from her movie successes: *Carnal Knowledge* now, *T. R. Baskin* soon). Here she uses her head another way, knows that good skin glows best in black velvet—especially when it's a long romantic dress, with gathered sleeves and a low neck laced in long satin ribbons.

Dress by Don Breitinger for Harold Levine, of rayon velvet by Martin Fabrics; about $225. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's; Titche's, Dallas. Opposite page: "Contempra" telephone by Northern Electric, furnished by Graybar Electric. Coiffures by Franklyn Welsh.

JULIE CHRISTIE

ACUPUNCTURED

as if to soothe an ache in the ancient Chinese way suddenly new to American journalists who've found it flourishing among the medics of Cathay.



BLACK JERSEY— MOVING OVER A TONED-UP BODY

Covered—and at the same time revealing: a long dress of black jersey flows over Julie Christie whose two latest movies—*The Go-Between* and *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*—have needled her into a lot of other poetic clothes. Here, the body, and its cover, both in their sleekest form—shaping up to a high neck (with a big pin doing a cameo part), high waist, ruffles at wrists and hem.

Dress by Anne Fogarty, of polyester and acrylic jersey; about $75. At Lord & Taylor; Hengerer's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Joseph Horne; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Suga. Accessories, next to the last page of this issue.

AVEDON

JULIE CHRISTIE

TRIES HYPNOSIS

...focuses on the psychiatrist's finger, moving into a light trance—or deep—that might launch one on a stop-smoking, less-eating, more-sleeping régime.



Julie again, in a short slink of black jersey with hypnotic effects (...count backwards, three, two, one, you open your eyes, you see this dress, you *love* it...). Cut to bare the back, shoulders, and leggy legs; a great chance for good skin—and for ankle-straps with leggy heels. Dangled here, a little cover for bareness—**the matching ruffled shawl.**

Dress by Sibley-Coffee, of rayon matte jersey (Jasco Fabrics); about $240. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Giorgio, Beverly Hills. Wig of auburn Kanekalon by Michelle, arranged by Suga. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.



BLACK JERSEY HALTER —BARE IS BEAUTIFUL



SHINY BLACK— THE BEST POSSIBLE SHIRTLOOK AT NIGHT

A slick-Western idea, properly dashing on Lauren Hutton—a shirt with cowboy stitching, a long skirt with a few front pleats, both of shiny black crêpe-back satin. More shine for night—the belt with a splendid silvery buckle. To play this look right, your hair should be just this shiny, just this swinging.

Jersey from Swingin' by Carol Horn in Canada, [illegible] rayon [illegible] fabric. Belt, jacket, $65; skirt, $60. At Saks Fifth Avenue, Cut Rate Fabrics, Fifth Avenue at 49th Street, New York. Fabric by Schiaparelli, designed by Kim. Canada, about $[illegible] a yard. Belt by [illegible], Canada, [illegible]. At Peter Jones, Toronto.

Coif by Suga. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

LAUREN HUTTON

AND THE SERPENT

a show-biz regal python whose relaxed contractions and releases tell All about the theory of exercise.



AVEDON

BLACK MATTE JERSEY— SEE HOW IT SHAPES

A dress of black matte jersey, all crushy and curvy—good as laughter for the soul and, perhaps, a little more devastating. This, on Lauren Hutton, with V-neck, tight sleeves, a skirt that ripples as it wraps. Guess what kind of skin and body it begs for....Perfect?... Right....

Dress by Mollie Parnis Boutique, of rayon matte jersey (Jasco Fabrics); about $130. At Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; The Denver. Starry shirt, opposite, by Mr Freedom. Coiffures by Suga. Accessories, next to last page this issue. **More about the euphoric beauty-disciplines on these ten pages, page 84.**

AVEDON

LAUREN HUTTON

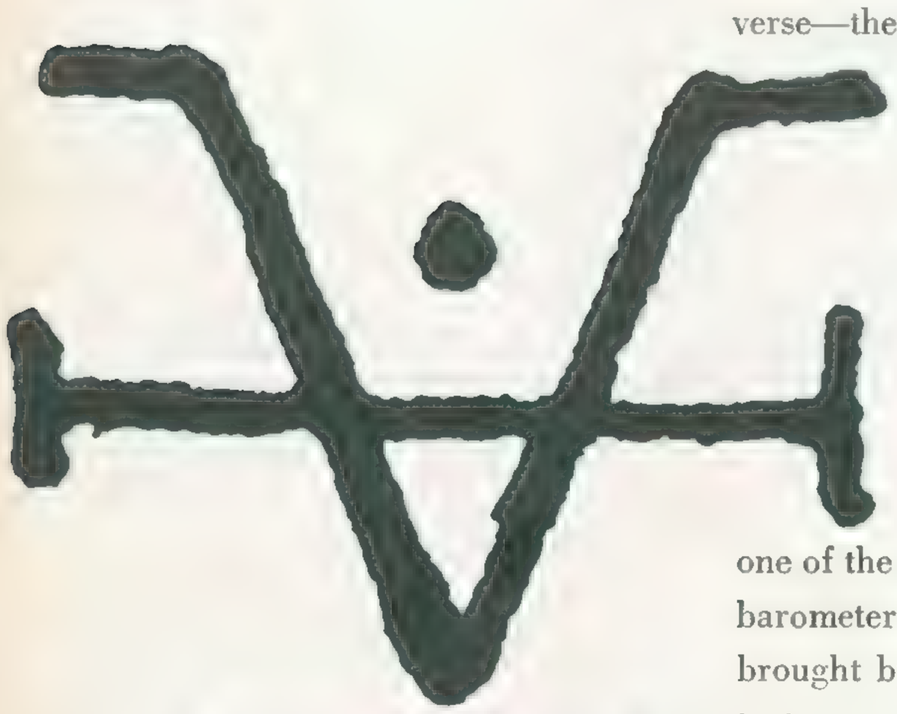
LAUGHTER

L is so good for you, you never can have too much. And it's always on the side of the gods.

BEAUTY
how to have more than you started with



More beauty than you started with? A few years ago, the idea would have seemed totally visionary; now, it's well within the realm of possibility. . . . Not only are there new discoveries, new breakthroughs every day by the scientists and beauty experts; women themselves know and understand more about what's needed to arrest—even reverse—the ageing process. More about diet, exercise, health in general . . . the importance of brisk circulation . . . the need for plenty of air and water, not too much sun, enough sleep. Above all, they know more about proper care of body, hair, and skin, the three great frontiers of beauty. . . . There's a whole new interest in skin as a whole—as a large (the largest, in fact) organ of the body, vital, complex, fascinating. The skin is busy, busy . . . and it needs all the help it can get, especially in today's difficult conditions—hot rooms, fierce dryness, smog and soot, stress. Keeping fit is one of the great ways of helping it—the skin is an incredibly sensitive barometer of the body's overall health, good or bad. More help is brought by the beauty experts, in bottles, pots, and jars whose contents are continually being improved by research. . . . Some of the prettiest pots and jars now contain new natural or nature-based products, a spin-off from the health-food movement, the new interest in organic gardening and ecology in general. Their ingredients come from living organisms, members in good standing of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. More and more. shelves in stores that stock beauty preparations are abloom with products like camomile tea shampoo, cucumber skin freshener. Lipsticks formulated of honey, beeswax. and wheat-germ oil are colored with earth pigments or extracts of carrots, beets, or berries. Lotions are made of sesame-seed oil, peach-kernel oil, skimmed milk instead of mineral oil and petrolatum. All are scented with natural flower distillations such as rosewater, or such herbal fragrances as sage, rosemary, thyme. . . . (Continued)



The symbols on this and the next eight pages, taken from alchemy's secret code, begin with the sign for the spirit of wine: pure essence freed of earthly elements—the *prima materia* at the heart of everything.

Beauty beginnings— a great performer makes its debut

There's something really big in the little jar she's holding at right: Estée Lauder's unique new European Performing Creme. What's its act? Excellent moisture retention, which happens to be the basis for a youthfully healthy complexion . . . which happens to be the basis for any attractive makeup that follows. This greaseless, quickly absorbed formula of imported oils is cannily contrived to work with the skin itself in a successful and *continuous* effort to keep it naturally moist for hours and hours, whether under makeup or under night creme. As they say in show biz, the show must go on. With new European Performing Creme, it goes on and on and on. . . . Pantie-chemise of champagne bias-cut satin-back crêpe (Onondaga fabric of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon), $30. Special order at Sibley-Coffee. Interior: a bathroom that plays mirrors for the best possible makeup lighting—seen again on page 130 and 137—by Jay Spectre Inc., New York.

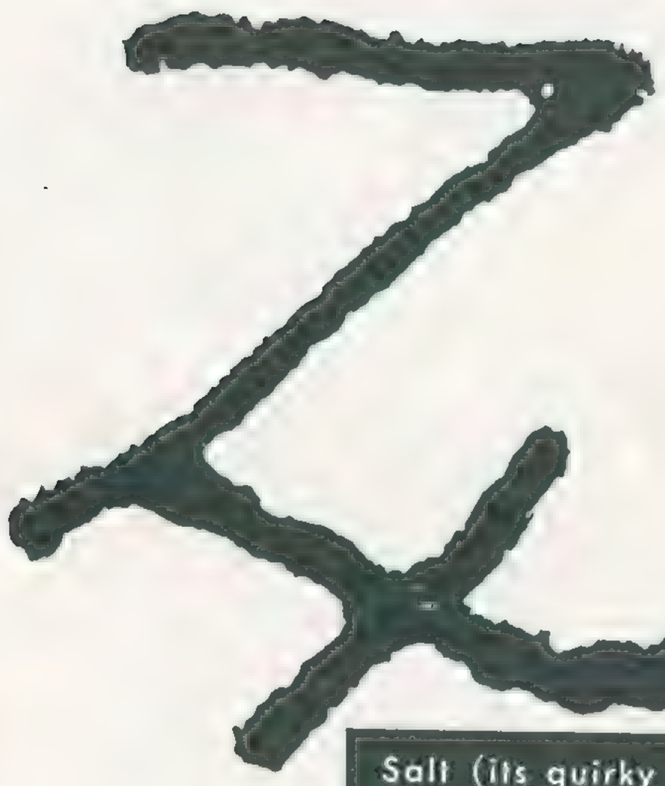
AVEDON







BEAUTY: More than you started with



Salt (its quirky sign above), together with sulphur and mercury, were the three substances alchemists thought all metals were made of—and by them transmuted to silver and gold.

New schemery for making up

More color for the mouth . . . the eye. They're all waiting for you—the exuberant reds, the earth browns and greens, vivid yellows, soft-as-sky blues . . . the bases and glosses, gleamers and shadings. But first: Take a long, scathingly honest look at your ready-for-color face. Then choose your weapons. Experiment. Have fun. And when you've created your face of the hour, put on the most delicious little dress you own and plunge into the day or evening's fascinations ahead . . . enjoy!

AVEDON

(Continued) The new naturally-derived cosmetics are not simply synthetic mixtures with a few "natural" odds and ends thrown in. They're solidly based on natural ingredients, usually extracts or oils of natural products. To these are added a few essential ingredients nature can't match, mainly to preserve freshness, inhibit the growth of bacteria. . . . And while we're on that subject: If you have the urge to mix up a quick cucumber or strawberry masque in your own blender, by all means do—but make it just that: quick. Don't keep it hanging around too long, and keep the unused part in the icebox, as you would any perishable food. Otherwise bacteria will develop, and they're the last thing you want to put on your skin. . . .

The trend to nature-based beauty products surfaced in Europe a few years ago, with a sudden upsurge of herbal shampoos—made of camomile, colts-foot, stinging nettle (yes, nettle), birch, sage, and willow bark, among other flora. What it really is, of course, is a revival: the use of natural herbs, barks, mosses, berries—for medicinal and cosmetic purposes—goes back at least to the days of ancient Egypt. Cleopatra colored her eyes with earth pigments and vegetable dyes, and she probably tried a popular anti-wrinkle preparation of the time made of oil, wax, incense, and cypress berries. Almonds, milk and honey, lemon juice, cucumbers, oil of olives, of peach kernels—all have been around for a long, long time. Ever hear of onion juice as a remedy for hair loss? Dioscorides, in the first century A.D., recommended it highly. . . . What the new nature-based cosmetics do is wrap up the best of both worlds: proven helpers from the world of nature, with modern safeguards as to purity, lastingness, attention to anti-bacterial and anti-irritant qualities. Interestingly enough, one excellent natural ingredient, spermaceti wax—long used in cosmetics and soaps—has now been abandoned by ecology-minded cosmetics firms because it comes from the hard-pressed, imperiled whale. A vegetable substitute is used instead. . . . How do dermatologists view the trend to natural cosmetics? With interest—and a certain caution. Recently, we talked about this subject to Dr. Norman Orentreich, a leading New York dermatologist. He'd recommend using only the nature-based products that are stabilized, standardized, made under careful supervision. . . . He pointed out that such things as Vaseline, made of mineral oil, are just as "natural" as the herbal products, since minerals, too, exist in nature; they may even be organic, in the pure scientific sense of the word. "The word organic really meant 'from life'—it came from a (Continued)





BEAUTY: More than you started with

(Continued) source which was once alive. A piece of coal was once a plant; it was organic. The elements such as salt, that are not made in a biologic system, are inorganic." . . . Dr. Orentreich also feels, understandably, that there's little merit in doing things the hard way simply because it's harder, as many nature enthusiasts seem to think. You wouldn't require a heart patient to boil up foxglove plants to extract digitalis, or a person with malaria to prepare quinine from cinchona bark. . . . Dr. Orentreich is all for the best-of-both-worlds concept. "I still use silk for sewing patients up; I prefer silk to anything. I prefer the way it knots, the way it holds. But my silk is coated with silicone."

MORE SHINING HAIR

Getting at the root of the hair problem. That's what Don Lee has been doing every weekday of his life since he started business in New York twenty-six years ago. At the beginning, the Don Lee Studios were a tight little one-and-a-half-room, two-chair operation at 43 West 56th Street with just Don, his wife Marion, and his special lotion—developed while working on the sets as a Hollywood makeup man, with three years of chemistry at U.S.C. behind him and the thinning temples of the screen's leading actors before him. The original formula was the source of all six solutions Don now uses on the variously troubled scalps of his clients. The one-and-a-half-room setup grew into his present six-room salon at 50 West 57th Street. Here, a staff of twelve can handle twenty-four heads at a time, and only the 6:00-7:00 rush-hour clients still feel they're being put through a game of musical chairs.

Don Lee mixes his formula himself early in the morning—eight gallons a week of his six treatment solutions along with ten gallons of his shampoo. He is amused to find everyone so hung up on the word natural these days; going back thirty years to his original formula, every one of his solutions has been natural, combining proteins with herbs from Africa, Holland, South America, and other spicy corners of the world.

Vital as Don considers his lotions for healthing up the scalp, he insists that the most important thing in correcting any hair problem and keeping the scalp in good condition is (Continued)



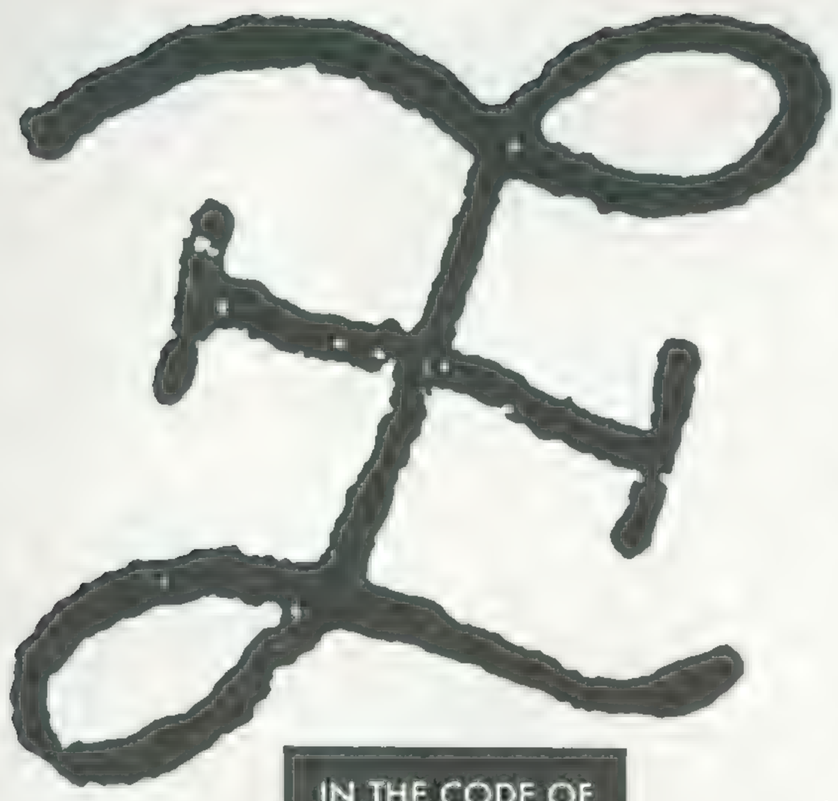
THE SYMBOL FOR INFUSION—*CHYMEIA* IN ANCIENT GREEK (LATER "CHEMISTRY" TO US) AND, WITH THE ARABIC ARTICLE *AL*, THE CHEMISTRY OF THE MIDDLE AGES: ALCHEMY.

Skim milk—new boost in the life of a natural beauty

What to do with fresh, dewy skin like this? Thank your lucky stars . . . and Charles Revson, who's come up with the means to keep it that way. It's new Ultima II Skim Milk Natural Skincare, a natural for every type of complexion. Based on real skim milk—completely fat-free and rich in the organic protein skin thrives on—plus the naturally-derived ingredients you see test-tubed on page 140. Ingredients such as honey (a moisturizer), coconut, grapeseed, and safflower oils, soybean licithin—combined with genius and scientific know-how by the wizards at the Revlon lab into superb cleansers, toners, moisturizers, and masque . . . simple, thorough régimes that work. Everything clinically pure, stabilized, and packaged in crisply paper-wrapped biodegradable bottles. . . . Another clean, fresh look—the white on white of an ivory medallion on a peach-blushed white cashmere turtleneck, with thinnest white jersey tightly wrapping the head. . . . Adolfo turban of angora jersey, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Sweater by Pringle of Scotland, $45. At Bonwit Teller. Necklace by Celia Sebiri, at Bonwit Teller. Photographed at the Richard Feigen Gallery, New York.

AVEDON





IN THE CODE OF THE ALCHEMISTS, THIS MEANS TO DISSOLVE—ONE PROCESS VITAL TO OBTAINING THE *PRIMA MATERIA* ESSENTIAL FOR TRANSMUTATION.

(Continued) circulation. Every Don Lee treatment begins with a vigorous 6- or 7-minute massage, working up from shoulder-blade level to the back of the neck, points above the ears, the crown, the temples, the brow. When the massage is over, the client feels as relaxed and limp as an old rag doll—and is apt to look like one. Ready for the special lotion; a tingling scalp is better able to absorb it. The lotion is worked in thoroughly, first by hand, then with a little scalp stimulator (the dime-store variety). Last, and not less than fifteen minutes, a heat cap. This is the real sinking-in time. After it—and a total of forty-five minutes in the chair from start to finish, all for eight dollars—the hair is wrapped in a paper-toweling frame, the client's own scarf tied over it with a Halston-like flourish, and she's off—to the hairdresser for a wash and set or home for a do-it-herself. He thinks women should wash their hair much, much more often: every day if possible. With very mild shampoo—castile or baby or his. Followed by a good brushing with a natural bristle brush and a deep bend from the waist to stimulate circulation. A daily headstand is good too. (See Candice Bergen's, page 118.)

A BETTER VIEW OF THINGS

Do you or don't you have one? And what difference if you do? You could be beaming in on the situation with 20/20 visibility or adorable myopia and still have the same rosy view. Glasses are so big these days, girls are buying them like instant—and, thanks to F.D.A., lasting—makeup. Even Dorothy Parker's old adage is giving way to the fadage: how can men help making passes at girls who wear glasses—there isn't a pretty creature for miles around who doesn't have at least one pair of rose, violet, blue, or orange tinted specs to brighten up her scene.

The Food and Drug Administration wasn't thinking of any girl's lash-batting average when they made the stringent new ruling that only impact-resistant lenses be used in glasses as of December 31, 1971. This new measure is aimed at protecting the 100,000,000 people in America who wear (Continued)

Lighting up the great night way—tiny strands of sparkle, shimmers of color

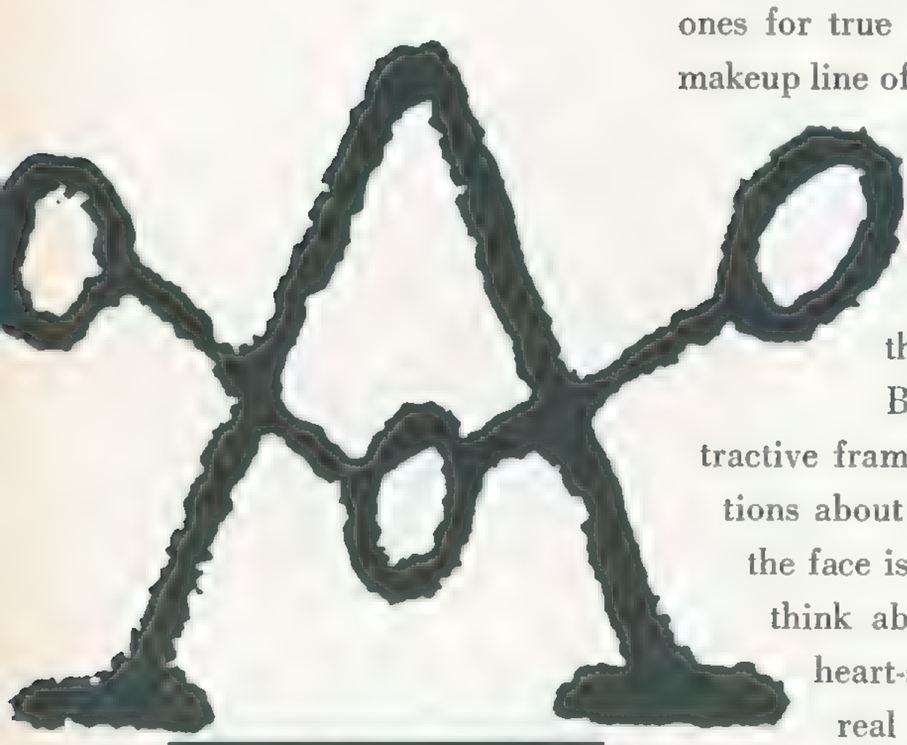
The star of the evening is you—with the dazzle and shine and heady allure that rivets the eye of your Leading Man. Helena Rubinstein's Illumination Makeups bring all this into play with a new cast of colors called, not incidentally, Broadway Lights. A meld of four amber-y, shimmery colors around the eye; Stage D'Or, a deeper, bronzer red for the lips; the palest pale background of Ivory Souffle Liquid Foundation. (With a plot like this, how could you miss?) . . . Stardust for the great night way: sparkling strands called Hair-Fire—to wear like a veil—that send out light from a mini-battery easily hidden in the hair. By Curiel Products. Lights and hair arranged by Franklyn Welsh.

AVEDON

BEAUTY: More than you started with

PRETTIER HANDS ARE WITHIN REACH. . . . MEN LOVE BEAUTIFUL HANDS. SMOOTH, YOUTHFUL HANDS. RELAXED, SUPPLE, STRONG HANDS. HANDS WITH RIVETING NAIL ENAMEL OR A DOZEN RINGS. HANDS THAT WORK. HANDS THAT HOLD HIS HANDS. . . . BUT PRETTY HANDS DON'T JUST HAPPEN. LIKE THE REST OF YOU, THEY DESERVE A DAILY RÉGIME TO KEEP THEM ATTRACTIVE, MAKE THEM MORE SO. . . . USE MOISTURIZING CREAMS, LOTIONS—LOTS, EVERY DAY. GLOVE YOURSELF AGAINST TOO MUCH SUN, DETERGENTS, HOT WATER, COLD WEATHER. TRY TO USE THE BALLS OF YOUR FINGERS INSTEAD OF FINGERNAILS. A PAIR OF WHITE COTTON GLOVES IS A GREAT NAIL-SAVER AROUND THE HOUSE. AND SO IS A DAILY DIP INTO RRP NAIL CONDITIONER BY ARDSLEY. RRP CONTAINS NATURAL PROTEIN AND KERATIN (THE STUFF NAILS ARE MADE OF), BRUSHES ON TO HELP PREVENT ALL THE USUAL BREAK-CHIP-SPLIT NAIL AILS. HANDS INTEREST THE RRP PEOPLE, WHO RECOMMEND THIS DAILY EXERCISE: TOSS A BEAN BAG AND CATCH IT, TEN TIMES EACH HAND; THEN GRASP AND SQUEEZE THE BEAN BAG HARD, TEN SQUEEZES PER. ALSO, WHENEVER HANDS FEEL TIRED, PINCH THE FINGERTIPS. . . . AND REMEMBER A FIRM HANDSHAKE IS ONE OF THE SEXIEST MOVES YOU CAN MAKE.

BEAUTY: More than you started with



From the Alexandrian alchemists this symbol: aqua *vitae*, the divine water which cures all ills . . . the elixir of life.

(Continued) prescription lenses—plus all those hundreds of thousands wearing sun-and-game varieties—from eye injury. At present annual count, some 100,000 adults and 20,000 children suffer serious eye injuries from accidents involving broken lenses. Shattered lenses account for an extremely high percentage of all injuries caused by automobile accidents each year.

The new impact-resistant lenses couldn't look less like the virtuous objects they are. In fact, a Windsor-Newton paint box doesn't have more delectable shades than the glasses man's tray does now. Of course, he has real sunglass colors: brown (great for toning down ultra-violet rays), natural green (the most effective sun-screen), grey and sage green (they're the ones for true color perception). And then he has the whole makeup line of pinks, violets, blues, yellows and orange, beige, and greige, so you can simply take a more colorful view of things. What makes all this possible is that lens blanks are being made in sizes up to 71 millimeters—an up of 20 millimeters, so that you may have owl-big spectacles if you like. Bernard Kayman, who makes some of the most attractive frames around, also makes some pertinent observations about choosing the ones right for you. The shape of the face is, according to him, the first thing you've got to think about. There are five basic shapes: for oval or heart-shaped faces, any frames go. For square ones, no real problem. A long face—you probably look best in deep frames, especially if you have long bangs. A short face is the hardest to fit: if you get a frame that's deep vertically, it's going to reduce the distance between cheekbone and jaw, so try a big round frame with the rim rounding out high above the cheekbone—the line from cheekbone to jaw will then appear lengthened. A small round face has to be tackled from a different angle: the trick here is to put a line straight across the center of the round face, or just slightly above the center —then the lower part from cheek to jaw seems longer.

The one bit of across-the-board advice: always stand in front of a full-length mirror when you're being fitted. You want to see the total effect—the way everyone else is going to see you. Keep trying on different shapes and sizes until you're absolutely sure you've found the pair that was meant for you.

What's going on here, so quick and so c-o-o-l?

The mask you've never seen before: a creamy white aerosol foam called Pick Me Up—the newest face-saver from Irma Shorell that coaxes the skin to a fresh healthy glow. (And getting that glow is exactly why the savviest beauties we know make masking a regular must-do routine.) One pouf . . . and it's on, turning into a neat non-drippy film that stimulates and moisturizes as it disappears in your skin. Can be rinsed off in a fast three minutes, but keeps up the good work for hours. An easy bit of revving-up you can do almost anywhere, anytime—like our beauty-in-the-bath who doesn't miss a chance to give her face its due. And what's good for the face is good for the throat, the décolletage, the nape of the neck. . . .

AVEDON



VOGUE'S A-Z GUIDE TO FITNESS:

all the things you can
do right now to
feel better,
look better



Breathing...The inspiration of oxygen into the lungs and the expiration of carbon dioxide. The depth of each breath and the amount of oxygen inhaled is regulated by the flexibility of your rib cage and chest muscles. Take a deep breath. You should feel your tummy lift, your lower ribs expand, and a stretching of the muscles in the small of your back. During exercise, muscles need a steady supply of oxygen. When you begin a movement, inhale slowly and deeply through the nose (practice flaring your nostrils). As you relax, exhale slowly through your nose, forcing your diaphragm to its extreme downmost position.

Calisthenics....Often called free exercise because no props are needed, these rhythmic movements are designed to increase flexibility, strength, and endurance in a particular set of muscles. Performed standing, sitting, and lying so that different muscles come into play.

DANCE...CAN BE THE GRACEFUL PLIÉS OF BALLET, THE CLICK-CLACK OF TAPS, OR THE FREE STRETCHES OF MODERN DANCE. ALL HELP DEVELOP PROPER ALIGNMENT, MUSCLE CONTROL, OVERALL FITNESS.

Exhale...See breathing.

Fencing...Balance and footwork are the keys to this ancient art, make it an excellent exercise for developing agility and grace.

Gymnastics ...Physical maneuvers which usually require special equipment--suspended rings, bars, ropes, even a flying trapeze. Emphasis here is placed on the development of specific muscle groups.

ALIGNMENT...THE STRAIGHT AND VERTICAL ARRANGEMENT OF YOUR SKELETAL FRAMEWORK. STRONG, EVENLY DEVELOPED MUSCLES FROM THE CABLES TO SUPPORT YOUR SPINE IN THIS UPRIGHT POSITION. A PROPERLY ALIGNED BODY GIVES INTERNAL ORGANS ROOM TO OPERATE, MUSCLES WORK MORE EFFICIENTLY, MOVEMENT IS FREER, MORE GRACEFUL. EVEN YOUR STATE OF MIND DEPENDS ON YOUR UPRIGHTNESS.



HEADSTAND...TRY TO BEGIN THE DAY AND END ALL EXERCISE ROUTINES WITH THIS CIRCULATION-STIMULATOR. PRACTICE LEANING AGAINST THE WALL FOR A FEW SECONDS, GRADUALLY INCREASE TO FIVE OR TEN MINUTES.

Inhale...
See breathing.

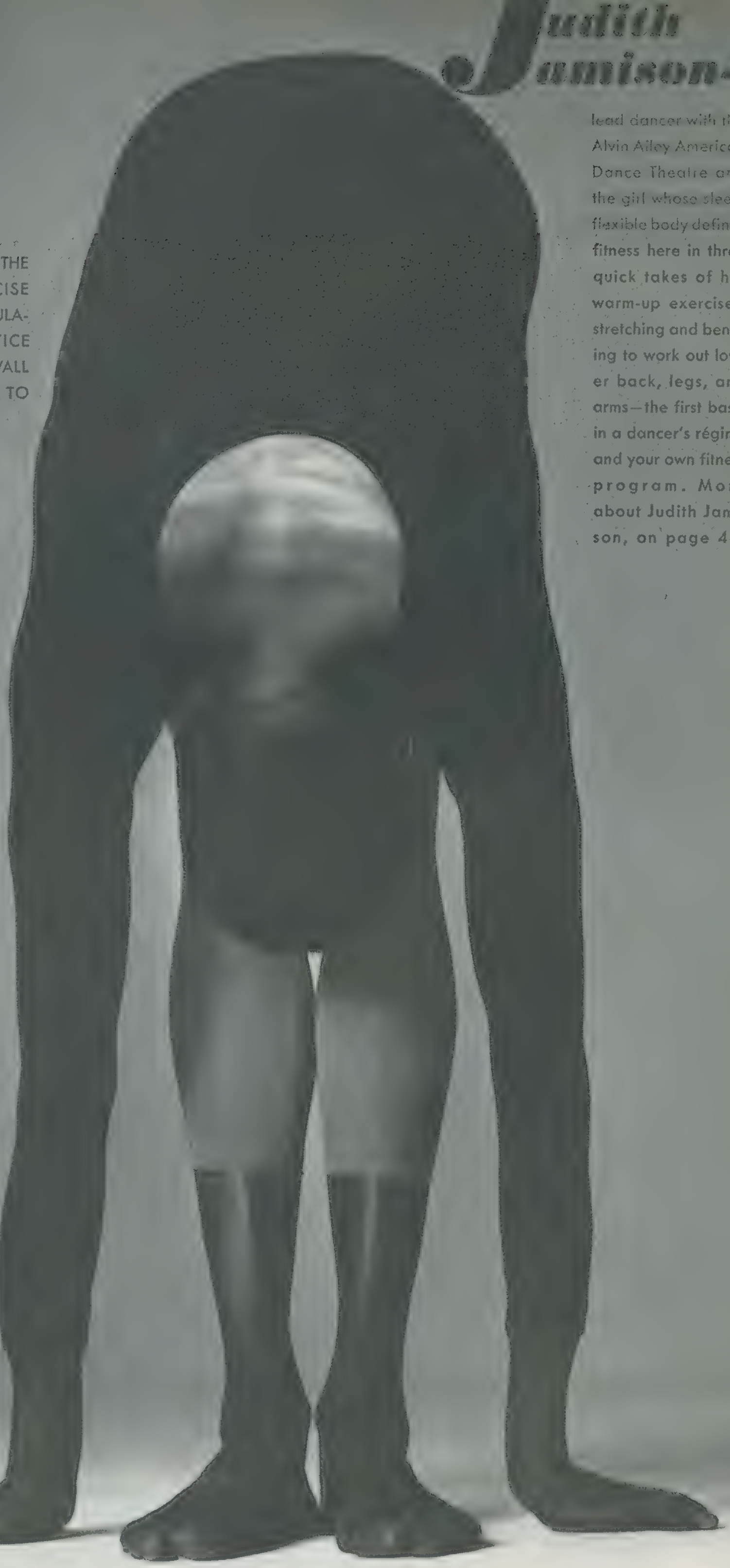
Jogging...Aerobics sent joggers off and running. Benefits the whole body as well as stimulating heart and lungs. Begin slowly, gradually increase distance covered. Don't forget to get the green light from your M.D. before starting.

Knee bends... help maintain the elasticity of the knee joint and firm surrounding muscles. Try a dozen deep knee bends a day—excellent for firming and shaping flabby thighs.

Limber...as in limber up. Exercises are not only easier to do when you're flexible and relaxed, but also more effective. Stretch. Touch your toes. Bend from the waist and rotate your body as far as you can in all directions. When you feel loose, it's time to start exercising.

Movement...moving well is just the right combination of balance, control, proper alignment, and flexibility. You may never glide across a room like a Follies girl, but you can, with practice and exercise, create a natural, relaxed, graceful...and more senusal motion.

Neck stretch...that pain in your neck may be the result of poor posture—drooping shoulders cause overextension of the neck muscles and create pressure on nerves supplying the brain. Or it may be tension. Learn to take a neck-stretch break—begin with neck bent forward, make a slow, stretching circle with your head, and return to a normal, chin-in position.



Judith Jamison—

lead dancer with the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre and the girl whose sleek, flexible body defines fitness here in three quick takes of her warm-up exercises: stretching and bending to work out lower back, legs, and arms—the first basic in a dancer's régime and your own fitness program. More about Judith Jamison, on page 46.

VOGUE'S GUIDE TO FITNESS:

On your toes...up and down 20 times a day to keep toes flexible, develop good muscle tone, especially in the arch, and improve balance. Five minutes of tippy-toeing will put the kick back into weary feet and strengthen leg muscles.

Posture...good alignment, complete rhythmic breathing, and relaxation. The up-against-the-wall position (back of head, shoulder blades, buttocks, heels, palms and elbows flat to the wall) is helpful in checking alignment and when practiced a few times a day will help stretch muscles. *But*...when you step away from the wall you should feel relaxed—not stiff, tense, or ramrod-straight.

QUIZ YOURSELF...HOW DO YOU REALLY FEEL? HOW DO YOU REALLY LOOK? DOES A FLIGHT OF STAIRS OR A RUN FOR THE BUS LEAVE YOU PANTING? A FULL-LENGTH MIRROR WILL HELP YOU LOOK AT YOURSELF AND, IF YOU CAN'T SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU, GO TO AN IMPARTIAL JUDGE, AN EXERCISE SALON.

Rope skipping...great for total body fitness and coordination. Make sure the rope is long enough—when held with arms extended in front of the body, the loop should fit tightly under the buttocks. It's too long if it touches the floor as you jump. Hold the rope loosely, elbows slightly bent and begin jumping with both feet together. The secret of successful skipping—make small circular movements with the wrists; the entire arm should not be in motion. Begin training with a one-minute, slow warm-up. Rest 30 seconds. Begin at a faster rate. As your condition and coordination improve, increase the number of jumps and begin the one-foot-to-the-other jump motion.

Swimming...one exercise that can help wherever help is needed. Water gives you buoyancy and a natural resistance to work against. Excellent, too, for overall fitness because of the deep breathing required which stimulates the heart.

TENSION...CAN BE ELIMINATED WITH STRETCHING. AS TAUT MUSCLES ARE EXTENDED TO THEIR FULL LENGTH, TENSION IS RELEASED. AS YOU RELAX, MUSCLES RETURN TO A MORE FLEXIBLE, NATURAL POSITION.

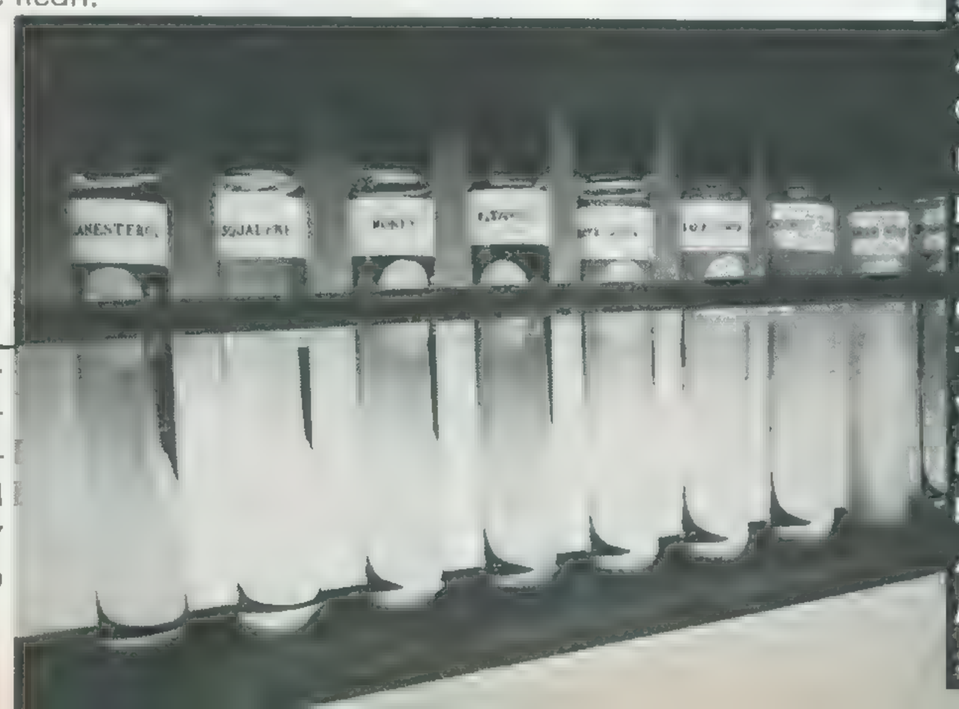
Understand...the why and how of the exercise you pick. The mind influences the body. Focus on what you want to achieve and your body will find it easier to follow directions.

Vitamins...and good nutrition go hand-in-hand with exercise to achieve total fitness. A poorly nourished body simply will not work.

Walking...do it every day, at least a mile at the brisk rate of 100 steps per minute. Stimulates metabolism, increases circulation, improves heart and lung function, develops good muscle tone. Step lively—toes pointing straight ahead, legs swinging forward from the hip, head held high for balance...Vogue's fitness guide continued, page 84.



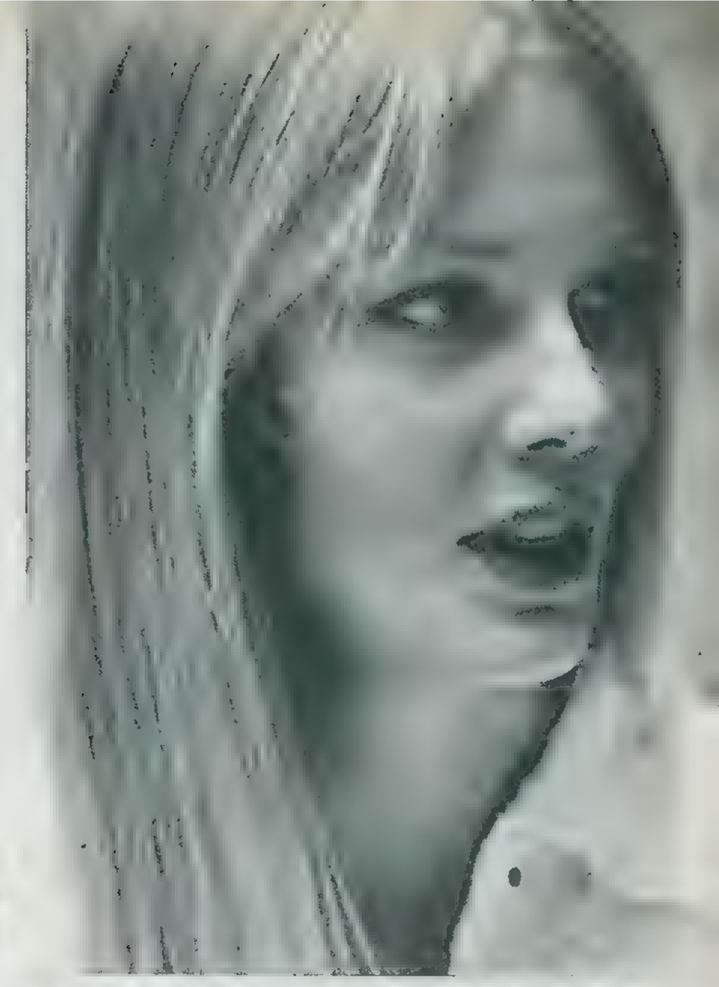
THE WAY WE'D LOVE TO SEE YOUR EYES LOOK, ABOVE: WARMED WITH RICH EARTH TONES OF RUSSETY BROWN, BEIGE, AND SOFT GREEN... COLOR BRUSHED RIGHT UP TO THE BROW BONE, UNDER THE EYE, EXTENDED ON THE SIDES. EVERYTHING IS OPENED WIDE AND LIFTED... EVEN THE BROWS ARE HIGHER, THINNER, AND LIGHTER. IT'S THE MAKEUP TO SET YOUR SIGHTS ON NOW....





BEHIND THE SCENES AT ULTIMA II—LABORATORY TEST TUBES WITH SAMPLES OF THE RAW NATURAL INGREDIENTS THAT GO INTO THE NEW SKIM MILK NATURAL SKINCARE PRODUCTS BY CHARLES REVSON. FOR THE END RESULTS, SEE PAGE 133.

Good way to start your fitness routine—and your day—from fitness expert Nicholas Kounovsky: a simple toning exercise that will rev up circulation, limber up pectoral and shoulder muscles, tone up inner thighs and abdominal muscles: Lie on your back (either in bed or on the floor) and follow a slow tempo of 50 beats a minute, with 2 beats for each motion. Cross and re-cross your arms and legs side ways, alternating sides. Exhale while arms and legs are crossed. To keep you going, Mr. K's encouraging words, "fitness makes for a joy in living."



JODI WEXLER ON A COSMIC TRIP

Jodi Wexler, the pretty blonde above, is a girl who's crammed a whole lotta living into one year—modeling, a first movie *(The Love Machine)*, marriage. And now she's busy getting down to her "basic thing"—song-writing and singing. A Midwesterner, she found New York "scary and exciting....I arrived very skinny, bones sticking out. The biggest hurdle was age. They thought I was much too old, but I was going to make it. I had this strong belief in myself—that's the only thing a person has to live on. I have a heavy case against the youth movement. I'm for age liberation. It's unfair to think that at 30 or 31 life is over." Honest about her age—26—she's open about everything in her life. *The Love Machine*—"I used it as a step in my career. I'm not proud of it, but I'm not sorry I did it. I learned a lot."...Her husband—"Our private life is a treasure. I was looking for him even before I met him. I knew it was right. He's devoted a lot of time to my work. He's given me incentive, the strength I need. There's no competition. We don't want to be like one another."...Honest about her looks—"I started on health foods because of a weight problem. We eat mostly meat, vegetables, salad. Everything in moderation. I take a lot of vitamins. Beauty reflects what you eat." She's a Lazlo girl—"his makeup is right for my skin." Washes everything off with Neutrogena soap. Keeps her hair in shape with protein shampoos, "but beauty's not a question of applying things." At the moment, Jodi's application has produced a rock album written for her friend, Bobby Gosh. The next will be for herself—"Right now, I'm on a cosmic trip...that's what the album will be all about."

ALL THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH. That's one reason you might wear the glasses on this page. Another — their nifty shapes which every one can enjoy even if a prescription is in order. Pretty oversized lenses can now be ground to almost any RX and can be tinted any color in the rainbow — mauve, pink, blue—any way you want to look at the world.

BEAUTY



GOGGLY GLASSES ARE AN EYEFUL OF PROTECTION IF YOU'RE SKIING, SUNNING, JUST FUNNING AROUND. THE BIG WRAP-AROUNDS HERE HAVE TORTOISE-Y FRAMES, AMBER LENSES TO TONE DOWN ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS. LOOK SO DAZZLY YOU'LL WANT A SPARE.

LADY SARAH COURAGE HAS HER HAIR BOBBED IN LONDON

Super sleek coiffure—the '20's bob styled for the '70's by Oliver of Leonard of London—long bangs fringing the eyes, hair gently rounded, smoothed, turned under. And gleaming gloriously...a gleam you can have with a little help from new Wella Care Herbal Liquid Shampoo Concentrate and Instant Conditioner —both brimming with fragrant herbs that leave hair in top-notch shape.





NEW LINE ON LIPS—

NOTHING QUIET ABOUT THIS YEAR'S MOUTH. IT HAS DEFINITE COLOR. DEFINITE SHAPE. TO GET YOUR LIPS IN LINE WITH THE NEW LOOK—A NEW LIPSTICK LINER, THE MOUTH MAKER, FROM CHARLES OF THE RITZ—A SLENDER CASE WITH SOFT LITTLE SABLE BRUSH THAT OUTLINES IN ANY ONE OF EIGHT MARVELOUS LIQUID COLORS ...THEN YOU FILL IN FROM THERE. TRY THE COLOR SCHEME PLOTTED BY WAY BANDY, CHARLES OF THE RITZ MAKEUP DIRECTOR—LINE OF WINE FILLED IN WITH VIBRANT ORANGE CRUSH OR COPPERY CRANBERRY BROWN LIQUIFROST LIPSTICKS.





Massage your way to healthy, shining hair—a quick do-it-yourself rub stimulates oil glands that nourish roots, distributes oil throughout hair adding lights and luster, speeds up circulation for a real tingle. The how-to: place thumbs at the base of your scalp. Exert gentle pressure and rotate fingers, gradually moving over the entire head. Use finger-pads, nails may scratch. Always massage before washing (if hair's oily, this is the *only* time to do it). After a shampoo, keep the healthy good looks going with Pantene's new Enrichment de Pantene—a super conditioner that works its wonders shampoo to shampoo.

AVOCADOS—THE GREENING OF YOUR BEAUTY LIFE

Start with a ripe avocado and you can go on forever. This delicious fruit can be eaten any number of ways—sliced, diced, right out of the shell, tossed in a salad, blended in a dip. Dubbed a "special wonder food" by Gaylord Hauser—he whips up a dressing of avocado, lemon juice, and herbs to sprinkle over vegetables and other fruits. Avocados are something everyone can enjoy—they rate a big yes on Vogue's Super Diet and are crammed with good-for-you things—protein, vitamins, minerals, all without the slightest trace of cholesterol. And they do lovely things for the outside you—try pepping up your skin and hair with these two easy-to-do organic recipes. For a nourishing facial mask: Mash one-quarter of a ripe peeled avocado and cream in a blender, adding a little water. Smooth all over face and neck. Then relax for 15 minutes while 11 vitamins and 17 minerals get your skin glowy and refreshed. To condition hair: Mash one half of a ripe peeled avocado till it's a smooth cream. Work into scalp and damaged split ends, combing through hair evenly. Leave on for 10 minutes and rinse with clear water—hair's softer, more work-able.... If you still need another reason to pick an avocado—the Aztecs believed them to be aphrodisiacs.



The way to look

The kind of dress that comes on small and fragile—flickering from strong to sexy like Julie Christie herself. **SMOCKED AND BLOWY** patchwork chiffon shifting from one black-brown-and-beige pattern to another, stirring ever so gently below the smocked elbow, smocked hip. **THE BEAUTY** of all this is topped off by Julie Christie's terrific tousle of light-brown hair—shining with health and tumbling down every which way over her flawless English skin.



AVEDON

at night

Julie Christie in a soft breeze of print on print



Long dress by Hazel Haire for Beene Bazaar, in rayon. About $200. At Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Neiman-Marcus, Joseph Magnin. Miss Christie's coif by Suga, backed up with extra curls. Accessories, next to last page.

If you ask Paul Newman what the film is called, he'll say, "Pocket Money." If you ask Lee Marvin what the film is called, he'll say, "Paul Newman." The film is, in fact, called *Pocket Money* and Paul Newman and Lee Marvin are in it. Together. On the screen. Both as stars. For the first time.

The filming of *Pocket Money* was finishing in Santa Fe, and the crew, like good campers, were packing their possessions, folding up their tents, and preparing to move on.

Some were more mobile than others. Paul, for instance, travels with a slant-board, a snorkel, a regulation hospital scale, and a portable sauna. He carries very few clothes, but a sauna will slow you up. It's like a small, wooden house (or a huge, wooden box); and it is dismantled, crated, and reassembled wherever Paul goes. Like a room within a room. Modular Man.

The night of the wrap party for the end of filming, Paul had left early, as usual, so he could get up early, as usual, to do one hundred sit-ups on his slant-board, one hundred laps in the pool with his snorkel, and a half an hour in his ubiquitous sauna. A rigorous pattern of penance to atone for having drunk great quantities of wine and beer the night before and to accommodate drinking great quantities of wine and beer the night to follow. A strenuous way of having your cake and eating it that he uses with obvious and dazzling success.

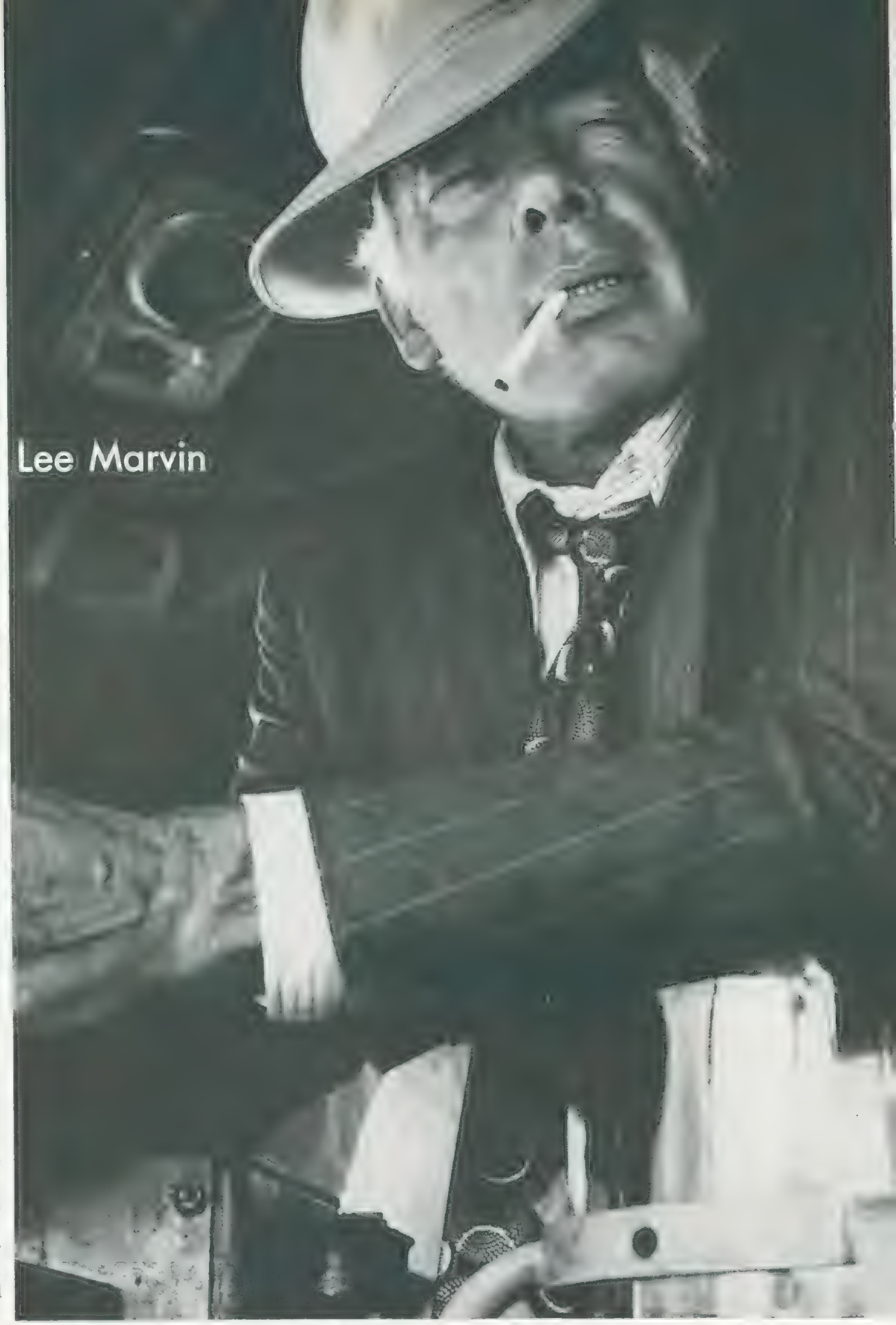
His body is as trim and taut as a teen-ager's, and his face . . . his face is so handsome you almost start laughing. It's like a joke. Nobody *really* looks like that. Wrong. He does. He is a physical phenomenon. We should bequeath him to The American Museum of Natural History.

Lee, of the archetypal Cro-Magnon face, slightly flaccid, supremely saturnine, and the tall and trim but unattended body, was the focus of the wrap party: forging frontal attacks, finger held high, flinging f--- off's, hoping some one would fling one back, and loving it if they did.

He was everything I hoped and feared he would be—as unpredictable, honest, intimidating, and inflammable as I imagined. He is unusually interesting; in that way that war is more interesting than peace. I thought if I got out of there merely disfigured I'd be lucky.

There is implicit in him a threat of violence that is never realized; he is not a violent man. His game is terrorizing. It is so effective he never has to follow through. An antagonistic pacifist.

There is also a promise of great tenderness and



Candice Bergen looks at Hollywood's greatest girl-bait: LEE MARVIN *and* PAUL NEWMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY CANDICE BERGEN

compassion that is often realized. The sentimental Marine. It seems that it would be hard to be Lee Marvin every day. He seems to be a man in such conflict with himself. It's like he has a family of resident demons in his head who suddenly come out to play.

He generates the kind of tension and exhilaration that comes from being around explosives. Finally, the suspense is killing.

Contrarily, Paul's cinematic persona is somewhat misleading. It is the apotheosis of Paul. His physical dimensions are magically amplified, almost superhuman, on film. And the camera catalyzes a dazzling charm and confidence in him that in "real life" is betrayed by badly bitten nails and insomnia.

It is a veritable movie metamorphosis; presto—the Sigma Chi mentality becomes sophistication, the collegiate jocularity becomes urbane wit, the shyness becomes self-assurance.

He is, in fact, remarkably unsophisticated, unmysterious, and adolescent. His charm comes out of being so thoroughly, honestly boyish.

There is something of the Redwood about him; an implacability, a heavy-handedness, a squareness.

For years he's referred to himself as "The Old Fox," a nickname he originated and no one else ever took up. Consequently, his calling, "Hey, get The Old Fox a beer will you?" is met with people shifting positions to see who The Old Fox is.

The Old Fox is really Jack Armstrong—with a fundamental American sense of decency. How many guys could take the Boy Scout oath and keep it?

If Paul is Holden Caulfield's roommate, Lee is a Hemingway handbook. Hard-drinking, tough-talking, and anxious to finish the film on time so he wouldn't miss his Marine Division Reunion. He was dubbed "The Campaigner" because of his legion of war stories.

The day after the notorious wrap party, he was on the set drinking vodka out of an icebag to ease his hangover and engaged in amiable and interested conversation with some young female fans clearly in a state of controlled euphoria.

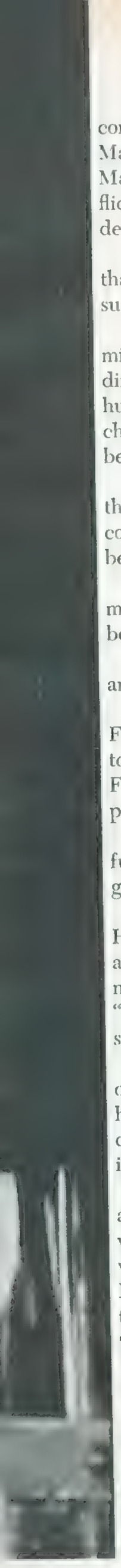
He is garrulous, direct, and democratic. He likes and needs people. He both listens and understands well, quickly detecting true and false. He hangs out with the stuntmen, the grips, the guys on the crew. I think if the concept of "pulling rank" ever did occur to him, he would find it repugnant and absurd.

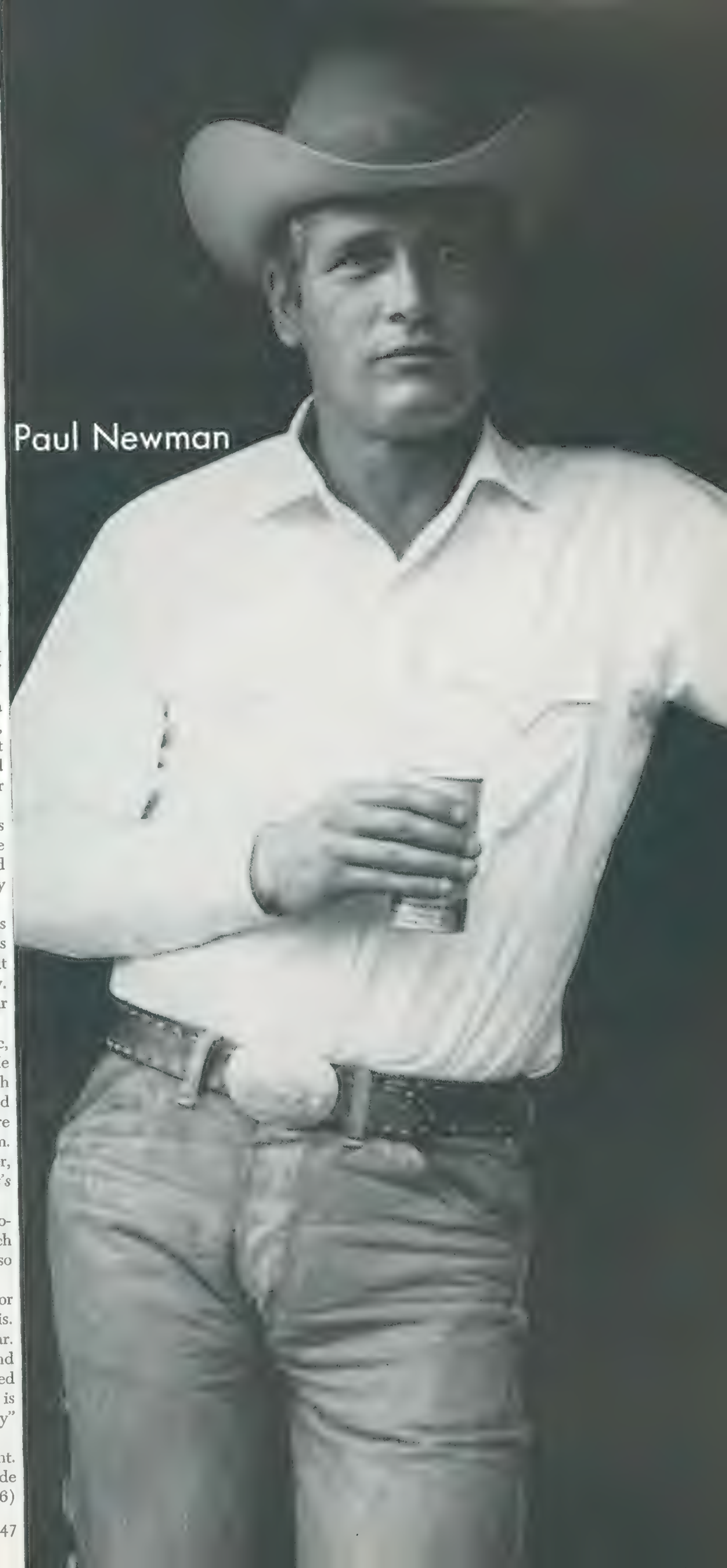
Paul, while equally democratic, adopts a policy of apartheid. He seems to want very much to reach out to people, to be as facile and poised as he is in films. But he is more human than that, and it is difficult for him. So, like many shy people, he is a loner, sitting in his trailer, reading *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and listening to Vivaldi and mandolins.

He is courteous to fans but does not sign autographs. It's just that his refusal is intoned with such solemnity, it becomes pretentious. He protests so much, it seems easier to sign.

He has always felt uneasy about being an actor and is happiest playing a part that is his antithesis. His working technique is rigidly logistical and linear. He is an intellectual actor, dealing in motivation, and uncomfortable in an extemporaneous or improvised situation. His style is subtle and cerebral. And he is constantly refining it. "The Master of Underplay" they call him.

Guess who the "Master of Overplay" is? Right. It's Lee. Flamboyant, even outrageous in attitude and appearance, there is (Continued on page 196)





Candice Bergen in the luxe-y pales

All the tones she loves because they're naturals for her natural good looks....

SOFT AND PALE off-white pleats, left, catching every eye as you shimmer into a room—with everything about this dress beautifully fluid, even the quiet way the sash is looped....Soft heathery knit, right, for every woman who loves a sweater—it's the perfect sweater dress, long, clinging like haze, a sweater of its own knotted over bare shoulders or buttoned with gleaming silver discs you could almost count as jewels.

THE BEAUTY of both these looks is Candice Bergen's warm sunny skin, lips shining, eyes sparkling, cheeks glowing—fresh with health, pep, "really together all the way."

AVEDON

the way to look at night



Opposite page: By Stavropoulos, in rayon (Abraham fabric). Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus.... Above: Turnout by Halston Limited, in cashmere and rabbit hair. To order at Halston. Miss Bergen's coiffures by Franklyn Welsh. Accessories on both pages, the next to last page of this issue.

the way to look at night



White tones of mink...the palest, purest; a great fur at night...sensational for any woman, magnificent for a blonde...and the blonde here is Lauren Hutton. **WHITE MINK** shadowed with blue, left: tailored and easy, sash-belted over white wool evening pants....New breed of mink, right: a marvelous little jacket of white mink with natural buff markings like a jaguar's... cut like a riding-coat, sleek over the shoulders, shaped close at the waist. Great over black pants here—and think of it over a long dress with a deep side-slash. **THE BEAUTY:** The glow of health...the blondness...and a revolutionary new stretch wig that fits on just back of Lauren's natural hairline, streams in great torrents down her back.

Coat in natural Saga "Blue Shadow" mink from Scandinavia by Christie Bros. At Stein & Blaine, J. P. Allen, Swanson's. Jacket in Finn jaguar mink, made to order at Ross & Fabrizio. Dynel Corporation 22" stretch wig by Carnegie, on both pages. Hair design by Suga. Accessory details, next to as page of this issue.

Lauren Hutton wrapped up in white mink



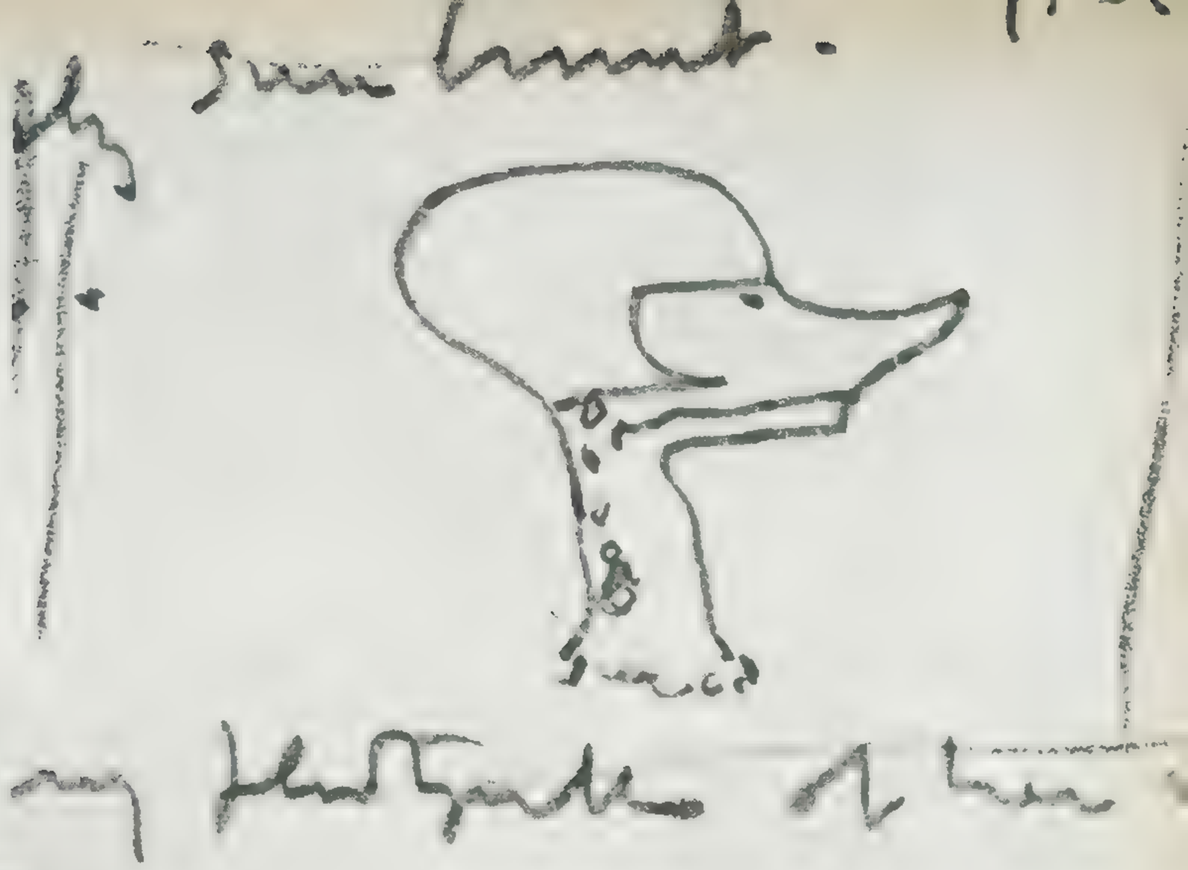
WHITE MINK BARRED WITH DARK... a slender wrapped coat with whirlwind dash, worn by Lauren Hutton in the same spirit. The white fur is circled with stripes of natural brownish wild mink... ribboned with narrow strips of white leather running vertically. **THE BEAUTY:** Streams of blond hair.... And the great, bold hexagonal tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses Lauren adds (opposite) for day.

Coat of natural Saga white mink from Scandinavia with natural wild mink and white leather; Maximilian. Also at Nan Duskin; Hudson's; Dayton's; Gus Mayer. Glasses by Bernard Kayman. Hair combed by Suga. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

AVEDON

Lauren Hutton
wrapped up
in white mink

olga



Above: Olga de Meyer, caricatured by Cecil Beaton in a 1970 letter to Philippe Jullian. Left: Detail of a photograph of the Baroness by her husband, Adolph de Meyer; the picture is shown on a following page.

the wild

Her birth a scandal, her life a shocker; Baroness Olga de Meyer still amazes.

BY PHILIPPE JULLIAN

Olga de Meyer was one of the most elegant women of the Edwardian era and one of the most bizarre women of the 'twenties. She captured the interest of Degas and Henry James; Edward VII treated her better than a mistress (if less well than a daughter); and Whistler painted her portrait. From 1885 to 1930, she was much talked about from St. Moritz to Newport and from Balmoral Castle to Capri.

Baroness de Meyer, born Donna Olga Caracciolo, despite her rather prestigious name, unique elegance, and genuine intelligence, was always *à côté* —that is, always in a false position, always on the borderlines of the fashionable worlds where on occasion she was received. Perhaps she never had the fortune her beauty deserved. Perhaps her imprudent seeking after pleasures that were frowned upon recalled the ambiguity of her birth and the scandal surrounding her marriage.

A romantic impulsiveness was hers by right of birth, for Olga's mother, Blanche Sampayo, was given to those great adventures that are the ruination of social careers. She was the daughter of a French diplomat of Portuguese origin and of an American woman, the granddaughter of General de Saint-Jean d'Angély, whose wife had been (Continued)



LGA ALBERTA, DAUGHTER OF A ROMANTIC SNUBBED BY SOCIETY AND GODDAUGHTER OF KING EDWARD VII, KNEW AS A CHILD THE SHADOWY FACTS OF EXTRAVAGANT LIVES. AFTER HER MARRIAGE TO BARON DE MEYER, THEY, TOGETHER (ABOVE), STIRRED WHISPERERS, SOUGHT INCAUTIOUS PLEASURES.

Olga de Meyer, A brilliant life, lived in shadows

(Continued) one of the beauties at the court of Napoleon III. Blanche, feigning total submission to her parents' wishes, married a Neapolitan nobleman, the Duke of Caracciolo. The ceremony was no sooner over than the young bride threw a cape over her white gown, leaped into a carriage where her maid was awaiting her, and had herself driven off to the railway station. Her dismayed parents were without news of her for some years.

Then she reappeared in Dieppe, accompanied by a ravishing little daughter, Olga Alberta—Alberta because the child's godfather was none other than Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. From this it was only a step for people to speculate that the future King Edward VII was the child's real father, especially since he had presented the Duchess with a pretty villa on the cliffs overlooking the English Channel—Villa Olga, quickly nicknamed Villa of Mystery. Actually, people who were well informed (one wonders by whom) declared that the child was not the Prince's, although opinion was divided.

According to one group, Olga Alberta was the daughter of Prince Poniatowski, a charming intimate of Napoleon III. This paternity would have given her Italian blood, for the Poniatowskis were descended from an Italian adopted by the last King of Poland. Another group held the view that Olga Alberta's father was the most attractive man of his day—Charles Haas, a friend of the Prince of Wales on whom Proust was to draw later in creating Charles Swann, his hero in *Remembrance of Things Past.* In this case, Olga would have been half Jewish: Haas's father had come to Paris from Frankfurt, Germany, with his friends the Rothschilds. Living near the Villa Olga was M. de Saint-Maurice, a very rich man important in racing circles, who also qualified as a paternal candidate because he so clearly considered Villa Olga a home away from home.

In those days, Dieppe was an elegant vacation spot. Most of the characters whom Proust placed in Balbec were seen there. In August, the Count and Countess Greffulhes, young, beautiful, and immensely rich, used to entertain their cousins, the De la Rochefoucaulds and the Chimays; but in September, the Count went off hunting and his wife, at Robert de Montesquiou's instigation, would invite artists, among them Helleu and Boldini. All the most scintillating people came to their villa—"la Caze"—but not the Duchess Caracciolo.

Despite her great distinction, the Duchess had to be content with evening parties at the Casino and dinners to which gentlemen came without their wives. She was *déclassée.* (The children of Faubourg Saint-Germain families could admire little Olga's marvelous red-blond hair, but they were not permitted to play with her.) Yet now and then the Duchess had her revenge. A yacht would dock in the harbor and a handsome, tawny-bearded man, already balding and slightly fat, would be driven up to the villa. He never stayed more than two or three days. He deluged his goddaughter with gifts.

At such times, M. de Saint-Maurice came to the villa only when invited, together with several other gentlemen, to play baccarat or chemin de fer. During these visits, the socially unassailable ladies found themselves abandoned and rued the fact that they had not laid themselves out to be pleasant to the Duchess Caracciolo. (By a curious coincidence, the Duchess resembled the Princess of Wales—the same long white face, clusters of curls on the forehead, wasp waist, and tailored suits.) The Prince's arrival used to set the English colony in Dieppe aflutter.

Like all the other towns along the Normandy coast, Dieppe was a rendezvous for unmarried couples, for people who had fled England just in time to avoid a scandal—or just too late, as was to be the case with Oscar Wilde—and for actresses and artists on vacation: a Bohemia of sorts, but one that was fairly elegant and that kept up appearances. During royal visits, police agents disguised as tourists paced up and down in front of the villa. When the weather permitted, the Caracciolo tilbury was to be seen as it rolled along roads bordered by flowering apple trees, the Prince holding the reins, the little girl pressed against her mother's skirts.

Then the Prince would depart, and the villa would open its doors once more to its habitual guests. Among them, none was prouder to breathe a whiff of such grandeur than a slightly corpulent, immensely curious young man—Jacques-Émile Blanche, for half a century the most intelligent of fashionable portrait painters, the French Sargent.

For Olga, who was ten years younger than he, Jacques-Émile—otherwise rather mean-natured—had an admiration that never wavered. Blanche communicated this admiration to the friends his parents entertained at Bas Fort Blanc: this was an upper-middle-class group, connoisseurs of the arts and fine food. The one most appreciated for his wit was Degas. Caustic but not yet bitter, the painter encouraged Jacques-Émile's early efforts. Generally, Degas came to Dieppe with a woman, Mrs. Howland, married to an American; Degas considered her a snob but relished her chic and wit. Mrs. Howland was a friend of the Duchess Caracciolo —the bond, perhaps, that both women had been in love with Charles Haas. Degas could not overpraise the ladies, mother and daughter, of the Villa of Mystery—indeed, he likened them to race horses. But George Moore, who fancied women beautiful *à la* Renoir, would retort: "By Jove, you're all after the girl, a fine Mélisande for the stage, with her beautiful hair down to her heels. She's paintable, I admit, but as to one's daily use, I should rather have the mother than the child. Too slender for me. . . . You know my tastes."

Whistler also used to stop off in Dieppe, but he was drawn there more by his friend Robert de Montesquiou than by the Blanche circle. Whistler was enchanted with Olga and used her as his model in a Scherzo ("Arrangement in Pink, Red, and Purple," now in the Cincinnati Art Museum) and in several watercolors. The fact that this arbiter of good taste admired the sixteen-year-old Olga launched her among fashionable artists. Helleu did several pastels of her, admiring her catlike profile, almond-shaped eyes, and the somewhat angular grace of her movement. Boldini, a rotund little man with the bulging eyes, who looked like a frog, begged her, "For pity's sake, Donna Olga, sit still just for a second. . . . I'll give you a cigarette behind your mother's back. . . . I'll sing you a Verdi aria. . . ."

Olga preferred to go out with another painter, a handsome blond young giant with the pale-pink complexion of consumptives—Charles Conder. He painted subjects for fans in watercolors on silk, inspired by the stories of his friend Oscar Wilde—ladies in crinoline pursuing the Blue Bird, Watteau figures in Whistler colors. Olga and Conder re-

mained fast friends always.

In the summer of 1895, residents in impeccable white flannels promenading up and down the pebbly beach of Dieppe saw a pale stranger, dressed in lavender: thin and bent, he rather resembled a broken lily. Under his arm, he carried a beautiful Louis XV binding concealing a sketchbook. This man—Aubrey Beardsley—noticed among the bathers one girl just as her maid was enveloping her in a flowered dressing gown, the gesture like that of a nymph throwing a veil over Botticelli's Venus. It was Olga. He quickly had himself introduced and, together with his sister Mabel, became a regular visitor at the Villa of Mystery. He improvised outlandish and scandalous tales to divert Olga while committing her ravishing poses to memory.

Beardsley loved, above all, her thick auburn hair, which, when the weight of her chignon grew tiring, she would let fall down over her shoulders. Nothing disconcerted the young girl anymore, and everything—if it were said with enough grace—amused her. The gossips who whispered that his sister Mabel, now so devoted to her brother's health, had been his mistress did not deter Olga from becoming her friend. She left the pleasure of passing moral judgments to those who, worthy as they were, dressed badly.

Proust was familiar with the secrets of Dieppe through his friend Blanche. There are indeed resemblances between Olga and Proust's heroine, Gilberte: the same irregular birth; the elegant but socially unacceptable mother; the father with a high social status; above all, extreme Anglomania. In *Remembrance,* the figure of Edward VII hovers like a distant divinity over that Olympus of worldly vanities.

This Olga legend, which around 1892 was no more than a reputation, also inspired Henry James in writing *What Maisie Knew,* published in 1897. Different in facts but similar in atmosphere, this is the story of a little girl whose parents are divorced and who deduces their adventures while staying at the house of one or the other. Maisie's mother, as elegant as she is loose, bears strong resemblances to the Duchess Caracciolo. Although virtually a kept woman, she manages to marry a charming and titled man. One cannot tell whether James had in mind Prince Poniatowski; Count Matéus, a rich Austro-Hungarian; or Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, no less rich and a friend of the Prince of Wales. Like Maisie's mother, the Duchess aspired to combine the status of lady with the advantages accruing to a kept woman. A ravishing little girl, dressed like a doll, was a great help in such a false situation.

The presence of a child purifies everything: gentlemen could bring Olga gifts that her mother could not have accepted; and were a visitor to forget that he was in the house of a lady, the presence of the child would remind him of the respect due a mother—a mother quite prepared to send the child packing if it seemed appropriate that respect should be replaced with a warmer tribute. Olga's life, like Maisie's, unfolded against a backdrop of tapestries, double doors, and folding screens behind which she played with her dolls, never missing a word of the conversations carried on in whispers on the sofa or the comings and goings of gentlemen who, at all costs, must never meet. Every nuance of flirtation, every calculation masked by an unflawed ease of manner, every nagging worry that now and then assails a precarious elegance must have become very quickly familiar to Olga. Lonely and spoiled, precociously thoughtful, utterly without illusions but occasionally infatuated with one or another of her mother's friends, she—like Maisie—learned about all these things.

Once, when Henry James was speaking of Olga with Jacques-Émile Blanche, he confided: "My dear friend, your Dieppe is a reduced Florence, every type of character for a novelist seems to gather there. . . . That enchanting Olga learned more at Dieppe than my Maisie knew."

By this did he mean that the child sensed in her mother's entourage more turbid inclinations than the flirtations that occupied his heroine's parents? More than one Englishman before Wilde had found refuge in Dieppe, and on the street people used to point out the Marquise de Belboeuf driving a carriage filled with pretty women. The conversation of the Duchess's friends must have been extremely free, for in her house the gentlemen felt as if they were in a club. While very young, Olga learned all the facts of life of all kinds of life; and at sixteen hers was the blasé, slightly melancholy attitude of a woman who has lived a lot. Olga was never a little girl; she was a woman of the world accustomed to compliments.

In the off season, the Villa of Mystery was closed and one went to England, to Brighton. Founded by the Prince Regent, this English resort town preserved a somewhat gamy chic. The Prince of Wales came there often for the races, frequently to visit the Sassoons, those Rothschilds of the East. Descendants of a great Baghdad rabbi, they had established important commercial interests in India, which is why they were believed to be Parsis. In the vast Sassoon villa decorated by Bouguereau, the Duchess Caracciolo was treated according to her rank, not according to her reputation. Being a great lady in Brighton, she went to London only to attend the theater or a boxing match. However, Olga Alberta had to appear a little girl as long as possible to preserve her mother's youthfulness. Then, when the Duchess's admirers were turning into old friends of whom one could more easily ask advice than gifts, Olga finally dropped her little-girl role and looked about for a husband who would help maintain their station. A suitor appeared in the form of an Italian prince who managed speedily to seduce Olga and then abandoned her. The Duchess was heard of no more: perhaps she lived to an old age in some family pension in Biarritz or Menton. Olga, however, went to live in Paris, where her beauty made her much sought after. For a while, she even wrote a society column for *Le Gaulois,* a newspaper belonging to a friend of her mother, Arthur Meyer. But Olga was too young to establish herself professionally; and even if she had, it would have closed the doors of truly elegant homes to her. So she took refuge in London, in the house of Sir Charles Rivers Wilson. Lady Wilson, treating the young woman as if she were her own daughter, introduced her to the drawing rooms of Mayfair.

Suddenly, on January 22, 1901, the Prince of Wales became King Edward VII, and London life was transformed. Buckingham Palace changed from a mausoleum thrown open for rare and glacial ceremonies into a kind of (Continued on page 192)

OLGA AT EIGHTEEN, DRAWN BY JACQUES-ÉMILE BLANCHE. DETAILS ABOUT ALL ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 199





Paintings of Olga de Meyer form a quick art history of her time. *Left* and *opposite, top right:* by Whistler. *This page, above:* by Jacques-Émile Blanche. *Bottom right:* by Sargent.

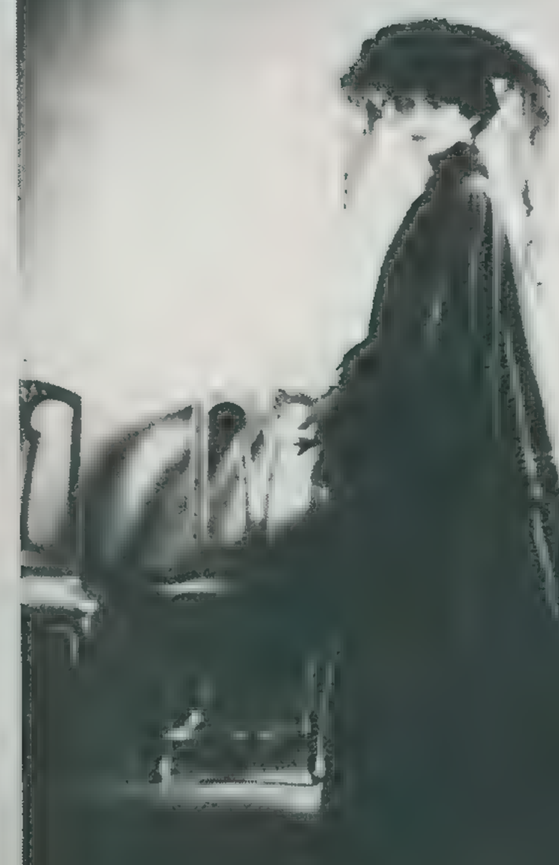
At Beaumont balls—dressed as a silver rose and, *right*, with the Baron, as Camille.

Olga de Meyer's sensational looks drew artists to her. Painters asked her to pose; her husband—Baron Adolph de Meyer, who almost invented fashion photography—often used her as his model. *Right:* Two of the Baron's magazine photographs of Olga de Meyer in Reboux hats, taken in the 'twenties with his characteristic subtle focus and economy of detail. *Above and opposite, lower far right:* Two more of Adolph de Meyer's photographs of his wife, celebrating her fine-drawn style.

Olga de Meyer: through men's eyes







CAN *love medicines* MAKE YOU SEXIER?

The whole truth about centuries of aphrodisiacs

By Anthony West

The idea of an aphrodisiac, a magic something to eat with the power to make any man irresistible and inexhaustible and every woman limitlessly and uncritically eager, is a very odd one, and it is not surprising that those who want such a thing to exist should have come up with some very strange notions of what it might be. *The Perfumed Garden,* the Arab primer on sex and sexuality that Sir Richard Burton was translating from the French (and pretending to translate from the Arabic) when he died, being written at a time and in a country in which eggs were hard to come by, advises the lecher who is planning to make an exhaustive test of his powers to eat a variety of sweet and savory omelettes and egg dishes beforehand. When time for a long gastronomic buildup is lacking, the poor Tom must gorge himself on a mixture of buttered eggs and honey, getting down as much of the stuff as he can swallow, "with a little bread," just before he goes to the mat. This book also suggests that the insecure sexual athlete should always keep an aphrodisiac drink on hand as a pick-me-up in case of a really pressing emergency. The recommended drink is made by mixing one part of onion juice with two parts of honey and simmering the mixture until they are completely blended. This elixir is then mixed with water, in proportions of one part to three, and the resultant liquor is then poured over macerated chick-peas and left to stand until wanted. The author of the book adds a little note to this recipe saying that it should be used with the greatest caution and never for more than three days in succession unless the problem is either senile impotence or a really severe case of male frigidity. Those who find hope in these words and are thinking of sending out an order for chick-peas right away should be warned that the Sheikh Nefzawi speaks just as confidently of the results of setting oneself up for a night of love by eating a dish of boiled asparagus over which a sauce of spiced egg yolks has been poured.

This last of the Sheikh's recommendations made an especially negative impression on me, because I once spent nearly a month in a small Italian seaside hotel whose proprietors gave me this particular dish almost every day, either for lunch or dinner. It did not have the advertised effects; and, symbolism apart, I have never been able to figure out why anyone should suppose it would, unless it is the case that foods assume an aphrodisiac character whenever they are associated mentally with the ideas of luxury and rarity.

This is an important clue to a rather peculiar mystery, as I realized some years ago when I was trying out a number of recipes from the curious cookbook edited by Norman Douglas called *Venus in the Kitchen.* Douglas admitted in his preface that although all the recipes he had printed had come to him with the most positive assurances of their effectiveness, he hadn't found any of them of the slightest use as aphrodisiacs. It occurred to me after awhile that they wouldn't have been likely to set Douglas up because he was used to eating well, and expensively, and that even the most elaborate dishes in the book were well within the range of his everyday table experience as a ruling-class European. The point being made is strongly reinforced by a reference to the subject made by the anonymous author of *My Secret Life.* This Victorian English Casanova made a practice of buying the favors of working-class girls in the worst-paid fields of employment, field workers, slaveys, and shopgirls, people who rarely ate meat more than once a week and who had to get by a great deal of the time on bread and scrape and cups of tea. As a result of his experiences, he concluded that a square meal, as such, was so powerful an aphrodisiac that no woman who was propositioned immediately after eating one could be expected to put up more than the merest token of resistance. This thesis has been restated recently, in what some will find more acceptable language, by the German nutritionist Dr. Hans Balzli, who has said that "we" are more susceptible to the ecstasy of love after a perfect meal than at any other time. The whole subject is explored entertainingly and very informatively in an appendix on aphrodisiacs in general that is attached to Philippa Pullar's scholarly book about the origins of the eating habits of the English, *Consuming Passions.* Mrs. Pullar leaves little room for doubt that almost all the cherished lore of aphrodisiacs is composed of rationalization and embroidery on the simple truth that those who eat well have active sex lives and that the ill fed and the undernourished do not.

The interesting thing about the literature of eroticism, of which the literature of aphrodisiacs forms a part, is the rapidity with which authors in the field pass from practical common sense to the merest moonshine and back again. The Sheikh Nefzawi is absolutely typical in this respect. Having recommended a raft of repulsively composed, and highly dangerous, abortifacients, vaginal douches, and remedies for male impotence, he abruptly draws breath and observes that the real secrets of success in the sack are bodily health, the absence of all care and worry, an unembarrassed mind, natural gaiety of spirit, good nourishment, wealth, and (though he doesn't put it in precisely this way) physically attractive and agreeable partners. This last point is close to the ultimate truth about aphrodisiacs; that nothing is so stimulating sexually as whatever it is you happen to fancy, and it is that, and that alone, that will really turn you on.

The genuine aphrodisiacs, the ones that in fact work, are the natural products of the human body that are ultimately decisive in the matter of who fancies whom. They are of a much more basic and primitive character than most people are willing to admit. I remember being rather taken aback and disgusted years ago when I learned that it was part of the rural folklore of Southwestern (Continued on page 197)

It's true that love makes you sexier

And vice versa. Happily, there's nothing new about that. What is new in the loving picture at right is the way she's played her beauty today, warmed up to golden russety tones and the berry-red mouth—smouldery colorings intensified by a scarlet chiffon headwrap, magenta suède jacket, berry-red chiffon shirt. Her makeup's from the Coty Award Collection, and deserves a prize for the wonderful gilded tawniness of Classic Brown Frosted Creme Eye Shadow polished with a soft patina of Seventh Avenue Gold . . . cheeks frankly blushed from a translucent Peach Blush Pot . . . mouth glossed with a Directional Russet protein Silk Stick. Happy combination. . . . Her jacket, shirt, and head wrap—from Halston Limited. His gilded-lip bracelet by Noma for Donald Stannard: at Bloomingdale's.

AVEDON



NIGHT



LIGHTS

welcome back the woman who lights up the room

She's beautiful, casual, confident, sexy. In absolutely great shape—and wearing the dress that makes it pay off.... **Bare for all it's worth** and very, very close to the body—there's nothing much to it, which is saying a lot. Black crochet with bursts of brightness and an easy little cardigan to toss over bare shoulders (or not).... **She's in the pink** and makes the most of it, with Max Factor's new pink and lilac eye shadows, ripe-sugarplum mouth.

Crocheted wool-and-silk halter dress and cardigan by Adolfo. About $395. Saks Fifth Avenue. The head, small and glossy in a short-cropped Dynel wig by Adolfo for Abbott Tresses, as arranged by Suga. Accessories, on the next to last page of this issue.

BEAUTY PROMPTER: The delicious new Sugarfrost Plums by Max Factor—Shimmer Shadow Duo of Sugarfrost Lilac and Petalfrost Pink for eyes, and lips ripened with Candy Plum UltraLucent Whipped Creme Frost Lipstick.

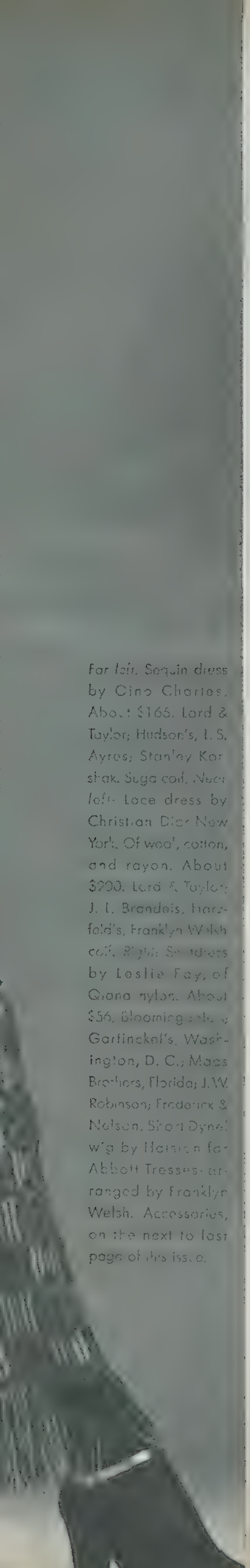
AVEDON

Bright black sequins, left, all that sparkle and light—as a feather—with sleeves loose on the wrists, violet sash, a twinkle of stripes. **Lace to the ankle,** near right: a dress for the small-boned woman—lilac-and-beige, the top fringed over a soft, softly gathered skirt. **Shirtdressing,** far right: the easy, effortless luxury of it, in a wonderful rich *wash-able* red, buttoned—sort of—with shine-stones.... And whether glimpsed in silver straps or highly visible in red, **ankles** are very much part of the beauty....

AVEDON

NIGHT LIGHTS

be your own woman in sequins, lace, stoplight red



For lair. Sequin dress by Cino Charles. About $165. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's, L.S. Ayres; Stanley Korshak. Suga coif. *Near left.* Lace dress by Christian Dior New York. Of wool, cotton, and rayon. About $200. Lord & Taylor; J. L. Brandeis, Harzfeld's, Franklyn Welsh coif. *Right:* Sequin dress by Leslie Fay, of Qiana nylon. About $56. Bloomingdale's; Gartinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Maas Brothers, Florida; J.W. Robinson; Frederick & Nelson. Short Dynel wig by Hairdon for Abbott Tresses; arranged by Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, on the next to last page of this issue.





NIGHT LIGHTS

go all out in black– very covered or very bare

All the wrap in the world, left, is here in a long cape of black Swakara with black sable-tail tassels on the hood; the face —framed by dark fur—the focus for all this all-out luxury. **Halter jumpshorts,** near right: the merest little cling of silky black jersey, matching longer cardigan topping it off, and the beauty of **long legs** that seem to go on forever with the lift of black suède platform sandals with high, gutsy heels. **The fur-swirled cape wrap,** far right: supple black wool jersey with just enough fullness to wrap you up...in just the right length to zero in on pretty legs with a rolling hem of black fox.



Far left: Cape of dyed black Swakara broadtail lamb from South West Africa with dyed black Russian sable tails, by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Left:* Jump-shorts turnout, made to order by Halston Limited, in rayon and silk jersey (Jasco Fabrics). Jump-shorts, about $260; knee-covering cardigan, about $130. *Right:* Cape wrap by Pauline Trigère, of jersey with dyed black Norwegian fox. With a matching gilt-bibbed dress (not shown), at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C. Coiffures, both pages, by Suga. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

Enjoy yourself in a romantic black dress, spikey mink fur jacket

The evening dress, right, that's so pretty and romantic you'll wish you could live in it—black silk jacquard with medieval sleeves puffed at the shoulder, tight on the wrist...narrowness through the waist...a hem that flickers around trim ankles. **Small-jacket extravaganza,** far right: fireworks display of sharp black-and-white monkey-fur markings...midriff bare above black satin pants—to wear some bright night with your **hair soft and swinging.**

Near right: Dress by Adele Simpson. About $260. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. *Far right:* Pants of acetate and rayon (Staron satin), about $100, and Ethiopian monkey fur jacket, both made to order at Halston Limited. Coiffures: Suga. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

BEAUTY PROMPTER: Hair that swings, shines, and holds its curve is very often hair that's treated to new Breck Basic Silk 'n Hold Conditioner.



NIGHT LIGHTS

be a beauty in the perfect pants suit

The pants suit that makes your evening... and everybody else's, left: black wool cut to perfection, like a man's smoking—you walk into the room and the effect is immediately feminine. With a stock-tied white satin shirt and outsize black satin beret like a full-blown rose, shown close up at right, with a beauty of an onyx watch marked in diamonds strapped over the wrist ...and pale **porcelain skin.**

A woolmark pants suit by Gustave Tassell, of Lafitte wool. At Bonwit Teller; Joske's Houston; I. Magnin. Beret by Mr. John. Piaget watch: Van Cleef & Arpels. Edith Imre wig, as arranged by Suga. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

BEAUTY PROMPTER: Makeup that looks as dewy as morning—a lemony one—thanks to Etherea's Under Makeup Emollient Lotion.

AVEDON



YOUR COUNTRY'S YOUR

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Secrecy is the lubricant of life. Where would any of us be if total disclosure were the rule? What marriages, what friendships, what business relations, what institutions would survive? Secrecy is the means by which we protect privacy; and privacy is the means by which we secure our sense of self. "The right to be let alone," as Justice Louis D. Brandeis used to say, "is the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men."

Does this right apply to government? The Founding Fathers thought so, to a degree at least. The Federalist Papers observed, "So essentially have we heretofore suffered from the want of secrecy and dispatch, that the Constitution would have been inexcusably defective, if no attention had been paid to these objects." The Bill of Rights guaranteed the freedom of the press. But it did not reserve reporters seats around the cabinet table.

SECRETS ARE NEVER DECISIVE IN INTERNATIONAL CONFLICT. THE ENEMY KNOWS MANY OF THEM ANYWAY.

At the same time secrecy has its limits. Marriage may not require every husband to confess his innermost thoughts to his wife, but it does benefit from a reasonable amount of reciprocal candor. Democracy will not mean very much if a measure of mutual trust does not exist between government and people. The question that burst on us last summer with the unauthorized publication of the Pentagon Papers is that of drawing the line. Where does the government's right to privacy end? At what point in a democracy does official secrecy become undemocratic? How to balance the government's need for secrecy and dispatch with the people's right to know?

In domestic affairs the American government has not made a big thing of secrecy; but foreign policy has traditionally been another matter. Diplomacy, it was long assumed, was the monopoly of the diplomats. The less the people knew about foreign relations, the better. "To admit, then, a right in the House of Representatives to demand . . . all the papers respecting a negotiation with a foreign power," President Washington told Congress, "would be to establish a dangerous precedent." In foreign affairs, Alexis de Tocqueville said, a democracy obeyed impulse rather than prudence, lacked system and staying power, could not "combine its measures with secrecy or await their consequences with patience. . . . Foreign politics demand scarcely any of those qualities which are peculiar to a democracy; they require, on the other hand, the perfect use of almost all those in which it is deficient."

Such views encouraged the notion that foreign policy was a sacred mystery, intelligible only to the initiated. For the most part, people in the nineteenth century did not mind being left out. Wars were limited in scope and infrequent in occurrence, and foreign relations were cheerfully consigned to the chancelleries. Then, as wars involved more people, the conduct of foreign affairs grew more dependent on the support of public opinion. The result was a rising need, reluctantly recognized, to let the public in.

The democratization of diplomacy began quite naturally in the United States. Indeed, in view of the fuss over the Pentagon Papers, it is useful to recall that in 1861 the Department of State started an annual publication of diplomatic correspondence in a series entitled *Foreign Relations of the United States* and that, until the present century, the new volume each year published the official secrets of the year preceding. In due course, it fell to an American President to carry republican logic farther and proclaim what came to be called the New Diplomacy. "It will be our wish and purpose," Woodrow Wilson said in 1917, "that the processes of peace, when they are begun, shall be absolutely open, and that they shall involve and permit henceforth no secret understandings of any kind."

Wilson's call for "open covenants of peace, openly arrived at" meant, as he put it in the first of his Fourteen Points, that "diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view." This was a noble but unlikely objective. Wilson himself was not always faithful to it. He did not expect the idea of "open diplomacy" to apply, for example, to the internal processes of the government. But even in dealing with foreign states diplomacy cannot proceed always in the public view. It is noteworthy that, as American stakes in world affairs grew more weighty, the volumes of *Foreign Relations* lagged increasingly behind the events.

There are good reasons why totally open diplomacy is an impossibility. Secrecy is required to protect certain definite kinds of information: negotiating strategies; techniques and channels of intelligence collection; military plans, movements, and weaponry; codes; and, it must be added, gossip about political leaders. In such areas premature disclosure might well cause injury to the security interests of the United States. And, if the system of classification—that is, the system of labeling government documents TOP SECRET, SECRET, or CONFIDENTIAL—were rigorously confined to these categories of information, or if, at the least, speedy declassification procedures were applied to less "sensitive" categories, I do not think that newspapermen or historians or voters would have serious cause for complaint.

The trouble is that in the years since the Second World War our classification policy has run amok. William G. Florence, a senior official in Pentagon security for more than a quarter of a century, told a House committee last summer how the system, originally designed for the narrow field of military intelligence, had spread across the government and seized unto itself increasing areas of nonmilitary information. For years now, in office after office, conscientious men have been earnestly stamping papers and cramming them into safes.

The classification fetish has long since passed beyond the bounds of utility. The top security policy officer of the Defense Department, according to Mr. Florence, even believes that "the classification system can and should apply to information in the public domain." Under this expansive doctrine, documents are stamped even though they may contain no item of information qualifying for classification. So many press cuttings were marked SECRET around the Navy Department that a special directive finally went out telling officials to stop stamping newspapers. One member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff circularized his colleagues urging reduction in the use of TOP SECRET; the note itself was TOP SECRET. Mr. Florence estimates that twenty million—twenty million!—defense classified documents, including copies, are in existence and that "the disclosure of information in at least 99½ percent of those classified documents could not be prejudicial to the defense interests of the nation." And, of course, information in these documents is furtively disclosed every day to members of Congress or the press—whenever a government official finds leaking to his own or his agency's advantage.

Any fool or knave is tempted to seek immunity by locking up documents that might prove his stupidity or venality.

A security process like this is obviously its own worst enemy. As Potter Stewart sagaciously commented in the Supreme Court decision on the Pentagon Papers, the first principle of a rational system should be "an insistence upon avoiding secrecy for its own sake. For when everything is classified, then nothing is classified." A system like our present one, Mr. Justice

SECRETS—RIGHT TO KNOW

Stewart adds, not only invites defiance but will be "manipulated by those intent on self-protection or self-promotion."

These last words—self-promotion and self-protection—begin to explain why the system has run wild. It is partly the internal momentum of the bureaucracy, where it is always wiser to play it safe than to take risks. Mr. Florence remarked that he has never known anyone disciplined for over-classifying a document; the charge of underclassification, however, got many people into trouble. Moreover, officials relish the status bestowed by the rubber stamp. "Hundreds of thousands of individuals at all echelons in the Department of Defense practice classification as a way of life." And classification is an attention-grabber. Busy officials would be more likely to read the telephone book if it were marked TOP SECRET than an epistle of St. Paul if it were unclassified.

Self-protection is a more sinister motive. Any fool or knave in government service is tempted to seek immunity by stamping and thus locking up documents that might prove his stupidity or venality. The real agitation over the Pentagon Papers was less over damage to the safety of the nation than over damage to confidence in the government. Yet government, after all, is a high-risk occupation. It hardly serves the republic if the TOP SECRET stamp is to shield officials from accountability for misjudgment or folly.

An even more potent motive behind the classification orgy is the desire to preserve control over foreign policy. Governments fear disclosure because the people or their representatives might not, in their unsophistication, appreciate some of their favorite ideas. The argument here is occasionally but not always strong. Perhaps, if others had known what governments had in mind, the world might have been deprived of such brilliant adventures as the Suez affair of 1956 or the Bay of Pigs or even the Vietnam war. Mankind, one thinks, would have survived.

Still, the instinct for monopoly exists in every foreign office. This is why governments propagate the theory that only those who see TOP SECRET cables know enough to make intelligent judgments on questions of foreign policy. Though this theory has intimidated Senators and pundits, it is, I regret to say, nonsense. As one anointed at various times over the last quarter century with the right to read classified cables, I can testify that 98 percent of the information required for intelligent political judgment is unclassified and, indeed, is available to any careful student of *The New York Times*. I have mentioned certain categories of information where classification is legitimate; I will add here that total immersion in these categories is rarely necessary in order to reach sensible conclusions about a foreign situation. Indeed, the TOP SECRET label often confers a spurious impression of authority or expertise. Our government would have had a much wiser Vietnam policy if it had never received a coded cable from our ambassadors and generals in Vietnam and had relied instead on the estimate of the problem supplied in the clear by American newspapermen. The myth of inside information is simply a way to prevent democratic control of foreign policy.

Foreign policy is too important to be regarded as the private property of the executive.

What should the rule of reason be? First, it must be said that, with all the imperfections of American policy in this field, we order these things much more intelligently than any other power. Our State Department opens its files to scholars after thirty years. Only Great Britain and Canada do as well; most other countries still cling to a fifty-year rule or have no rule at all. In France copies of documents since 1871 must be cleared before they are used. The Bolsheviks, with vast self-congratulation, denounced the Old Diplomacy and published the czarist secret treaties. But the suggestion that they throw open their own archives is rejected with incredulity. Scholars asking questions in Moscow are sometimes treated like spies.

Our *Foreign Relations* series is still ahead of comparable publications by other governments. No other country, for example, is publishing post-Second World War documents on a regular basis. But, though President Kennedy authorized and urged the *Foreign Relations* series not to fall more than twenty years behind currency, it is twenty-five years behind today. To bring *Foreign Relations* back to the twenty-year line will take courage and money. Our highly professional Historical Office in the State Department needs a larger budget if it is to do the job. Above all, it needs support in the campaign to declassify official documents.

Declassification is the vital issue. Many argue now for automatic and blanket declassification of most documents after a fixed period of years with provision for the department involved to claim exceptions by making specific cases in particular instances. George W. Ball, a former Undersecretary of State and an astute and experienced man, recently remarked he could see no great problem about a five-year rule. This is a bold suggestion, perhaps a little too bold for any government to accept. It is important that the system of disclosure not be so rapid as to inhibit officials from making unorthodox suggestions or to invite fishing expeditions by one party in the files of another. Perhaps ten years, which would delay the opening for two and a half administrations, might make more sense. But there is surely no overriding national security argument why the electorate should be denied essential knowledge about foreign policy for an entire generation.

The theory that only those who see TOP SECRET cables know enough to make intelligent judgments is nonsense.

The reason for this is not only such abstractions as the "people's right to know." It is primarily that wider knowledge would improve our conduct of foreign affairs. If we understand why we did well or badly in the recent past, we are likely to do better in the immediate future. One plain lesson of the Vietnam catastrophe is that foreign policy is too important to be regarded as the private property of the executive.

It is true that the executive must retain predominance in the making of foreign policy. It is true also that, when in recent years predominance began to turn into command, this came about as much from renunciation by Congress as from usurpation by Presidents. In the middle 'sixties Congress was quite happy to let Lyndon Johnson carry the can of Vietnam. The result was, as Senator Fulbright has observed, that Congress figures in the Pentagon Papers only as an object of condescension or a target for manipulation, never as a potential source of good advice. But, in retrospect, who was more right about Vietnam? Senator Fulbright or Secretary Rusk? Senator McGovern or Special Assistant Rostow? It is certainly hard to argue that our Vietnam policy could have been any worse if it had been made on the Hill, or if the American people had known at the time what the Pentagon Papers have at last revealed to them. There may, after all, be a point to the New Diplomacy. People bear the brunt of war. It is hardly unreasonable that they should wish to know why they have had to die and kill and pay the taxes. Their demand that sacrifice makes sense doubtless encourages governments to think up phony moral and ideological reasons for war, as our government did in Vietnam. But, even with this, the demand does not seem such a bad thing.

Possession of a secret may swell bureaucratic self-esteem, but the importance of secrecy in government operation (Continued on page 202)



Spain

Paillettes at night from Pertegaz and Elio Berhanger... and the sharp new look for men at Lino

In Spain, the luxury of perfect workmanship...superb tailoring ...uncomplicated clothes to please all the women who dress from the Spanish couture....At Pertegaz—the master tailor's hand in day and evening looks.... At Elio Berhanyer—lots of black and black and white for evening. ...At Rovira—soft, wonderful tweeds....At Mitzou—her own special suèdes—one pale-grey paratrooper suit, buttery as a glove, with the surprise of a bright red satin shirt. And suède moccasins or boots with everything....Very pretty evenings everywhere in Madrid, like **the smoking in checkerboard paillettes,** opposite, worn by Diane de Monbrison—shimmery black-and-bronze squares over a black silk jersey T and easy black trousers, paillettes all the way—the perfect pants tailleur at Pertegaz....**Great way for a man to look,** center, from Lino, the first Spanish couturier to put together his own men's collection. Snappy double-breasted navy jacket, short as a matador's in front, longer in back. With a white turtleneck, white sailor pants. The man in gear—Alexander Russell, son of the British Ambassador to Spain. ...Diane de Monbrison, left, in a look every man will love—**the sexiest black evening dress** from Elio Berhanyer—bare halter top, small, deeply belted waist, and deeply slit skirt, all in a blaze of paillettes.

Opposite: Pertegaz turnout, of Cadena fabric. At Chez Ninon; I. Magnin, El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City....*Center:* Turnout designed by Lino, executed by Cristobal. Jacket of wool broadcloth.... *Left:* Elio Berhanyer dress, with a sheltering little jacket (not shown). Of Cadena fabric. At I. Magnin. Coiffures Duran.

HENRY CLARKE

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . BOOKS

THE SYLVIA PLATH CULT

The best-selling novelist, poet, and new heroine for women, eight years after her death, is having a blast of fame. She is remembered here

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

I hadn't realized until recently, while I was speaking on a television program with Germaine Greer and several other women writers I admire, that Sylvia Plath had become something of a heroine of the feminist movement. The myth being, as I understood it, that here was a girl with tremendous literary gifts who married, had two children, and then, hopelessly burdened and appalled by her bleak domestic situation, finally put her head in the oven, turned on the gas, and died. Now, I don't mean to minimize this kind of domestic despair, which can be very real indeed. This is still a climate after all where not long ago a female psychiatrist could inform a dinner party that having a child was the most creative thing a woman could do; and I could only shudderingly imagine some patient of this very dangerous doctor, housebound with a baby, lonely, bored, still pricked and goaded by former aspirations toward literature, music, art, and wondering desperately why she wasn't feeling fulfilled. But though the cause is just, Sylvia Plath is simply no heroine for this or any other movement. Because, alas, that girl was dead from the beginning, passionately, madly in love with death. And if she did succeed in killing herself in the kitchen after having married and having had those two babies, it was just that she had failed other times, once while still in college, when, after a disappearance of several days, they found her in a subbasement of her house, curled up in blackness, filmy with cobwebs.

The joke is that I knew her and never sensed the blackness, never caught the aroma of death about her. On the contrary. She was a student at Smith when I was a faculty wife, a lovely outgoing young blond girl, not *much* younger than I, with a free and easy, already much locally celebrated literary talent that some called glib. I took her side completely and assumed that the carping was based on sheer envy, the usual suspicions of stiff, dreary middle age toward youthful charm and facility. I knew about Sylvia's attempted suicide also, which was common knowledge and a not too uncommon experience. Girls were always cracking up under the strain of hard work and the pressures of an exclusively female society and having to be resuscitated and reassured, like young men anxious about their masculinity—though it was funny to think of anybody as gifted and sweet as Sylvia, so much the fair-haired girl, needing to be reassured about anything. Later on, she came back to teach at Smith; and oh, what a mighty fall was that, from being their fair-haired darling to being one of *them*. I gathered she took it hard, and I sympathized (or empathized) so much that I started a new novel based on precisely that situation, a favorite student coming back to teach at her old college, a life-lover who is always being told to play dead. Except that the "life-lover" suddenly did die, sending a cold, terrifying chill through my heart, as if I had opened King Tut's tomb by mistake. Then somebody sent me Sylvia's own novel, *The Bell Jar,* which had been published in England, though not then in America (it has been issued now by Harper & Row), not because of family opposition, as still another rumor has it, but because it really wasn't a very good book. She herself called it a potboiler, and she was right. The slick effects, those quick hit-and-run journalistic paragraphs, that—dare I say it?— glibness. But now what chilled the heart was that it had turned out to be all a facade—the sweetness, the modesty, the golden prettiness, the amiable charm, just a front to fool us until she could get on with the business of dying. She was only a dead girl on a visit, and a very short visit at that.

For most of us, despair comes from seeing that the world is beautiful and yet being unable to grasp it, and rage from caring so much about life, expecting so much from it that it invariably either terrifies or disappoints. Whereas in *The Bell Jar,* Sylvia regards the fact of existence with a dull remote pain from which all expectation is absent, yet never questions this fault of vision in herself. It is a book full of disgust and loathing, a hatred of men—e.g., the famous description of male genitalia as "turkey neck and turkey gizzards," a boy at the beach seen from a distance as a bisected white worm—and, of course, of the sex act itself. Inevitably she hemorrhages the first time she has intercourse, though, as the doctor informs her, it's a one in a million experience. But the heroine also loathes babies, other women at their work—Jay Cee, the magazine editor; her widowed mother trying to make a living teaching typing and shorthand; Dodo feeding her many children somehow *esthetically* all the wrong things: Rice Krispies, peanut-butter-and-marshmallow sandwiches, gallons of milk—and totally fails in compassion toward another young girl suffering a breakdown like hers. In short, there is a detestation here for everything that is life. If there is pity, it's self-pity, unmoving except for the one scene of real loss when she lies sobbing across her father's grave.

". . . I was ten when they buried you./At twenty I tried to die/And get back, back, back to you./I thought even the bones would do." But these are lines not from *The Bell Jar* but from *Ariel,* that magnificent stunning burst of poems written before she died, a volume already so much appreciated by poets and critics that there is no need for me to appreciate it again now. But here she is, right in the heart of her subject. Babies again, but now rubies, roses. "Viciousness in the kitchen," where the potatoes hiss. Death stared right in the face. ". . . Masturbating a glitter,/He wants to be loved." "He tells me how sweet/The babies look in their hospital/Icebox, a simple/Frill at the neck,/Then the flutings of their Ionian/Death-gowns,/Then two little feet." Passion, rage, anger fill these poems. Sylvia, the *real* Sylvia, had entered into her proper subject at last. Yet, there is an irony about a poet's celebrating death, the act of art and celebration, which mean life. I don't know how Sylvia finally came to write these poems, or, in fact, how she finally came to succeed in dying. But I have a feeling that this time it wasn't being stymied by life that made Sylvia kill herself but the wondrous terror of entering into the heart of it at last. ▼



JILL KREMENTZ

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

THEATER

"BROADWAY... MORE DARING THAN OFF-BROADWAY"

Larry Arrick, the dare-do New York director, will bring three of Philip Roth's biting stories to Broadway this season.

Shooting toward Broadway theater now, a self-guided missile, twenty years on the way. Heat, light, loud noise are expectable when Larry Arrick, in the muscular, uninhibited style he developed through years in improvisational cabarets (Chicago's Second City), college teaching, movies, television, and Off-Broadway direction of Albee and Arrabal plays, hits the old street with a new kind of play. "I'm hunting for ways to put prose fiction onstage without destroying the thing that attracted me to it in the first place," he said of his coming producion of stories—"Epstein," "Defender of the Faith," and "Eli, the Fanatic"—by Philip Roth. His target: a metaphor that will make audiences care about the writer without bringing him on as a tweed-jacketed actor smoking a pipe. Chin chucked in, eyes angled over glasses, Arrick, turning forty, looks the kindly old psychoanalyst rather than the think-wild director. But his gentle probing is incendiary. He was photographed, *above*, at the John Drew Theatre in East Hampton, New York, where his productions included Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*. Another Heller play was one of Arrick's notable flame-ups earlier at the Yale School of Drama Repertory Theatre: the controversial *We Bombed in New Haven*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . ART

THE FIRST U.S. LOOK AT RUSSIAN ART RUSSIA CAN'T SEE

The suppressed Russian art of the 'twenties takes on new meaning seen here; at The New York Cultural Center. Reviewed

BY BARBARA ROSE

"The Great Experiment" is what Camilla Gray called Constructivism, the art produced in Russia just prior to and following the 1917 Revolution. Until quite recently, her book, published in 1962, provided virtually all the knowledge in the West regarding the only attempt by a modern state to institute modern art as its official style, communicating with the masses, even in such sensitive areas as propaganda, in the language developed by an elite group of advanced artists. The difficulty of teaching this new visual language to a mass of peasants and workers just learning how to read was considerable, but real efforts were made to educate the people in modern design and form as they learned about modern industry. Like America, Russia is a vast continent. To reach remote villages, agitprop trains were sent out carrying revolutionary posters designed, in a photo-montage style derived from Cubist collage, by such leading Russian artists as the painter Alexander Rodchenko and the poet Vladimir Mayakovsky. In the cities and towns, great public spectacles were arranged with mobile sets and costumes by Kasimir Malevich, Marc Chagall, El Lissitzky, and Liubov Popova; these were more advanced than anything we are seeing today. Plaster monuments (many unfortunately now lost) in the Constructivist style were hastily erected in public squares to celebrate the victory of the proletariat. Soon, however, the radicality of such works as Vladimir Tatlin's architectural kinetic tower, the "Monument to the Third International," caused so much controversy that a conservative backlash brought the "great experiment" to an end, sending its major figures into exile. Several, including Kasimir Malevich, the leading theoretician of the Russian avant-garde, found their way to Germany where their revolutionary ideas provided the foundation of the curriculum of the Bauhaus. The Bauhaus then became the casualty of yet another political reaction; and its members, refugees in America, where a great revival of interest in Russian Constructivism is now taking place, ironically completing the circle of the precarious life of experimental art in modern mass society.

Two major recent exhibitions have as their subject the art of the Russian Revolution. Stressing painting and sculpture, the first originated at Cornell University and was exhibited this summer at The Brooklyn Museum. Now The New York Cultural Center is showing "Art in Revolution," an extensive documentary survey originally assembled by the Arts Council of Great Britain in cooperation with the Russian government. The first official Soviet recognition of one of the signal moments of modern art, the exhibition includes all phases of Constructivism—design, typography, agitprop posters and mass graphics, architecture and city planning, film and photography—as well as a movie of material drawn from contemporary Russian archives. In a sense, such a comprehensive overview is truer to the spirit of Constructivism, which sought to take the painter and sculptor out of his studio and make him a practical worker, a planner, a design engineer, a street artist directly in touch with the masses. The view given is of a period so rich in invention, fertile in imagination, and prophetic in conceptions that one is left feeling both inspired and depressed: inspired by the idea of what official government patronage of modern art can create; depressed by the failure of the "great experiment" to convert, not the masses who may well

have been reached, but the philistine bureaucrats determined to impose policy in all areas, including the esthetic.

The relevance of Constructivism to the present situation in America is obvious. Not since the WPA (Work Projects Administration) has politics been such a central issue in the art world. Although Hans Haacke's potentially inflammatory show was canceled by the Guggenheim, other museums, including such Establishment bastions as The Museum of Modern Art, have prominently displayed protest art this year. The New York Cultural Center, formerly Huntington Hartford's Pre-Raphaelite plaything but now run by Fairleigh Dickinson University, has been foremost among such institutions. Earlier this year, Diego Rivera's highly political murals were shown there; and a continuous exhibition titled "Collage of Indignation II," consisting of original designs for anti-war posters donated to the Peace Action Coalition, called attention to the involvement of such prominent American artists as Robert Rauschenberg, Don Judd, James Rosenquist, and Jack Youngerman in the peace movement. The current "Art in Revolution" is a fascinating must for anyone interested in that brief but brilliant moment when radical art joined hands with radical politics for the first and last time during the twentieth century. Feeling called upon to issue their own anti-catalogue for the original London exhibition, the Russians made what is perhaps the understatement of the century in an appraisal of the impact of Constructivism. In a translation that leaves something to be desired, they summed it up: "Winds of revolution produced more and more waves of artistic ideas but not all reached the shore. . . ." The shore, it appears at this moment, is America. ▼

***PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT** the new look at Constructivism—the Russian movement that glorified the use of new materials (steel, plastic, glass), the esthetic of the machine, and "construction" as the creative act—provided by "Art in Revolution: Soviet Art and Design Since 1917," at The New York Cultural Center, New York City until October 31. Shown here, one of over three hundred works in the exhibition: a model of Popova's set for* The Magnanimous Cuckold, *a play produced by Meyerhold in Moscow in 1922. The exhibition, first assembled by the Hayward Gallery in London last spring, has been a sensation. The Soviet government, which suppresses works from the post-Revolutionary period at home, loaned major works never before exhibited and then had second thoughts. The resulting controversy was fierce, a tribute to the works of art, now almost fifty years old, and part of a ground swell of new interest in Constructivism.*

HOW TO LOVE THAT MACHINE

and what to look for while watching a good-bad spectacular.
The Love Machine, ***reviewed***

BY MURIEL RESNIK

It was opening day at Loew's Orpheum. I gave the usher my ticket. He gave me a forty-five rpm record of Dionne Warwick singing the theme song, "He's Moving On," and a sample of Xanadu perfume glued to a card. WATCH AMANDA MARK HIS FAVORITE SPOT WITH XANADU IN THE XCITING NEW MOVIE *THE LOVE MACHINE*, the card said. HERE'S A TOUCH OF XANADU FRAGRANCE BY FABERGÉ FOR YOU TO DO THE SAME. I could hardly wait to find out where his favorite spot was, but fortunately there was time before the movie started to purchase a Mounds and a Milk Shake candy bar. Once seated, waiting for the lights to go out and the movie to begin, listening to Miss Warwick warble "He's Moving On" (an instantly forgettable tune), I couldn't help noticing that the people around me seemed to be chewing with more than ordinary fervor. Directly in front of me, a very tall woman with mahogany nail polish and a very short man with inordinately large, round glasses sat in silent communion, staring at the screen and holding hands. Yes, there was a feeling of something special about to happen.

The lights dimmed, the curtains parted, the screen came to life with the logo of Columbia Pictures. The little man in front of me turned and shoved his wizened face at me. "Will you stop rattling paper," he demanded, unsteadily. All keyed up, he was.

Jaws glued together with a luscious mix of chocolate, caramel, and malt, unable to answer, I hastily stripped the paper from my remaining confections, letting it drift noiselessly to the floor. In spite of this immediate show of good will, they moved. I was, therefore, unable to judge their reaction to the film.

I was bemused. Where *was* his favorite spot? Had I missed something? There was a sense of anticlimax, of lassitude, ennui.

God knows, *The Love Machine* has been produced with the care and respect one would give the "Book of Job." Robert Ryan, Dyan Cannon, David Hemmings, Jackie Cooper, John Phillip Law, under the direction of Jack Haley, Jr., give their best. They take it very seriously. *Everyone* takes it very seriously. Perhaps that's what's wrong.

And there's a certain pungency, i.e.:

¶ This is the only straight movie I've seen in which the camera spends more time on the pectorals of the hero (John Phillip Law) than on those of his bedmates.

¶ Maureen Arthur as Ethel Evans, the "celebrity banger," while wearing a mini chinchilla coat and matching hat, makes a vulgar gesture in general use by waiters in small pizzerie.

¶ Robin Stone (John Phillip Law) makes love to and showers with identical-twin teen-aged nudes, the Misses Mary and Madeleine Collinson, originally of Malta, more recently of London and the October, 1970, *Playboy* centerfold.

¶ Dyan Cannon, as the supposedly elegant wife of the head of the network, manages to make four-letter words sound dirty again.

¶ Jacqueline Susann appears briefly, the size of a postage stamp.

¶ David Hemmings, the good gay guy, delivers his lines like Angela Lansbury doing Bette Davis.

¶ There's a wonderfully vulgar brawl with Hemmings, Law, and Clinton Greyn (an English actor who shaves his armpits) all beating up on Dyan Cannon.

But so much for funkiness. The insurmountable difficulty is that everyone talks about Robin Stone, his ruthlessness, his killer instinct; they're all turned on by his sexuality, his animal magnetism; and we look at John Phillip Law—and what do we see? Another pretty face. Between silk sheets yet. John Phillip Law is *beautiful,* so beautiful that his anger seems



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT *the lousy luck of John Phillip Law,* above, *the star of* The Love Machine, *who, in spite of his good-guy charm, has gotten stuck with a run of bad roles, including the mangy-winged angel in* Barbarella. *Law, with his swimming blue eyes and scared-shy voice, is one of the new breed of* l'homme fatal, *the cold-hearted but winning victim of the liberated feminine libido. Offscreen, Law couldn't be nicer: He lives in the Los Angeles house in which he was born, drives hell out of his motorcycles, and breaks a few hearts that don't seem to mind a minute of the breaking.*

like petulance; his ruthlessness, bitchiness. *He* is more beautiful than *she.* Amanda. The tragic heroine.

In the novel, Amanda died of leukemia, permitting her to hang around for awhile. But as long as they're still standing on line around the world for *Love Story,* nobody else can go with leukemia without seeming like a knockoff. (Although I believe Miss Susann was into leukemia before Erich Segal.) So, Amanda goes with an overdose and what might be the beginning of a trend: the suicide note on tape. All those whispery little "Robin . . ."s on a handy cassette. Play it in your car, anytime, anywhere. (Another innovation: with one or two exceptions, *everyone* in *The Love Machine* drinks vodka. Scotch is *out.*)

Jodi Wexler, a former model who makes her début as Amanda, is rather sweet, with hair like blond cotton candy. If she hadn't killed herself, she'd have had a great future in split-ends commercials. Although, in a filmed commercial within the movie, she is exquisite, graceful, and perfectly lovely.

The Love Machine isn't good and it isn't bad, it's just one of your ordinary, terrible movies. Like television itself, the commercial is the best part. ▼

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

MOVIES

BOO! THE WORD FOR THE FALL FILM BOOM

Horror films, lavishly fanged, race sex and spectacle in the box-office stakes.

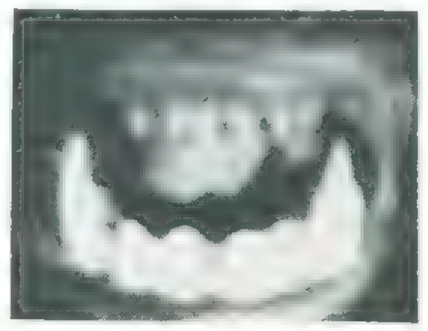
BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

Apparently, we are about to be inundated by a wave of horror movies, the men behind the glassine desks having decided that we are afraid of lust and bored with romance. I greet this news with no small measure of delight, since I have always been a willing victim, and thereby a fan, of horror films. That must seem like a gratuitous confession; but camp allegiances aside, I have been unusually willing to see into a horror movie, to allow each situation to grip me on its own terms, and to regard beasts and demons not as symbols but as actual carriers of terror still at large.

The assumption behind most horror films is that people go to the movies to share in two basic emotions: love and pain. If you can locate the nexus of these emotions in a culturally neutral situation, people will be frightened and entertained at the same time. What is "neutral" in a horror movie may be the costumes, the locale, the dialogue, or even the tone of the film. What matters is the crucial element which allows an audience to believe that the threat being posed is unreal. The more apparent that neutrality is, the more likely we are to think of the film we are watching as an entertainment, designed to diminish rather than provoke anxiety.

Most horror films are invitations to relax. But sometimes, a film-maker who begins in the realm of fantasy can jolt us out of our complacency (as Val Lewton did in his ambiguous Cat People films and as Tod Browning did by showing us real freaks acting in a film about freaks). Lewton's films have always seemed possible and therefore terrifying to me. But I am also capable of being frightened by a film that seems impossible but real (Browning's *Dracula* [1931] comes immediately to mind). Of course, the experience of dread depends ultimately upon the viewer, upon his willingness to admit the breadth of sensation that a good horror film conveys. This may be difficult at times, because the best horror films seem so implausible at first. But it is precisely this feigned innocence that enables grade-C chillers to grab you unawares.

I love to feel myself sinking into the contours of a horror film; I love to feel it seize me, in spite of the fact that I'm sitting there with my wife, and toss me into the recesses of my childhood, when merely gazing into Bela Lugosi's eyes meant a week of staying away from mirrors, because, well . . . what if I didn't see myself? I keep looking for that kind of horror movie, but it's getting harder to find. I don't think I'm growing out of my susceptibility. I think we've lost our innocence where popular art is concerned, and I think the horror film has suffered immensely by its elevation into a genre. I keep hoping that among the squad of young directors who are going to be loosed upon this form will be at least one man who is not too jaded or too remote to have felt the elemental terror behind Bela Lugosi's etiquette when he assures his curious guest: "I don't drink . . . wine." ▼







a REFLECTION of now

MR. AND MRS. GARDNER COWLES'S NEW YORK APARTMENT BRILLIANTLY MIRRORS TODAY'S SURGE FOR NONSTOP SPACE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST

TEXT BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

Opposite: Mrs. Gardner Cowles in her living room, its sense of space heightened by sleight-of-eye shutters. The rainbow reflections in the shutters, a 1969 painting by Frank Stella. The stacked stainless-steel sculpture is by Beverly Pepper. *Above:* The entrance hall, now a showcase for Picasso's 1964 "Femme Couchée au Chat," paintings by Russell Cowles (Gardner's brother), and one by Rufino Tamayo. The Gaston Lachaise 1927 bronze in the distance is "The Elevation," hemmed by flowers.

For a woman whose husband is among the most active and influential figures in America, Mrs. Gardner Cowles strikes one as a remarkable blend of efficiency, outward calm, and total lack of self-importance.

Since 1937, when at the age of thirty-four Gardner Cowles founded *Look* magazine, he has become increasingly well known for his wide-ranging interests: political, industrial, educational, and cultural. Today, he is chairman of the board, editorial chairman, and editor-in-chief of Cowles Communications; a director of The New York Times Company, Macy's, and United Air Lines; a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard; a trustee of Drake and Miami Universities, Teachers College of Columbia University, and The Museum of Modern Art.

Although Mrs. Cowles dismisses her role in her husband's demanding life—"He runs his office, I run his house"—she, too, is concerned with the world outside her four walls. Once a newspaper editor, she is now a member of the Board of Directors of Phoenix House Foundation and of the Administrative Board of The Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. She is chairman of the Hospitality Committee of The Museum of Modern Art and was chairman this year of the Museum's Spring Benefit.

What she refers to as "his house" is actually not one (Continued on page 191)

FOR MR. AND MRS. COWLES, MIRROR SHUTTERS INSTEAD OF CURTAINS, GREAT GREENERY AND DEEP COMFORT



Above: White with plummy rose accents for maximum serenity in the living room. The Frank Stella painting soars across one wall, contrasts with the moody Dan Christensen canvas, "Antila," 1968, on the far wall. *Right:* In the living room, the sculpture to the side of the window is "The Queen," by Henry Moore. Over the marble hearth, a Cy Twombly 1969 painting. *Left:* In the library—a curving *aubergine* wall of books just off the hall (the Lachaise sculpture can be seen in the distance)—are Czechoslovakian glass, a T'ang horse. A 1967 Roy Lichtenstein painting, left, hangs above the checkerboard carpet designed by Guccione in Black Angus hide.

HORST





AN ARTFUL APPROACH TO THE NEW AND BOLD FOR MR. AND MRS. COWLES

The library, *left*, with its global interests, mixes comfort and diversion. Rose-leather captain's chairs are drawn to a French card table; another leather seating area curls into the book wall. *Below:* Above the cantilevered marble hearth hangs Ron Davis's plastic-on-plastic "Silver Slab." Plants everywhere are arranged precisely with a nearly Oriental delicacy.

Top: The dining room, high, wide, and welcoming—with *aubergine* walls curved around plum carpeting, vermilion-lacquered chairs inspired by an Adam wheel-back design, and Lucite and stainless-steel table bases by Albrizzi. A Picasso gouache hangs to the left, the Morris Louis, 1961 painting, "Number 11," in the background is flanked by white Sung vases. *Above:* Further art seen from the dining room, Andy Warhol's "Silver Liz," and, right, "Portrait of Jan" (Mrs. Cowles)

a POLISHED SENSE OF PATTERN FOR MR. AND MRS. COWLES

Left: Bedroom of the Cowleses' daughter Virginia, arranged with tender austerity. Except for the Roy Lichtenstein print, "Brushstroke," sculptured furniture shapes—the mushroom seats, for instance—provide the decorative elements in this mostly golden and white space. *Below left:* Jan Cowles in her not-so-secret garden—a flower-arranging corner especially tucked away just to the side of her kitchen, one of her private pleasures. Oranges and pinks are the preferred colors, "do most for the apartment," Mrs. Cowles said. She likes geraniums, daisies, arranges these and zinnias when in season in baskets or in glass bowls. *Below:* Jan Cowles's bedroom—a work of shining discipline, of waxed floors, clear colors, French blinds instead of curtains, a wooden Scandinavian sculpture, and a soft touch—a curvy sofa. The Marilyn Monroe portrait over the fireplace is Andy Warhol's as are the silk-screened flowers. *Opposite:* Mirrors cover Jan Cowles's bathroom wall—hundreds polka-dotted on a white ground—space-creating and reflecting Jim Dine's large lithograph, "Red Bathrobe," 1969, visible in the background through a transparent screen of mirror-dots-hung-on-string backing the bathtub sunken in an unmown rug.

HORST



VOGUE'S *SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS*



"I like my chicks to look sexy"



2



3

London: You know how it is with London boutique designers—they're the first to hit a new idea. And when they hit it, they hit it hard, and with a great sense of humor. Not that what they do rocks world fashion, but it's often an exaggerated indication of a mood in the air. Right now—brace yourself—Jane Russell rides again. The designer who's got this message the most is Anthony Price. And he's a man to watch. . . . **1.** Anthony Price's own sketch of his ideal girl. . . . **2.** Skin-tight grey cotton sateen pedal pushers, striped bat-wing shirt, and high heels. $24. At Che Guevara, 23-25 Kensington High Street. . . . **3.** Anthony Price and the girl with his kind of look photographed at The Hard Rock Cafe, a favorite new London hamburger joint. . . .

KARL STOECKER

4 and **5.** Anthony's sketch and the real thing —a voluptuous grey-and-white polka-dot cotton voile top, off the shoulder, ruffled, and cut to there, held up by shoulder straps. $20. . . . **6.** Red-and-white-striped cotton top, white cotton hip-hugging, front-slit skirt. Each, $17. . . . **7.** Skin-tight, shiny black ciré jumpsuit. $30. . . . **8.** Off-the-shoulder blue cotton top with shoulder straps. $18. Figure-fitting side-slit white cotton wrap skirt. $17. All these Anthony Price designs at Che Guevara, 23-25 Kensington High Street. . . . The perfect shoes for all this—open-toe high heels by Manolo Blahnik for Zapata, 49, Old Church Street. . . .











More on next page

VOGUE'S *SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS*





MAURICE HOGENBOOM

London: more news

The newest foot looks . . . **1.** High-heel crêpe-sole shoe in red-and-blue suède. . . . **2.** Apricot suède with clog-y platform covered in sequins. Both by Manolo Blahnik for Zapata, 49 Old Church Street.



3. On top—the hair shaped really short. This neat little head is by Christopher of Vidal Sassoon. Once cut, the hair dries naturally, doesn't even require combing. . . .





4. New-looking coat in bright blanket plaid. Watch the swing to the back—and the new shorter pants, narrow as pipe stems. About $44. From Sterling Cooper, 26 Wigmore St. . . . **5.** This is the sign at Mr. Chow's new restaurant. Like an American luncheonette, it serves hamburgers, Cokes, and Elvis Presley on the jukebox—and it's jammed. . . . **6.** Posing here, adorable Delia—half of designing team Pablo and Delia, living in London now. They've come up with a silhouette worth watching—baggy clown pants plus square-cut tops. . . . Plaid mohair boxy cardigan, mustard suède baggies, about $80. . . . **7.** Brown suède poncho top, appliqué collar and cuffs, mustard suède appliqué pants, about $77. In London, at Boston 151 and Brown's. New York, Betsey, Bunky and Nini, 237 East 53rd Street. . . .

ARTHUR ELGORT





MRS. COWLES

(Continued from page 181)

house but three: or to be exact, a country house in Westchester County, New York; a house in Florida; and a Manhattan apartment.

The Westchester house, where Mr. and Mrs. Cowles spend their spring and summer weekends, is regularly filled from Friday to Monday with his and her children and grandchildren and an assortment of guests. Dinner for twenty is a frequent occurrence. At the Florida house on one occasion during the last Republican Convention, when Mrs. Cowles had been told to expect twenty-four guests for lunch, eighty-seven turned up. Their Manhattan apartment is not merely the oasis to which Gardner Cowles returns after a day's work, where their teen-age daughter, Virginia, joins them for her school vacations, and where Mrs. Cowles likes to lunch with her son, Charles, the publisher of *Art Forum*, but a frequent setting for the entertainments that Gardner Cowles's occupation and interests inevitably entail. In short, their two houses and their apartment have to be kept constantly in perfect running order and ready to receive an indefinite number of people at short notice.

When, a few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Cowles decided to give up a conventionally distinguished duplex on Park Avenue and to find somewhere else in New York to live, their motive was twofold: to make their weekday life less complicated by exchanging a multiplicity of rooms on two floors for one floor with fewer rooms but a more effective and practical use of space; and to create an interior accurately reflecting their tastes.

Mrs. Cowles did the house hunting. Mr. Cowles made the final choice: an apartment occupying an entire upper floor of a building on Fifth Avenue, with the advantage of a wide exposure not only on the Central Park side but on the other three sides as well.

To convert their new apartment to the very different kind of interior they had in mind, Mr. and Mrs. Cowles commissioned the noted contemporary architect and designer Paul Rudolf. After removing all the inner partitions, he substituted for the earlier interior plan a completely new distribution of the available space: creating fewer but, for the greater part, larger rooms with a minimum of doors and passages and a maximum of direct and reflected light. The library and living room and dining room—all doorless, and all with admirable views over the trees of Central Park—open out of a wide and unencumbered entrance hall lit by windows facing south. Since regulations prohibited any alteration to the exterior of the building, the windows of the apartment could not be enlarged. Instead, in almost all the rooms, the wall area immediately above and below the windows has been covered with mirror-plastic to give them the appearance—and, by dint of the reflected light from the mirror surfaces, something of the practical advantage, too—of floor-to-ceiling height. The construction of curved walls, one each in the living room and the library, and in the dining room, which is approximately oval in shape; the almost total absence of doors between adjoining rooms; the treatment of kitchen quarters and household closets not as unsightly necessities but as esthetically satisfying elements of an architectural whole, all have contributed to the impression of spatial flow, smooth and free, bathed in light, soothing to the senses and easy on the mind.

The transformation took about two years to complete. Mr. and Mrs. Cowles moved into their apartment in November, 1970.

Of the interior decoration, Mrs. Cowles likes to say that it is "a composite of the ideas of a number of people"—two interior designers, François Catroux of Paris and Mark Hampton of New York, and two members of her family, her husband and her son —"all within the framework created and executed by Paul Rudolf."

François Catroux suggested the addition of mirror-shutters to the mirror-prolonged windows; composed and found the fabrics for the geometrical massif of armchairs and sofas—compact as a fortress, alluring as an island—in the living room; and suggested the color *aubergine* for the curved wall spaces of the apartment's three principal rooms. Mark Hampton was responsible for the effective layout of the dining room, with its three small tables, and for the choice and execution of its red-lacquered chairs. He also decorated Mrs. Cowles's bedroom and oversaw the work of sanding, bleaching, and waxing to their present lightness the originally dark wood floors throughout the apartment.

Charles Cowles assembled for his parents' choice, and placed or hung the works of art that are among the apartment's principal attractions: sculptures by Lachaise, Arp, Henry Moore, Calder, Beverly Pepper, Doris Caesar, and paintings, drawings, lithographs, and prints by artists ranging from Cézanne, via Picasso, Magritte, Max Ernst, Tamayo, de Kooning, Roy Lichtenstein, Jasper Johns, Cy Twombly, Frank Stella, Andy Warhol, Edward Avedisian, to Dan Christensen and Jim Dine.

Gardner Cowles's only stipulation, according to his wife, was that the apartment should be not only contemporary but comfortable.

The interior has an unexpected quality of individuality, originality, good humor, and peace. One reason is the ever-changing, endlessly beguiling reflections in the mirror-plastic around the windows, taxis seem to skate up and down the walls like water beetles on a stream, and, as the viewer moves, conventional New York buildings appear and disappear in the improbable guise of gems of Romanesque architecture glimpsed, tantalizingly, from a plane or a train in France.

But the deepest reason is at once simpler and harder to describe: the unspoken contribution of Mrs. Cowles.

Those who know her best describe her best. But since she draws her friends from many worlds—one of the charms of even her largest parties is her talent for stirring creative artists (including the dressmakers and hairdressers whom she describes as "some of the most hard-working men I know") in with bankers and business executives—their composite image of her is many-faceted. Yet all of them dwell on her lack of flamboyance, her capacity always to have time, her frankness that is never rudeness, her genius for friendship, and her inner balance and strength.

One friend, a woman Californian-born like Jan Cowles, said of her: "I feel, each time I have been with her, refreshed and cooled, as though I had been sitting for a few minutes in a green and shaded part of a garden." No mean illusion for anyone to create for others in an apartment in present-day New York. ▼

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OLGA DE MEYER

(Continued from page 159)

Versailles revamped by Ritz. Rich people—and never had there been so many of them about—discovered that the chic thing to do was to squander their wealth prodigally. Never had there been such a profusion of servants and tiaras and orchids and sables. It was in this period that César Ritz exclaimed, "I see that in England there is a clientele prepared to pay any price for the best." For many, his hotel in Piccadilly replaced the great private homes that had become all too dull. Olga was one of the first regularly to frequent the dining room overlooking Green Park.

Olga saw her royal godparent often, and he was always affectionate and generous, but it was hard for him to admit her into his entourage since, having had a few too many adventures as Prince of Wales, as King he was endeavoring to maintain an impeccable facade. Ergo, Olga must be married.

With royal protection substituting for a dowry, a husband was sought whose means would enable such a handsome social capital to multiply. At the home of either the Sassoons or the Speyers, a young gentleman was found—one Adolph de Meyer-Jackson, tall, handsome, somewhat soft and pasty-faced but with an excellent tailor, a tidy fortune, and a lively hankering for high society. That his taste for women was less lively was a secondary consideration: he was far too sensible for there to be any scandal. His antecedents—Jewish father, Scottish mother—were equally unimportant, for he had established a considerable circle of connections. The *de* already embedded in his name signified he was halfway along the road to a title. The King, who knew him vaguely, saw to it that the young man was assured of royal goodwill were he to marry Olga. The marriage took place without delay.

To fill the cup of his benevolence, the King wanted the young couple to attend his coronation. But by what right? Every place, down to the very last, was reserved for official guests, peers, and their families. The King asked his cousin, the King of Saxony, to confer on Adolph the title of baron and the rank of chamberlain and to include him in the delegation that would represent Saxony at the ceremony in Westminster Abbey. The German sovereign agreed to his powerful cousin's request. First, Meyer had to take on German nationality. This accomplished, Adolph, in a handsome uniform with a gold key embroidered on the back, attended the coronation in the stand reserved for the diplomatic corps, while Olga sat in the Royal Box, on which all eyes were focused. In the front row reigned the Honorable Mrs. George Keppel, the King's supposed mistress, glittering in her beauty and her diamonds. Tactfully, Olga took her place in the second row, as did two or three other young society women, all of whom had to some degree captured the King's attention.

In London, during the first decade of this century, there was formed the kernel of the international set that became café society. The line separating this circle from the aristocracy was underscored by such remarks as Mrs. Keppel's to a friend of the De Meyers, who was a trifle too forward: "Dear Maud, may I call you Lady Neuman?" Olga, however, had enough tact to make people forget what her closet concealed. Yet despite all her triumphs, a few doors remained closed to her, or only half ajar. When the elderly Duchess of Devonshire recognized Olga, she would extend two fingers—three, perhaps, if the King were nearby.

The De Meyer household was more harmonious than pessimistic friends expected, so true is it that snobbism, which knows neither caprice nor fatigue, is a far stronger bond than love. The other bonds between Adolph and Olga were the theater, the opera, and painting. What free time his social activities left him the Baron devoted to taking admirable photographs of their friends. Cecil Beaton defined Baron de Meyer's art thus: "His was the triumph of mind over the matter of mechanism. By using a soft-focus lens of particular subtlety, he brought out the delicacy of attractive detail and ignored the blemishes that were unacceptable. With ladies in tiaras and silver lamé as his subject matter, he produced Whistlerian impressions of sunlight on water, of dappled light through trees. As in the instance of many true artists, De Meyer managed to convey his enjoyment of a subject, and he never conveyed too much; he was not afraid of producing an almost empty photograph."

The young couple had set themselves up in one of those hideous but comfortable houses in Cadogan Gardens, and they entertained hugely—at luncheon, especially, for evenings were taken up by the theater and parties. It was a cosmopolitan milieu, including many actors (London was the only European capital where actors went out in society); such writers as Henry Bernstein, Pinero, Somerset Maugham; such painters as Sargent, Helleu, Boldini, Conder; and other old friends from Dieppe. Jacques-Émile Blanche came every year to spend the "season" in London. A passage in his memoirs is worth quoting, for it rather exactly spells out the relationship between the King and Olga:

"Her royal godfather was never seen at their parties, but very often, I may say every evening, he went to take tea that was more like a dinner in quantity at the house of his charming goddaughter. If I happened to be with her at the time, Olga would ask me to go into a small room adjoining the large drawing room. There I often overheard either friendly conversation touching upon political matters or fatherly advice of manifest wisdom given to the young married woman by her illustrious elder.

"As I never spoke to him on private occasions, I should not otherwise have been enabled to understand the outstanding qualities of this ruler. He had been in all manner of places on the Continent and had acquired great experience of men who, generally, have little influence on the actions of sovereigns. It is known that he had a deep-rooted distrust for his nephew, the Kaiser; this became a fixed idea with him. I overheard conversations between His Majesty and Olga, who showed little sympathy for republican France, which her mother also hated and where she had been cold-shouldered. The Entente Cordiale? Politically speaking, Olga was not at all in sympathy. However, on days when she knew I was within earshot she did not let herself go. She amused her godfather; they talked about the

theater, for she and her husband were indefatigable first-nighters, and she gave the King information about plays to which he could safely take the Queen."

At that time, Olga had three close women friends: the Baroness d'Erlanger, who as early as 1900 was a 'twenties personality. With enormous talent for interior decoration, she used to redo her Park Lane house every time she changed lovers. Another very intimate friend—too intimate, according to the gossips—was the superb Mrs. George Batten, the fashionable singer of whom Sargent painted an admirable portrait. Also, Olga saw daily one other remarkable woman, Sra. Amalia Errázuriz, the wife of a Chilean diplomat from whom she was separated. In her beautiful house on Cheyne Walk in Chelsea, Sra. Errázuriz also received many artists. She had posed for Helleu and Boldini; Conder had been deeply devoted to her; but her great friend remained John Singer Sargent. Without being a beauty like Olga, the Chilean was elegance incarnate, meticulous to the last degree about her appearance and her table, and with a taste less susceptible to fashion than the De Meyers'. As her escort, Sra. Errázuriz had her nephew Don Antonio (Tony) de Gandarillas, who until his death in 1969 at eighty-eight remained a young man, interested in everything, invited out every night, a tiny Cherubino and Figaro in one, but when the occasion demanded, a man with a manner as grand as that of his aunt the Countess. Sargent took great delight in Tony, whose wit could enliven the artist's most imposing models.

After the death of King Edward VII in 1910, the Baroness was invited increasingly to Venetian palaces. Venice, where the Marchesa Casati reigned, where Diaghilev came for respite between seasons, where an atmosphere of elegant decadence prevailed—Venice suited the Baron, who was straight out of Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice,* no less than it suited the Baroness. Adolph and Olga, dressed in white, were seen gliding in a gondola toward the Lido; of an evening, they were seen in the Piazzetta, he in evening clothes and silk cape, she in evening gown—brilliant both, but with perhaps a touch of hardness.

They traveled to London or to Paris, following the Ballets Russes seasons. It was the Baron who took the best photographs of Nijinsky: "We have heard of the leap, the lightness, the dynamic agility. It is hard to reconcile the simpering, muscle-bound clod of the Bassano pictures with the verbal reports that have come down to us; but the frivolous De Meyer, with his camera, pioneer spirit, and touching zest, spent an afternoon photographing *le Spectre de la Rose,* the Faun from *l'Apres-Midi,* the Slave in *Schéhérazade,* and the Prince in *le Pavillon d'Armide.* The results of that afternoon lead one to appreciate that this strange-looking dancer did, in fact, possess a steel-trap agility, the gaiety of youth, the lyrical and exciting qualities which have now become a part of history."

Gossip soon had it that for the Baroness the protection of Princess Edmond de Polignac was replacing that of the dead King. It was rumored that the ladies, who had taken up fencing to keep in shape, had transformed a salon in the palace into a fencing room where, dressed in white, their faces protected by metal masks, they regularly exercised.

In August, 1914, the outbreak of World War I had obliged the Chamberlain of the King of Saxony to choose between deportation to his new fatherland, Germany, and internment in an English camp. The Baron opted for America. His possessions were confiscated, his friends accused him of having been in the Kaiser's pay. Without means but not without connections, the Baron decided to become a professional photographer. The portraits he took with him to New York won an enthusiastic response from Condé Nast at Vogue. A photographic process had just been invented making it possible to print all the nuances of a negative rather than the crude reproductions that until then had made drawings preferable to photographs in the quality magazines. Adolph de Meyer was the first in the series of great fashion photographers —Steichen, Hoyningen-Huene, Beaton, Penn, Avedon.

De Meyer's exquisite taste and his wide knowledge of the

(Continued on page 195)

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pacific crossing

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I am going on a long journey to



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The globe flattened out on the wall is crisscrossed with numbered lines, strategic towns circled in red for easy reconnaissance. Point of departure: New York, an island like one body and a few million minds. Point of return: New York, to a game constantly offering new rounds. A big luminous point on the world map: New York. Enough energy sparks for a violent overcharge; a map of the world is the best remedy for such cases and excellent for combating city claustrophobia. . . .

I am on the move. Not east from New York to Europe but west from Oregon, across the ocean named to soothe and settle: the Pacific. It looks vast on the map, twice as big as the Atlantic. I wanted to go by freighter, irregular in arrival and departure, to go on a voyage long enough in time to turn myself inside out and feel what traveling to the other side of the world by sea really means.

On jets, I can never sleep crunched up on a narrow seat, so I always bring along my "prison kit": notebook, colored markers, a small camera, comics, crocheting, salted nuts, cookies, Valda Pastilles, *La Vache qui rit;* cheese cubes. I doodle the hours away feeling that I am missing something—whatever was in between one concrete airstrip and the next. By ship, I can discover new territories within and around.

My scheduled Greek freighter sailed out of Portland, Oregon. All I had to do was pack and go.

I try to travel without luggage. All I would like to take on trips is a big shoulder bag holding the "prison kit" plus toothbrush and paste, soap and a hairbrush; but I hadn't gotten it down to that yet. A medium-sized suitcase, cheap but very sturdy, and a carpetbag replaced my air Vuitton luggage, long since gone to shreds through airport "careful" handling. . . . I really didn't need any more. Into half the suitcase went the clothes: a pair of jeans (that had already seen a few miles) and a denim shirt; a pair of basketball shoes that lace up, for walking, and canvas boots; a short black nylon jersey dress and matching pants; red shirt, red skirt (I want to be seen if I get lost in a crowd); black T-shirt; parrot-green pyjamas; a long blue wraparound dress; and high-heeled black sandals. All my clothes were made by Betsey Johnson in fabric especially chosen so that the clothes would not crease yet could be folded to the size of a handkerchief. A few cotton scarves, white wool socks, a bikini, belts, flat sandals, and a red plastic raincoat went in, too.

For the other side of the suitcase, the choice was more difficult. From a huge pile of essentials on the floor, I managed to tuck in a radio-cassette recorder with music I had taped and blank tapes. With jars of body cream, vitamins, and other medicine my Aunt Barbara insisted I take, I packed in a small pair of binoculars, camera equipment, and enough film for a year. A large drawing pad and colored pencils, needles, embroidery thread, detailed maps, and an address book of people to see here and there—the suitcase was full. I topped it with a small pillow and a few lengths of printed Liberty lawn, wrote my name and New York address inside, sat on it to close it tight, and buckled it with a belt.

As for the carpetbag, I filled it with books and had to drag it onto the boat instead of carrying it. It was bulging with all of Marcel Proust's writings I had wanted to read for so long, but never had had the time; Boris Vian's *l'Automne à Pékin, l'Herbe rouge,* and *l'Arrache-coeur; The Great International Paper Airplane Book; Island of Bali* by Miguel Covarrubias; the Bible; Blaise Cendrars's poems; an Assimil manual of Dutch; and a book on astronomy picked up at the planetarium.

The ship at berth was gigantic—over two city blocks long, a thirty-two-thousand-ton freighter painted maroon and black, carrying grain from Portland to the Philippines. It was Sunday and the docks were absolutely still except for pigeons pecking the wheat and flapping their wings in the air. Over the gangway, down a narrow steel ladder, across a few pipes, up another ladder, along a deck I went to meet with the only visible human being on the floating monster: a man pacing up and down, flicking amber worry beads with methodic regularity. He turned out to be the captain. I expected a white- or navy-uniformed sea-wolf and instead I found a gentle Greek captain in khaki pants and a white open-necked shirt.

After the captain showed me my cabin—a large, wood-paneled room with three portholes and adjoining bathroom (the cabin usually reserved for the owner of the line when he decides to travel on his ship)—I unpacked my suitcase, draping a porthole with an orange scarf. I laid Liberty flowers on my bunk and

(Continued on page 200)

OLGA DE MEYER

(Continued from page 193)

world made him valuable also as an editor on the magazine's staff. To be chosen as models by the man who had photographed all the most famous beauties of Europe became a certificate of elegance for American women. One day he scandalized a somewhat overripe subject by slipping a spotlight in her bodice, but he was forgiven when he presented a print that made her look twenty years younger. Adolph de Meyer quickly earned a great deal of money, but Olga was not long in becoming bored in New York.

The armistice was no sooner signed than the De Meyers went back to Paris. She was more elegant than ever, very thin, and with a kind of personal authority that derived in equal parts from her chic and from her new metaphysics. He, grown stout, imposing, and ambiguous, had become a Diaghilev-like figure complete with cane, monocle, and Fabergé cigarette cases. "There is simply no place but Paris!" Olga declared, throwing her arms around her old friend Jacques-Émile Blanche. Determined to regain their lost position, they rented a fine apartment in a Faubourg Saint-Germain town house, where they entertained lavishly. Everyone in Paris society received them with open arms except the Princess de Polignac, who circulated the most abominable slanders about them and called them "Boche spies." They took up with Count Étienne de Beaumont and appeared at his masked balls in magnificent costumes. They rediscovered Amalia Errázuriz, inseparable at the time from Picasso; Tony de Gandarillas became the Baroness's escort; they met Chanel and Cocteau. They became particularly close to the Princess Eugène Murat, an extravagant personality despite her elephantine waist and froglike face.

No one has ever had such an appetite for diversion as this woman, who lived at an early Scott Fitzgerald pace. Every day had to bring forth a ball, a newly discovered apache dance, a surprise party calculated to more than surprise conventional hostesses. Violette Murat liked whiskey. Unfortunately, since she combined this predilection with a taste for opium, her *outré* behavior ended more than once in some scandal. The De Meyers became regular visitors in her immense apartment on avenue d'Eylau. Sparsely furnished, it was white throughout except for a midnight-blue bedroom filled with divans, masses of cushions, and Coromandel screens to which the Princess used to pin newspaper clips.

Jean Cocteau and René Crevel were seen there often, Stravinsky occasionally. When Violette Murat went to New York, she reconstructed her room in the loft of an unfashionable hotel and spent her evenings in Harlem, sleeping then into the afternoons, yet she was always *au courant*, had seen all the exhibits, read all the interesting books.

The Baron went to New York every winter for his work. He yielded to the blandishments of Hollywood rather like an ambassador from an old and prodigiously civilized world; and his style of living, which was truly Edwardian, won him the most prestigious fees. Olga preferred to remain in Europe, and went back to Venice. There she once again titillated Lido cabaña patrons by appearing in spangled pyjamas, her hair cut short and dyed red. But alas, her profile had assumed the contours of a basset hound's, and her mouth resembled a shark's.

Olga's health declined. She became disturbingly pale and extremely thin and nervous, while her husband steadily approached the corpulence of Edward VII, to which he added a mauve complexion rather like that of a turbot a week out of water. He was surrounded by a court of young nobodies who made fun of him behind his back. Fashion was moving rapidly away from his tastes.

Olga, now sick, drugged, surrounded by equivocal women friends, and with a garish husband, became quite frankly malicious. Her cutting remarks alienated her last respectable acquaintances, and one came to her villa only because one was sure of finding there a pipe of opium or a sniff of cocaine. She never let herself go, however, and to the last day of her life was as chic as when, a child, she was lifted on the knee of the Prince of Wales. Olga died in 1929, and she must have been sixty at least.

(Continued on page 199)

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LONDON LETTER

(Continued from page 103)

how, we had visions of boys defending themselves like Roman soldiers from rapacious girls.

There was Councillor Tyler who appeared to have watched the film in alternating waves of excitation and nausea. "My heart beat faster," he said. "It moved me, and any man who says he wasn't moved is a liar or he's impotent." He then said he was a butcher. "Despite that," he told us, "there were sequences which sickened me."

The merriest, however, was Alderman Glass, a doctor of medicine no less. "Sex education," he said, "is like giving children loaded guns. My advice is that when you go out, you should leave your sex organs at home with your bedroom slippers."

As a result of this sort of thing, the Earl of Longford formed a committee to look into pornography and sex in general. He has been visiting strip shows, buying dirty magazines, scrutinizing television and films. All summer he and his committee have been rumbling with disgust. Would it not be a good idea, someone suggested, to recruit a few people of less rigid opinions to serve on his committee? "Oh dear no," he said, "how would we ever agree on anything?"

Seemingly to back him up came the trial of the editors of the underground magazine *Oz*. They had entrusted one of their issues to some schoolchildren to produce. The results made it appear that Dr. Cole's film was an entirely superfluous labor. Charged with publishing obscenities and corrupting children, the three young men were found guilty of the first charge and not guilty of the second.

They were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. The judge seemed determined to destroy any faith youth may have had in British justice. He said he was not fining the editors as they were poor. Do the rich not go to prison? He gave one of them the shortest sentence as he was not so intelligent as the others. Does intelligence attract heavier penalties? He gave one three months less because he was a member of the Australian bar. Are lawyers less severely punished? The prison authorities affronted the whole youth of the nation by gratuitously cropping the young men's hair before it was even known if they were to be imprisoned. One way and another the authorities set about proving that every word said about them in the offending magazine was true.

But there is always hope. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has relieved the minds of many thousands of good souls. After much deliberation, he has pronounced that chastity belts are not articles of clothing and thus subject to sales tax. They are safety devices and thus free of all tax.

In any case, we never let this sex thing get us down. Lady Forwood, a noted breeder of King Charles spaniels, has the more British approach. She went to the United States Embassy to apply for a visa. She was surprised to see the consul altering one of her answers on the form she had filled out. Where the form asked for her sex, the doughty breeder had written "bitch." ▼

MARVIN AND NEWMAN

(Continued from page 147)

"Their chemistry on film is dynamite"

nothing he won't dare. He is a "clothes actor" (so they tell me), concentrating on his wardrobe as a form of expression for his character and making a strong, if not indelible, physical statement. He is a facile, flexible actor and seems most at home when he's playing himself.

In spite of their differences, or because of them, their chemistry on film is dynamite. Especially interesting since they have so little rapport in real life. Working together was a fight to the finish: Lee, violently spitting scenery at Paul, frantically underplaying passive resistance.

Competition was inevitable and every effort towards equanimity was made. The delicacy of the billing for this First Artists Production, for instance: Paul is first, on the left, but Lee is a full space higher, on the right. Hence,

LEE MARVIN

PAUL NEWMAN AND
IN "POCKET MONEY"

A kudo for problem-solving.

The last day of shooting was at a train station outside Santa Fe and it happened that Paul's wife and family were due to pass through on a train to New York. Train officials were alerted and the best they could arrange was to have the train slowed. All activity was suspended as the train was due to arrive. Electricity was in the air, and all that. Finally, the train came into view, suddenly revealing Joanne Woodward in dark glasses, looking every inch a movie queen and waving regally to Paul and the crew who hooted and waved back. Everybody waved back. Except Lee, whose eyes were disappearing into his sockets, and his wife, Pam, sitting quietly at his side.

Shooting resumed. The last shot was printed and the film was over. There was a sadness, a reluctance to leave. Like in camp, you want to go home, but you hate to leave your buddies. Films are like that if you're lucky. Paul waved goodbye casually, got in his car and left. Lee was curt, almost gruff about leaving, till you saw the tears in his eyes.

It's possible that each wouldn't mind having just a bit of what the other has. It also seems that beneath their differences lurks an analogue: they are both good guys.

Paul went to Connecticut to direct Joanne in a movie. He is unsure about what he wants to do, but meanwhile he has two more films to make before he decides. He doesn't call himself The Old Fox for nothing.

I don't know *what* Lee is going to do because I was too scared to ask him. The last I heard he was seen marching down the beach with a group of kids in a Fourth of July parade wearing red, white, and blue pants and a samurai robe made of the American flag. The Campaigner rides again. ▼

LOVE MEDICINES

(Continued from page 160)

England that the surest way for a man to find out if the girl he was courting was really for him or not was to wear a handkerchief in his armpit for a couple of days and to then find some pretext for getting the girl to smell it. If the girl found the smell unpleasant, it was an infallible sign that the couple were sexually incompatible and that they would soon be in trouble if they went ahead and were married. If they were compatible, it would turn her on, and events would then follow their natural course.

It now appears that bodily odors do have a great deal to do with sexual attraction. Human sweat glands produce, among other things, chemical substances called pheromones which people respond to even when they aren't consciously aware that they are smelling them. Their importance wasn't recognized until recently when a group of English research workers discovered that the sweat glands and the glands producing certain vaginal secretions both create pheromones in response to stimulation by a hormone that is most plentiful in the bloodstream just when the menstrual cycle is in the phase of maximum fertility. Rhesus monkeys have sweat glands very like those of human beings, and they secrete pheromones in a similar way, with the same cyclic variation. It was thus possible to make some experiments with the monkeys that throw a good deal of light on just what the functions of these substances are. Female monkeys who had been sprayed with synthetic pheromones at times when males would normally be indifferent to them immediately became intensely attractive to them.

Males produce pheromones on another basis, apparently in response to the degree of sexual stimulation they are receiving. This would explain why women are so often responsive to keenness, if that is the word for it, in men: the pheromones of which they are not consciously aware bring them the message of interest that crosses the message of willingness and readiness which they themselves are quite unconsciously emitting. Whatever the mechanisms, the fact remains that it is the *coup de foudre*, the avalanche of mutual appetite and desire falling on two people within the twinkling of an eye that remains, as it has always been, the greatest of all aphrodisiacs.

The subject, alas, is complicated by the confusions arising from the fact that severe irritations of the genito-urinary tract can give rise to horrid parodies of sexual excitement. The very nasty things that the Marquis de Sade accomplished by feeding cantharides to his unsuspecting victims hardly need description at this late date. The substance involved, the ground-up fragments of a large insect found all over the Mediterranean region, contains a poison that disorganizes the central nervous system and produces a species of delirium while simultaneously irritating the bladder and the surrounding regions in a quite unbearable way. People who have been poisoned with cantharides seek relief in frantic and continuous efforts at copulation, but they get no pleasure from their pains and hardly know what they are doing, so that it seems to be a mistake to describe the substance as an aphrodisiac. It would appear to be an error of the same kind to apply the term to the hormones and other drugs that medical men use to rescue those who suffer from arrested sexual development, and similarly disabling conditions, from their predicaments. These substances correct systemic imbalances; and although they make it possible for those who might not otherwise ever enjoy the pleasures of the sexual act to taste them, they do not function simply as stimulants. Beyond the medical field in which these things have their legitimate uses, there is the murky region inhabited by perverted and unkind manipulators like De Sade who wish to be able to turn on their partners at will, whether the partners are willing or no, and care for nothing but their own satisfaction regardless of how it is obtained. It is a sad country over there which Aphrodite herself has abandoned a long time ago in favor of the more genial realm inhabited by those lovers whose greatest pleasure is to give as much as they receive. After that first moment of mutual discovery and recognition in which lovers perceive themselves to be committed to the act, the greatest of aphrodisiacs is the sharing of its delights. ▼

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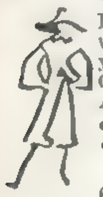
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OLGA DE MEYER

(Continued from page 195)

Her husband was inconsolable. Had they not shared such success and so many reversals, such excitement and so many caprices —shared so many things that, after all, unite a couple far more than pleasure? Faithful to his guru's instructions, the Baron had Olga cremated and placed her ashes in an antique marble urn on his drawing-room mantelpiece.

Shortly thereafter, Violette Murat and Tony de Gandarillas arrived in Toulon.

"Violette, we really must go console that poor De Meyer."

"Why, of course," the Princess said. They found some clothing that was more or less suitable for the purposes of a sympathy call and set forth, the enormous lady squired by the small Chilean. The Baron was at home but had to ask that they be kind enough to await him in the drawing room, he having been roused from his siesta. The day was very hot, and the Princess collapsed on a couch. Tony proceeded to inspect the *bibelots*. The Baron did not appear. Tony grew bored. At last, he noticed the marble urn and lifted the lid. "Violette!" He showed the white powder to the Princess and said in an excited undertone, "Here's where he keeps it! . . . How careless!" Quickly he inhaled a pinch of powder, then offered one to his friend: "It's not bad. . . . Have a bit more. . . ."

"Damn it, that's Olga's ashes!" The Baron had just come into the room. Tony let the lid drop. And Violette Murat, whose manners were irreproachable, contrived somehow to carry off her sympathy call. But it was too good a story for them to keep secret as they had sworn they would. Soon Violette was relating how "that naughty little Tony . . . incorrigible . . . how frightfully upset I was . . . such a lack of tact. . . ." Meanwhile, Tony spread the word: "Violette goes too far! If I had not been there, she'd have emptied the whole vase!"

The Baron, clasping what remained of his wife's ashes, went to live in Hollywood, returning to Europe only rarely.

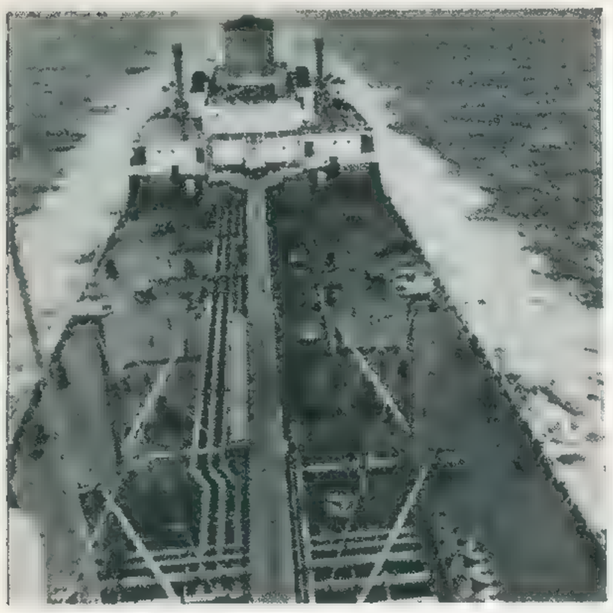
A visit the Baron paid to Cecil Beaton in England in 1932 shows him to us once more, all his pretensions intact: "De Meyer drove down the precipitous path to my small remote house in the Wiltshire downs in an enormous open racing car which was painted bright blue. Inside the car, driven by a chauffeur in livery to match the motorcar, sat the Baron de Meyer, a tall, ageless-looking man in a bright-blue suit and beret, with hair dyed to match. . . . He took refuge in a dreadful affectation and artifice, talking with raised eyebrows and a plum in his mouth, in a high-pitched voice that was like a stage caricature. Each word that he spoke seemed more unfortunate than the last. He giggled nervously. . . . To talk about photography, I realized, was unpardonable. It was just as much of a blunder as if I had asked him whether he himself fixed his pictures in hypo." Adolph de Meyer died, forgotten and almost poor, on the eve of World War II.

Translated by Adrienne Foulke

PHOTOGRAPHS AND PAINTINGS OF BARONESS OLGA DE MEYER ON PAGES 154 TO 159 ARE REPRODUCED THROUGH THE COURTESY AND PERMISSION OF THE FOLLOWING:
Pages 154-155: Caricature drawing, by Cecil Beaton for Philippe Jullian, 1970. Photograph, detail of lower right-hand photograph on page 157.
Page 156: With Adolph de Meyer, photographed in New York. *The Tatler*, London, December 17, 1913. Copyright, Illustrated Newspaper Group, supplied by L.E.A., Elm House, London.
Page 157: At eighteen years, drawing by Jacques-Émile Blanche.
Page 158: Top left: Watercolor, mistakenly called "Millie Finch," by James Abbott McNeill Whistler. Smithsonian Institution, Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. *Top right:* Watercolor, Jacques-Émile Blanche. *Center right:* Photograph by Baron Adolph de Meyer, Collection George Eastman House, Rochester, New York. Gift Mrs. Louise Dahl-Wolfe. *Lower left:* At the Comte Étienne de Beaumont's ball. photographed by Adolph de Meyer. *Harper's Bazaar*, September, 1923. *Lower center:* With the Baron at the 1925 Beaumont ball. *Lower right:* Charcoal drawing, John Singer Sargent, Birmingham (England) Museum and Art Gallery.
Page 159: Top left: Photograph by Adolph de Meyer, *Harper's Bazaar*, December 1924. *Lower left:* Photograph by Adolph de Meyer. *Harper's Bazaar*, November, 1927. *Top right:* Gouache on paper, "Lady in Grey," James Abbottt McNeill Whistler. The Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York), Rogers Fund, 1906. *Lower right:* Photograph by Adolph de Meyer, Collection George Eastman House, Rochester, New York. Gift Mrs. Louise Dahl-Wolfe.

(Continued from page 194)

"Let flow the currents of life"



The Greek ship, wheat freighted

placed the cassette recorder within arm's reach. The rest went into chests, as I imagined the boat would rock at some point.

At six in the evening, the dinner bell! The menu: Greek hors d'oeuvres—feta cheese salad with olives, tomatoes, celery, and cucumber—followed by roast chicken. Halfway through the crème caramel I noticed, through the porthole, warehouses and cranes slowly slipping by. I raced to the deck. The crew—half Filipinos, half Greeks—had surfaced and were running in all directions. A little tugboat was pulling the stern of the enormous freighter away from the quay. Once the ship was in position, the engines started shaking the carcass and slowly, very slowly (so as not to cause large waves), we sailed away. I climbed to the top of the mast feeling like the boat master directing this long slab of metal out of flat waters, into the Pacific waves. The sun was going down, sky melting into water, the seagulls were screaming, and I laughed, shouted, and sang a *cantata furiosa* to the open seas. . . .

As the weather got warmer, I oiled myself from head to toe with a mixture of olive oil, bergamot oil, and iodine, before climbing to the top deck to roast an hour on each side, naked on a large towel. When I found I was getting too tanned, I retreated to a shadowed area. Some member of the crew strung a canvas canopy over the spot where I did my stretching exercises every morning. Before lunch I took a long shower, starting hot turning to cold, followed by a complete body massage with pure lanolin cream.

At night there was often a spectacular in the sky, starting with moon dawn. Aphrodite is the first to pierce and shine. The sun hasn't completely sunk, but she is already there on the pale-blue backdrop. She is also known as the planet Venus, the most beautiful—how else could it be living so close to the sun? Auriga pulls the chariot and the little bear is most luminous with the polestar on its tail end. Quivering Saturn lies far off. Near Orion, the twins Castor and Pollux shine.

At times it was so warm I took my blankets and tapes out to sleep on the top deck. On clear days, rising out of waves, the full moon seemed about to step on deck. Every night was a festival of wishing on falling stars and counting orbiting satellites. There is an incomparable elation in getting to know who is up there.

I asked the chief mate to point out on his sky map Mercury, the ruler of Virgo, my sign. One night I counted up to fourteen satellites, the closest one taking ninety minutes to orbit earth. This is what I could see with my good pair of eyes. Astronomers must have spaced minds looking at the stars all the time. I wish I had studied the heavens at school instead of chemistry.

The sea was often phosphorescent at night, with funny creatures jumping out of the spray, banging into the boat. In the morning they turned out to be flying fish, long with iridescent delicate wings. The cook grilled them for breakfast. They are just as delicious as they are beautiful.

Some afternoons when the sky was low and the sun shining without noise, I would unfold a deck chair and read. Starting with the first volume of Marcel Proust's *À la recherche du temps perdu, Du côté de chez Swann* . . . it's so petty Peyton Place: endless, boring descriptions of routine acts, like school homework. At the end of the first chapter I abandoned Aunt Léonie sitting by the window watching the Combray village people go by. Maurice, traveling with me, is from Holland, and was teaching me the Dutch language while I helped him with his French. First lesson: The packet is on the table=*Dat pak stad op de tafel.* Phonetics, semantics, words, labels, vocabulary, tones. . . . Tower of Babel, when will you ever crumble to dust?

Days were flying off behind the horizon, the sun going down quietly and the sea swashing, bouncing all around. Nothing but calm rays, timelessness, vast space, a free head untied to projects, commitments, deadlines . . . nowhere to go. The center is clear when the mind stops plotting. There is no rush, the achievement is to let go of a childhood time of conditioning. Let go of modeling one's life after others. Let go of competing at ridiculous desk games. Let go of any fears. Let go—to let flow the currents of life and take time to enjoy the passage on earth, to be in tune with the moment, to feed from the energies of the elements:

Immerse in the depth of the *sea,* regain foetal Piscean fluidity.
Emerge, gasp, and swallow the *air* with a primal scream of joy.
Ignite bright *fire* with love shared.
Grow the body kindly through *earth*'s natural givings.

A man who accepts with laziness and a lack of courage ideas all prepared, a man who doesn't at least keep the right to examine and change them, renounces his exceptional gift of being a creator to return to the ranks of those who identify only with their past. The universe is constantly in motion, the world is not about to become immobile. Everything changes, evolves, resolves, there is no ideal order—only destiny, the course to be navigated with constant awareness.

Other afternoons I would explore the freighter. The engine room is phenomenally big, a labyrinth of suspended platforms, enormous aluminum-painted pipes running in all directions, large tanks, down four flights of metallic ladders. It's so noisy I had to shout. The floor is thick and slimy with oil. At the bottom I reached a condenser turning seawater into soft water, next to it a huge furnace with a tiny black door. Surveying the various meters, a pale blond boy in only a pair of shorts (it was steaming hot) looked as though he had never seen the daylight. Behind the furnace the propeller axle spins. On the floor above, the helm's spindle movements are registered to the inch. On still another floor, a repair workshop with spare parts of all sorts. Seen from above, without the roof opening onto blue sky, it looked like a forced-labor prison. All the engineers and mechanics were shy about having their pictures taken, but they posed all the same when I asked. I came out with my best Greek, "*Photo parakalo,*" and they burst out laughing—click. On the way out I saw another big engine, this one diesel, in case the other one breaks down.

Following the freighter four or five seagulls glided up and down among each other, skimming the wave crests, looping next to the mast. They seemed a tireless breed: on the fourth day at sea we were twelve hundred miles away from the coast, about eight hundred from Hawaii and yet they kept on following. . . . They must have slept on the upper deck and flown down in the morning for breakfast when the food scraps are thrown to the sea.

The one time I didn't carry my camera around, I really missed a shot. On a warm Sunday night the Filipino sailors had taken their folding cots out to camp on deck. On another deck the Greek contingent was playing bouzouki music at full blast and dancing. By the time I went to load my equipment, a crazy wind rose, rushing and pushing the sea in all directions. Everyone ran to his post. "Helena" was on—a tropical storm happening miles away, according to the radio. We made a special detour to avoid it; we wouldn't have hit it for another four hours, but it could have been dangerous. The wind speed at the heart of the storm was estimated at 85 miles per hour. Up and down, the sea roared, opening deep troughs into which the boat dove and climbed out to attack high water hills, flattening them, cutting them in two, each side spitting furor. The wind was warm. I put on my red plastic raincoat; and, holding on to the railing, I rode the waves like the ups and downs of a scenic railway. Salt water splashed into my face. The wind sang and whistled in the radio cables, the boat creaked. It was dark. I was not sick, it was too exciting, but I got tired of holding on. In the cabin everything was on the floor. I tucked myself in the bunk between two pillows, so I wouldn't hit the wall or fall off. It took me hours to fall asleep; the waves jumped so high sometimes, they knocked on the port-

(Continued on page 202)

ACCESSORY INFORMATION

Page 121. With Anne Fogarty's long black jersey dress: pin by Eisenberg Ice.

Page 123. With the short, halter-bare black jersey dress from Sibley-Coffee: K.J.L. earrings; Belle-Sharmeer tights; shoes by Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 124. With the shiny black crêpe-back satin turnout from Something! by Oscar de la Renta: K.J.L. earrings; Burlington tights; shoes by Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 126. With the Mollie Parnis Boutique black matte jersey dress: Mr. John hat; Lee Menichetti for Polcini pin on hat; tights by Berkshire; shoes by Herbert Levine, at Bonwit Teller.

THE WAY TO LOOK AT NIGHT

Page 145. With the smocked and blowy patchwork chiffon dress by Hazel Haire for Beene Bazaar: necklaces by International Enterprises.

Page 148. With the Stavropoulos soft and pale pleated dress: earrings by Diane Love for Trifari.

Page 149. With the heathery knit sweater dress by Halston Limited: bracelet by Elsa Peretti for Halston.

Page 150. With the Saga mink coat by Christie Bros.: earrings by Celia Sebiri at Bonwit Teller; shirt by Gregory; K.J.L. bracelets; evening pants by Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport; shoes by Florence Otway for Mademoiselle.

Page 151. With the natural spotted Finn jaguar mink jacket by Reiss & Fabrizio: Handcraft scarf.

Page 156. With Maximilian's coat of natural Saga white mink from Scandinavia with natural wild mink and white leather: shirt by Gregory; Mark Cross shoulder-bag; Bergère bracelets; Aris gloves; boots by Walter Steiger for Pancaldi.

NIGHT LIGHTS

Page 162. With Adolfo's hand-crocheted wool halter dress and cardigan: earrings by Willie Woo; Trifari bracelets; Chadbourn tights.

Page 164 (left). With the long black sequinned dress by Gino Charles: flower in hair, Elegant; shoes by Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 164 (right). With the lilac-and-beige lace ankle-length dress from Christian Dior-New York: bracelet by Diane Love for Trifari. Phoenix tights; shoes by David Evins.

Page 165. With Leslie Fay's long red shirtdress: barrette by Therese Ahrens; Walborg evening bag; stockings by Belle-Sharmeer; shoes by David Evins.

Page 167 (left). With Halston Limited's black jersey jumpshorts turnout: Hattie Carnegie bracelet; tights by Hanes; shoes by Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 167 (right). With the fur-swirled cape coat by Pauline Trigère: shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina.

Page 168. With Adele Simpson's black silk jacquard evening dress: Willie Woo earrings; Eisenberg Ice pin; stockings by Berkshire; shoes by Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 169. With Halston Limited's monkey fur jacket: K.J.L. earrings.

Page 170. With the pants suit by Gustave Tassell: hat by Mr. John, at Bonwit Teller; pin and bracelet by Lee Menichetti for Polcini; shoes by Herbert Levine, at Bonwit Teller.

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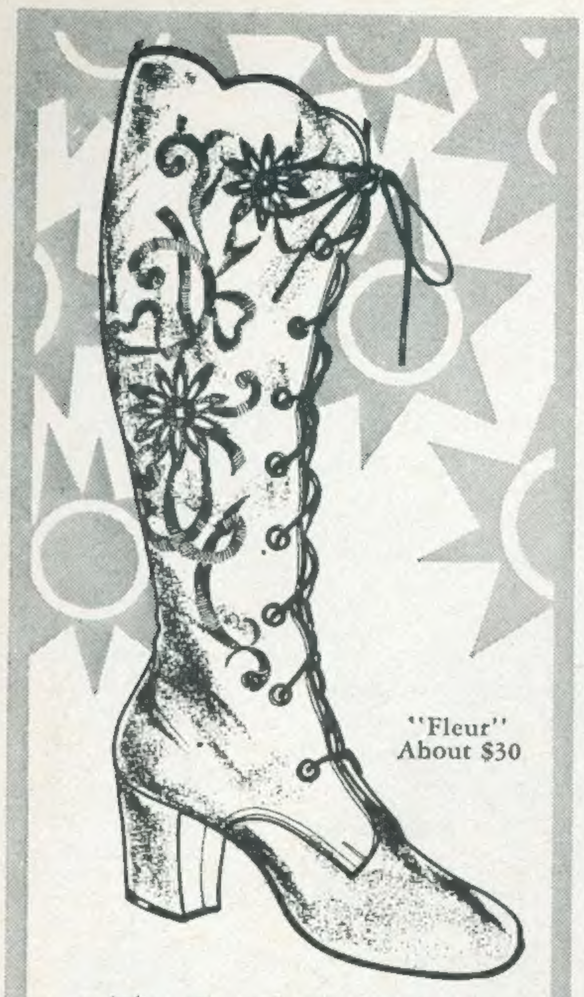
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PACIFIC CROSSING

(Continued from page 200)

hole. I got up and looked in the dark (all the lights had to be out for the navigating captain to observe the sea clearly): the length of the front deck was covered with crazy water. We were sailing on a sea of foam. I heard a shriek, a cry a bit like a baby or a hurt animal; it gave me goose pimples—did we hit a dolphin? Was it a bird drowning or simply the safety boat creaking?

In the morning the storm had quieted and heavy rain with the tropical heat had steamed up certain areas to dense fog. Every ten minutes the sirens blew to let any ghost boat know where we were. I went to the prow of the ship when the rain calmed down, looking ahead and around was spooky, no sea or sky, just infinite hot steam. By the afternoon we hit another storm: "Georgia." I was getting used to walking sideways, with funny little jumps once in a while. The waves assaulting the boat were impressive, I couldn't remember ever having seen such high ones. At times they covered the entire ship; I could have been in a submarine. The poor steward trying to serve dinner in those conditions was busy catching flying plates and glasses. I asked him for a sandwich. Towards the night the sea calmed down; the rest of the storm rocked me to sleep.

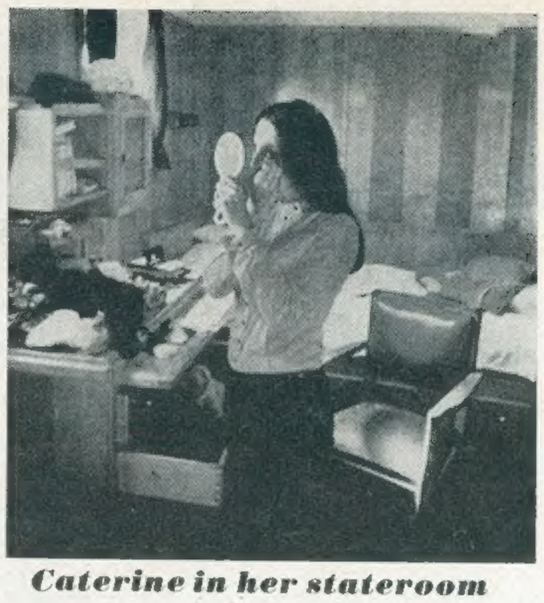
The sun was on the ship again. I felt so lazy that I stayed in bed the whole morning. When I stepped out I saw a lot of sailors were freshly shaven of their twenty-day beards. Time to start packing.

I drowned Proust, Mr. Swann, and his Sunday walk to church in Combray in the ocean. With all the other volumes I made intricate paper airplanes and sent them flying, page by page into the sea, followed by all the books of Boris Vian, even though I loved every one. The Bible I left in a drawer, for the next passenger. I tore out a few pages of Blaise Cendrars's poems I couldn't travel without. The carpetbag was three-quarters empty; I knew it would soon fill up with memorabilia from the countries to come.

On the twenty-first day at sea, I saw through the binoculars an island layered in mist, like a big fuming whale with green hair standing on end.

In the middle of the Pacific, I had lost the sense of smell in the saline air. Suddenly a sweet, soft breath of wind carried the delicate perfume of ilang-ilang, burning cloves, the sounds of legong gongs, monkey cries, bird flutters, laughter.

The boat was stopping. I couldn't wait to go down and touch the trees. We were anchoring temporarily in the middle of a passage, opposite a small village of dried-palm thatched-roof houses. From nowhere a little canoe with a dragonfly body and a toy motor approached us. Anywhere else this would have been a canoe for at most two people; they were twelve, maybe fifteen, standing, holding, glued to each other, Filipino Customs officers, doctor, local ship navigator, a



Caterine in her stateroom

whole battalion of officials. Passport, Customs, vaccination checking done, the ship moved again, almost sliding on the dark-green water. An hour later at Hondagua, north of the Philippines, we arrived at the mill. A small waiting crowd jumped on board before the ship docked and straightaway started adjusting the suction hose in the wheat tanks. The mill boys down there were in grain almost to the waist; I couldn't resist: I jumped in and also sank, but it was very cold, having been surrounded by water for so long. I got out; the Pacific crossing was over.

Beyond the mill: jungle. There is a train tomorrow going to a village with an extraordinary volcanic beach. To have been at sea three weeks and not in it once is sometimes frustrating. But I am ready to go around the world with a freighter today.

Twenty-one days at sea, no stops, on a freighter, alone or with a friend, is a long journey, but what a pleasure to turn oneself inside out, take a big sea cleansing, leaving at port the old self. ▼

SECRETS

(Continued from page 173)

Secrecy is required to protect certain definite kinds of information

is nevertheless highly overrated. Secrets are never decisive in international conflict. The enemy knows many of them anyway. Government succeeds, in the main, in keeping secrets from their own people. What the enemy does not know, however, is the deeper pattern and motivation of policy. Here they generally suppose the worst—and very often they are wrong. We begin to see now that the United States and the Soviet Union did things in the early years of the Cold War which each government believed defensive in purpose and which the other government construed as intolerably hostile and aggressive. The world could hardly have been worse off if a series of Pentagon Papers and Kremlin Papers, revealing what the two states were actually thinking, had been published, say, in 1949. As Herbert Feis, who began as a diplomat and ended as an historian, recently wrote, "Earlier publication of the American record would, on the whole, dispel suspicion and mistrust of our policies rather than nourish them."

In short, government, least of all democratic government, can hardly claim all the rights to privacy properly cherished by you and me. This does not mean that government must not protect those few secrets that genuinely involve the national security, nor that it should not safeguard for a time its internal processes of communication and decision. But, if our political leaders continue to do their damnedest to bury the truth, it serves neither the people nor the long-run interests of the state itself. Any government that subordinates truth to the preservation of reputation will end by losing not only truth but reputation as well. ▼

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